"IT WILL LIVE":
TALES OF THE LAKE OF
THE RED CEDARS

Compiled by
Beatrice Horner

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director

May 31, 1984

Ms. Beatrice Horner
Town Appt. Historian
Cedar Lake Town Hall
7808 West 138 Pl.
Cedar Lake, IN 46303

Dear Ms. Horner,

Thank you for your compilation of the Cedar Lake, IN History. We have copied the entire work on bonded paper and are having that copy bound for our collection. Under a separate cover, you will be receiving your loose-leaf copy back. Thank you, again, for thinking of our library.

Sincerely,

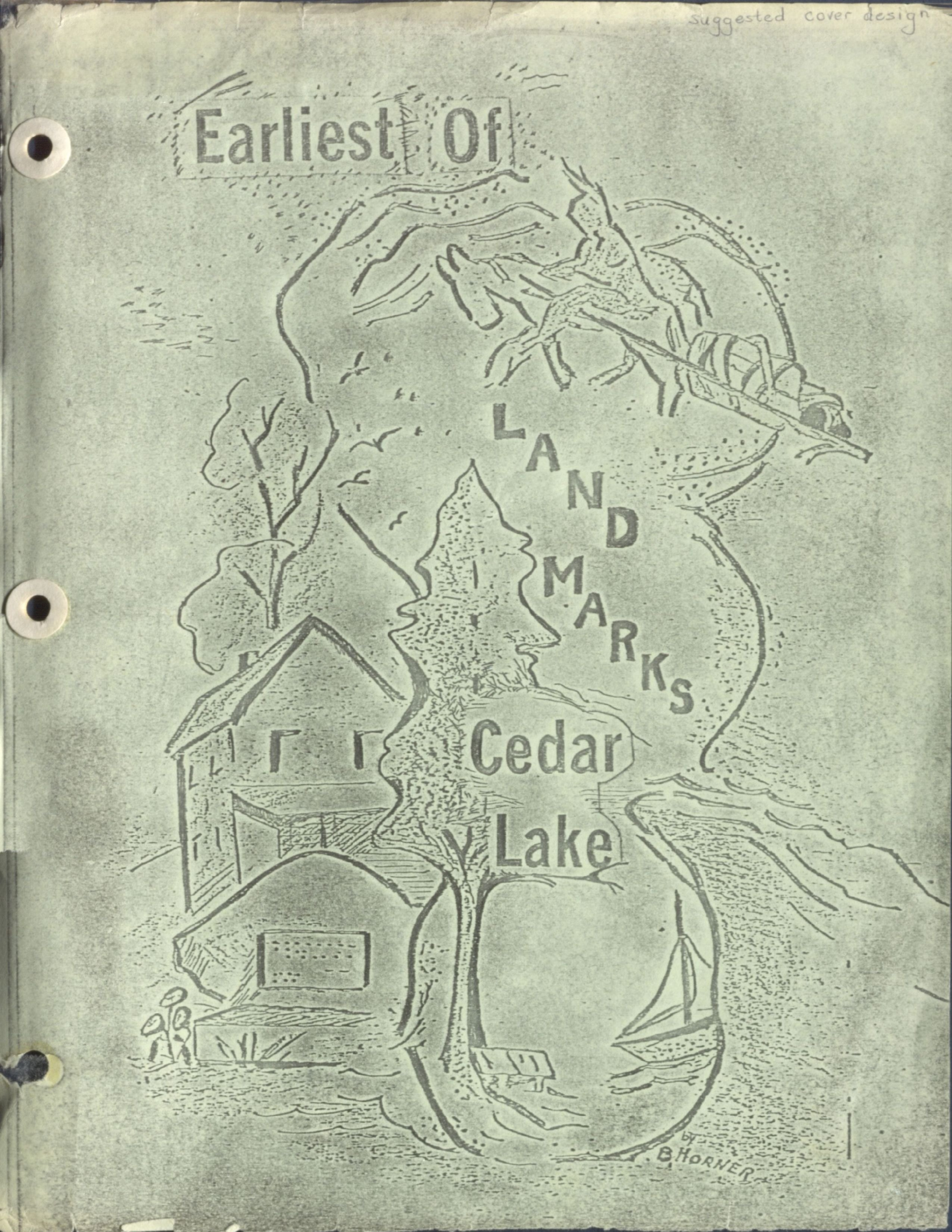
Curt B. Witcher

Curt B. Witcher
Assistant Manager
Genealogy Department

CBW:mfd

cc: file

suggested cover design



Authors profile r

Introduction

to ARMOUR Descendents

Map of Cedar Lake

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Rose Publication	Historical Account of Armour	Bea. Horner	2 June 1971
C.L. Register	ARMOUR a Village of the Past	Bea. Horner	28 April 1976
X C.L. Register	Phillip D. ARMOUR, A town, A Man	Bea. Horner	18 May 1983
post-tribune	Dr Scholls Tools Return Home	Helen Snedden	7 Nov 1982
C.L. Register	Once Again - it will Live	Beatrice Horner	11 Dec 1974
Post-tribune	Meyer Manor Cemetery [Mound]	Helen Snedden	26 Oct 1972
pilcher-Lowell	Early Meyer Manor	Bea. Horner	2 oct 1975
X C.L. Journal	Wm. Van Gorder - AM. Rev. War Vet.	Bea. Horner	19 Jan 1983
C.L. Register	Anti-I-OVER Lakeside Drive	Bea. Horner	13 AUG. 1975
C.L. Register	Goodbye Mounds of the Pottawatomi	Bea. Horner	23 Jan. 1974
C.L. Register	Cedar Lake Had Little Bohemia	Bea. Horner	18 June 1975
C.L. Register	Hey Day of Cedar Lake's Eastern Shore	Bea. Horner	21 Nov. 1974
X C.L Register	Thistlethwaite Hotel at Cedar Point	Bea. Horner	26 Jan. 1983
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post-Trib	Hotel on Historic Listing	Helen Snedden	20 July 1981
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C.L. Register	Life Along Cedar Lake's South Shore	Bea. Horner	28 Dec. 1977

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C.L. Register	West Side Story at Cedar Lake	Bea. Horner	5 Feb. 1975
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C.L. Register	Early Hotels of Cedar Lake	Bea. Horner	15 Dec 1971
C.L. Register	Early Cedar Lake Industries	Bea. Horner	19 April 1972
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C.L. Journal	History of Hanover-Centre	Bea. Horner	25 July 1974
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C.L. Register	Klaasville, Village that Was	Bea. Horner	22 June 1977
C.L. Register	Pottawatomi Indians at Cedar Lake	Bea. Horner	19 April 1978
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C.L. Register	South County Blacksmiths	by Beatrice-Ewer-Horner	16 Dec. 1981
C.L. Register	A Lake's History	Bea. Horner	15 Dec. 1982
C.L. Register	County's Oldest Church Finds a Home	Snyder/Stenger	6 Nov 1974
+	Generations by the Dozens	Bea. Horner	
The Times	Biggest Little Town	R.M. ERet	6 Oct 1946
	Post Office, Cedar Lake, Ind.	Bea. HORNER	
C.L. Journal	Lodge Retains Historic Charm	Bea. Horner	17 Aug 1983

Post-Tribune	Lake Dalecarlia	Helen Snedden	18 Sept 1983
C.L. Journal	Generations by the Dozen	Beatrice Horner	23 Nov 1983
C.L. Register	Red Cedar was a Godsend to Early Settlers	Beatrice Horner	14 Dec 1983
C.L. Journal	Post Office History	Beatrice Horner	4 July 1984
C.L. Journal	Log Cabins Preserve Town's Unique Character	Beatrice Horner	14 Aug 1985

MY REFERENCES AND FOOTNOTES CAN MOSTLY BE FOUND IN THE VOICES OF THE PEOPLE. I HAVE LIVED AT CEDAR LAKE FOR FIFTY YEARS, BORN IN SHERIDAN, GREW UP AT ORCHARD GROVE. MY ANCESTRY ON ALL SIDES REACHES BACK TO EARLY SETTLER AND ON INTO INDIAN HERITAGE. I INTERVIEWED OLD TIMERS AS EARLY AS 1935 AT CEDAR LAKE AND HAVE THE ACCURATE WORDS OF MY PARENTS AS WELL AS MY OWN LIVING EXPERIENCES AS A BACKGROUND FOR MY WRITING. MY NINE YEARS OF SCHOOLING MAKE ME SHORT ON FORMAL EDUCATION SO I MADE NO ATTEMPT TO WRITE WITH SOPHISTICATION. THESE STORIES ARE HERE AS A WORK OF LOVE, LEST THE HISTORY BE LOST.

BEATRICE HORNER — AUTHOR

by Beatrice Horner

FOR TOO LONG THERE HAS BEEN SO MUCH UNSAID ABOUT CEDAR LAKE.

THE BIG 805 ACRE LAKE IN THE MIDDLE DIVIDES US ALL, CAUSING MANY SMALL COMMUNITIES TO ACT IN A SINGULAR MANNER.

IN OUR APARTNESS WE WERE UNITED IN MANY WAYS; THE BOATS ON THE LAKE, THE BUSINESS PLACES, AND THE INDUSTRIES THAT AFFECTED THE LIVLIHOOD OF EVERYONE.

THE STORY OF CEDAR LAKE HAD TO BE TOLD IN A WAY THAT SPOKE OF EACH AREA, EACH SUBJECT AND ALSO HOW EVERYONE WAS AFFECTED OVER THE YEARS.

THEREFORE IN THE TELLING, SOME PEOPLE AND SOME PLACES ARE MENTIONED OFTEN. THIS HAD TO BE DONE FOR CONTINUITY IN EACH INSTANCE.

ALSO, MANY OF THE TALES WERE WRITTEN AS A SERIAL FOR THE NEWSPAPERS, THEREBY WORKED UP DIFFERENTLY THAN FOR A BOOK.

THIS BOOK IS AN END-RESULT OF PUBLIC DEMAND FOR ALL OF THE PRINTED MATERIAL TO BE IN ONE PACKAGE, SO IT COULD BE CHERISHED IN SCHOOLS AND LIBRARIES, AS WELL AS PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.

to ARMOUR TOWN DESCENDENTS

IN SUCH A STORY AS THIS ONE CAN NEVER TOUCH ON EVERY PERSON WHO CONTRIBUTED to A WAY OF LIFE OVER A HUNDRED YEARS.

EACH MAN WOMAN AND CHILD PLAYS AN IMPORTANT ROLE, AND it IS to BE REGRETTED THAT EACH PERSONALLY CANNOT BE RECORDED ON THESE PAGES.

FOR THIS WE APOLOGIZE, AND WISH THAT WHAT HAS BEEN RECORDED BRINGS YOU JOY.

SIGNED

Beatrice Hunter

THESE VENERABLE PEOPLE ARE RAPIDLY PASSING AWAY, AND WITH THEM WOULD be BURIED THE KNOWLEDGE OF MUCH THAT IS INTERESTING ABOUT EARLY SETTLERS OF CEDAR LAKE.

ERRORS MAY BE IN THIS book, AND possibly SUCH A LONG PERIOD OF TIME HAS NOT BEEN PROPERLY COVERED. HOWEVER HAD WE WAITED TO MAKE THIS BOOK PERFECT, it MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT ALL.

IF I HAVE SUCCEEDED IN ACCUMULATING AND ASSEMBLING ANY PORTION OF EARLY HISTORY AND INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING THE PIONEER PEOPLE OF ARMOUR TOWN, MY PURPOSE WILL be ACCOMPLISHED AND MY EFFORTS REWARDED.

SIGNED

Beatrice Hunter

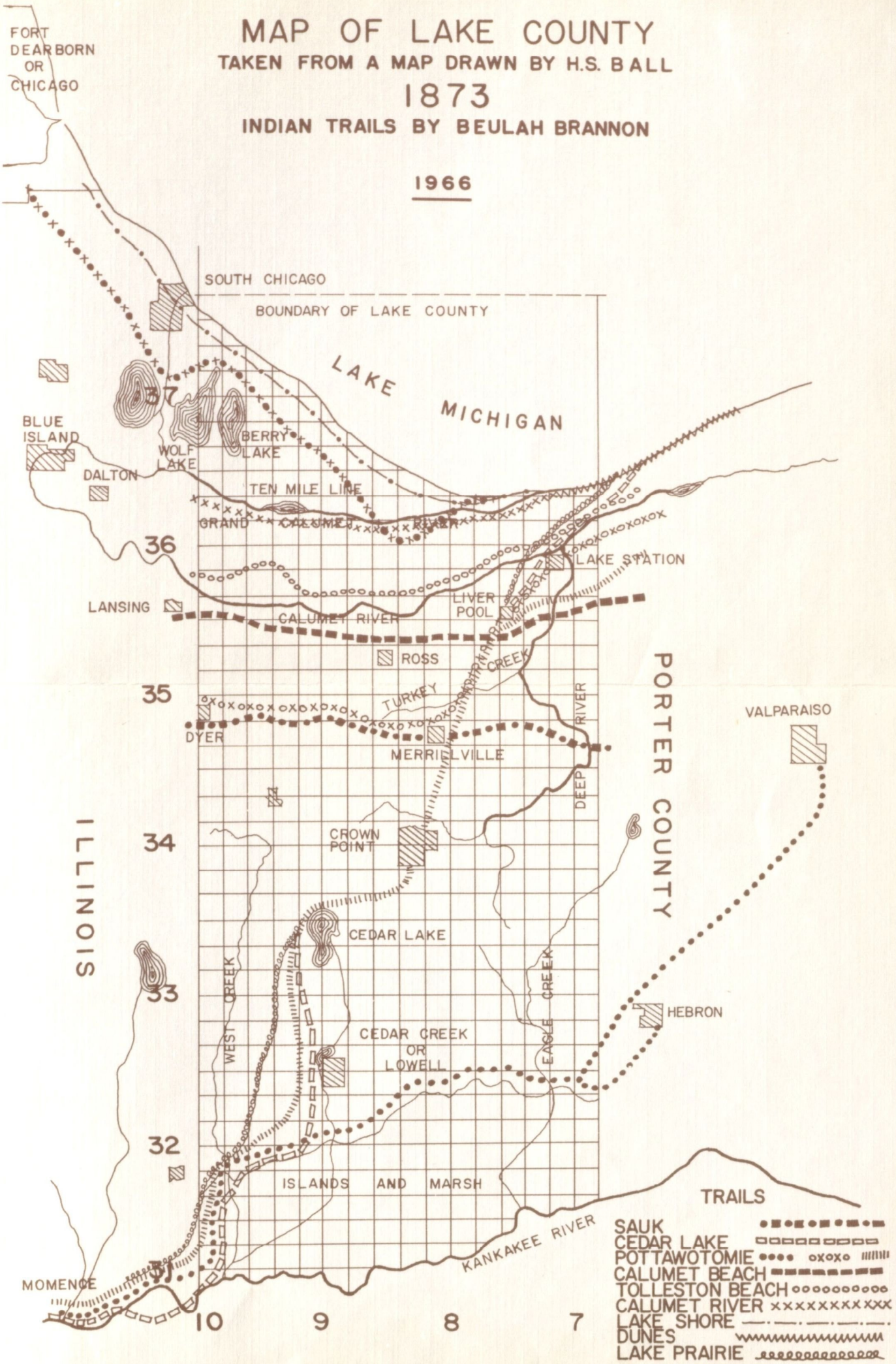
MAP OF LAKE COUNTY

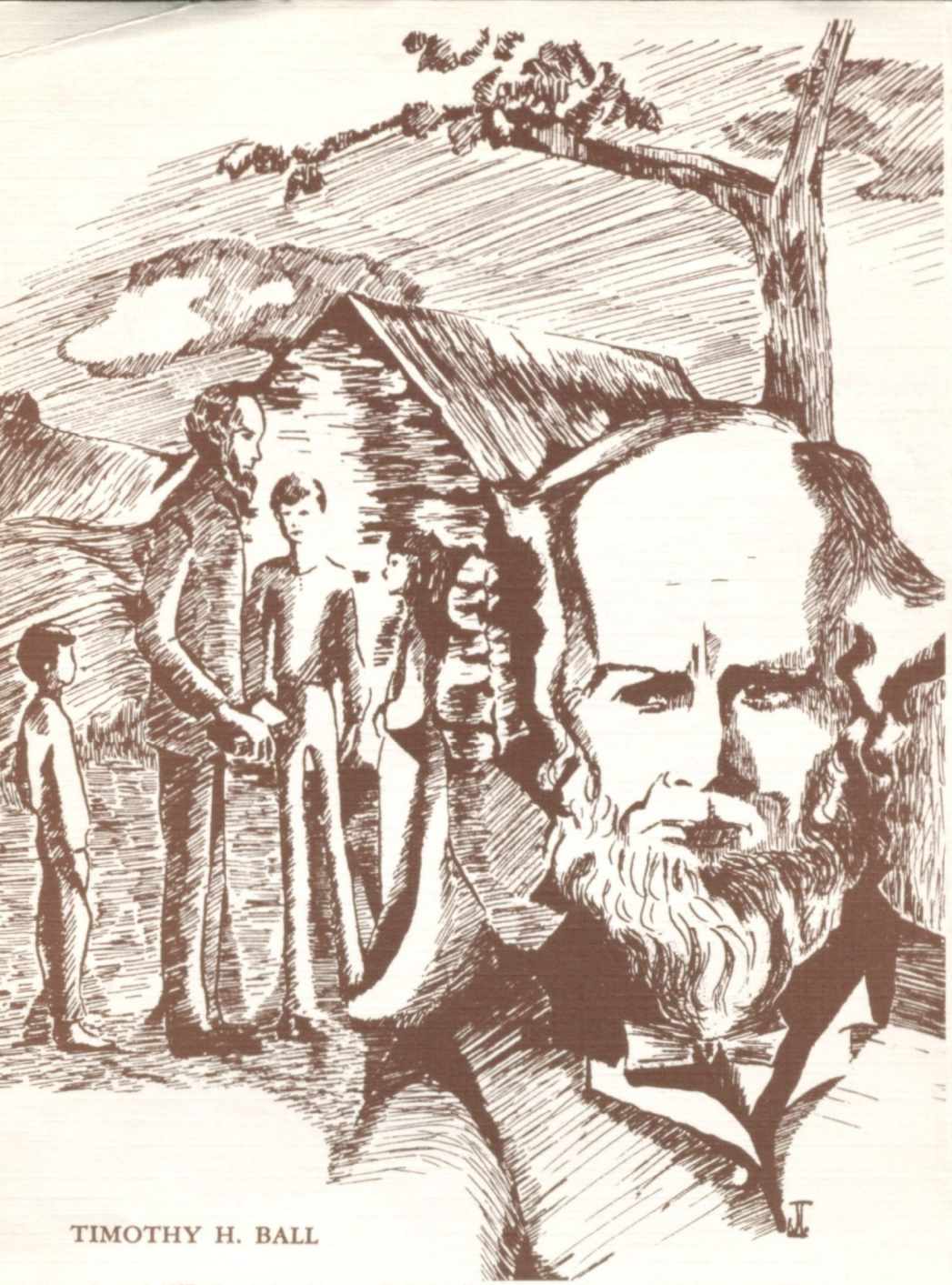
TAKEN FROM A MAP DRAWN BY H.S. BALL

1873

INDIAN TRAILS BY BEULAH BRANNON

1966





TIMOTHY H. BALL

August 1837, the Judge Hervey Ball family homesteaded on the shore of "The Lake of The Red Cedars" overlooking Prairie West.

Mrs. Jane A. Horton Ball, educated in the finest New England schools, was not only an experienced teacher but proficient in fine arts and medicine.

Early in 1839 her home became the first school offering courses for primary, secondary and academic education.

The most advanced pupil was son Timothy, age 13. He excelled in Greek, Latin, and Sciences. In his mid-teens he entered Franklin College, Franklin, Indiana, where he earned his B. A. and M. A. degrees. Theology degrees were received from Eastern seminaries.

Timothy Horace Ball became the renowned historian of Lake County, an eminent preacher, teacher and poet. Thirteen books, and many pamphlets bear tribute.

THE THREE CREEKS MONUMENT

Twenty-five feet high, with a nine foot base, this beautiful granite obelisk stands on the Library square, 500-510 East Commercial Avenue, Lowell, Indiana. The figure of a Union soldier proudly does sentinel duty from the top of the shaft.

On each of the three sides are carved the names of the men, and one woman, who served from the three Creeks townships—West, Eagle and Cedar. They represent the war of 1812, Civil War, Mexican and the Spanish War.

The fourth side bears the names of the men who enlisted from other places but who either lived or are buried in the townships.

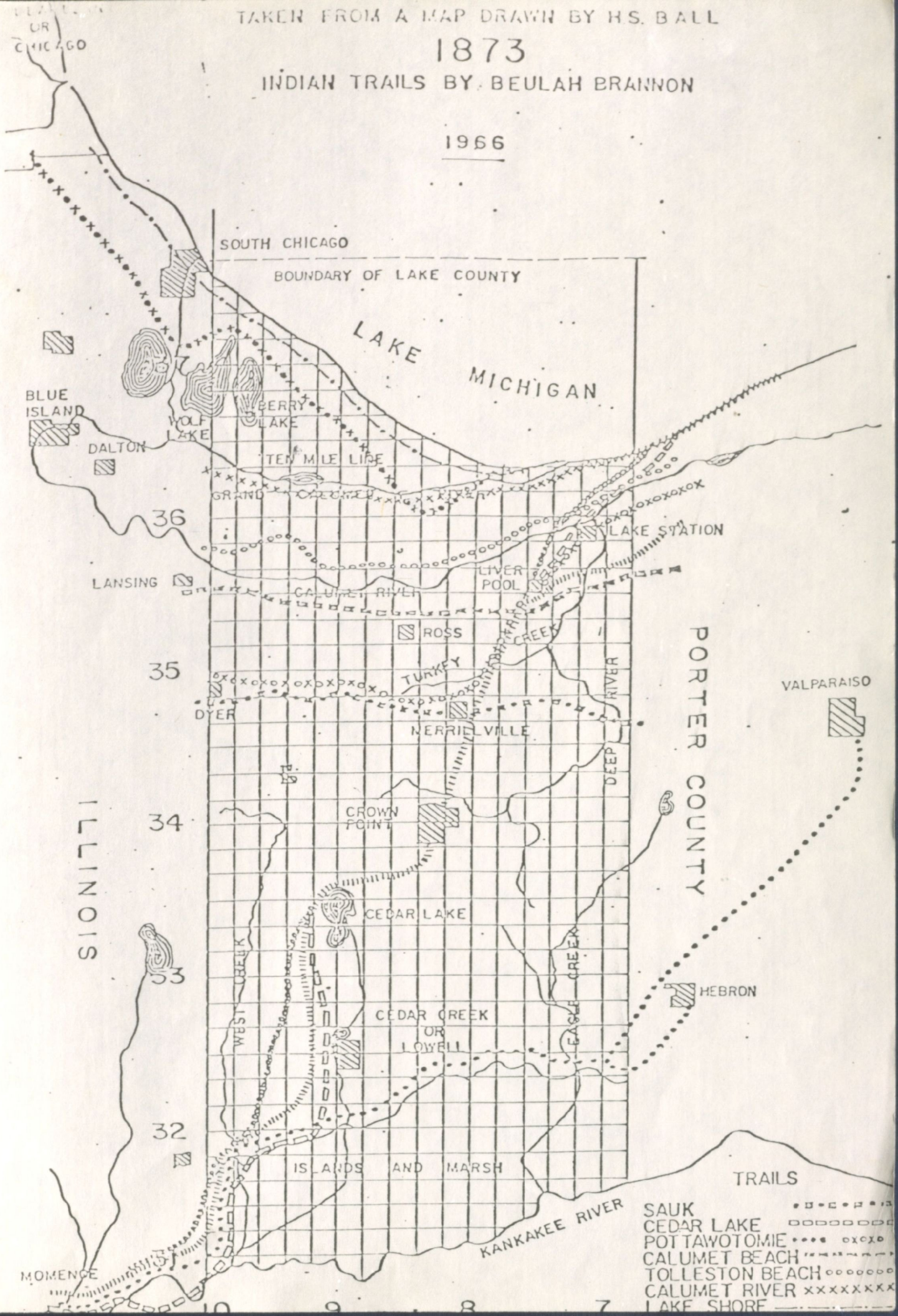
Erected in 1900, it was dedicated in 1905 by Governor Frank Hanley, of Indiana and Department Commander Lucas of the G. A. R.

TAKEN FROM A MAP DRAWN BY H.S. BALL

1873

INDIAN TRAILS BY BEULAH BRANNON

1966



A SKETCH OF THE TIMES OF 1835

By Amos Horner, Reprinted in Part in the Star of October 10, 1878 →

On September 1, 1878 I had the pleasure of shaking the hand of Thomas Clark, one of the very few of those that I saw here in 1835 and it brings to my mind the hard times and the fun we had in those days.

It is not my intention to enter into an historical account of the early settlement of this country, but to give an account of incidents that transpired under my own observation.

After we had made our claims and put up some hay we hurried back home to move out here before it got too late in the season. We went home the same trail that we came and when we got ready to start back it was about the first of October and there had been rain enough to soften the sloughs so we had some gay times getting here. We came with three teams, our team of four horses and two teams of four pairs of oxen each, and we had often to put all of the teams to one wagon to get it through the sloughs and tight nipping at that. In crossing the beaver swamp (four miles) it took all day and hard work at that and what we called the big spring sloughs were terrible.

We got to Cedar Lake about the 12th of October. Then came the tug of war. We had houses to build to winter in, and not a stick of sawed timber was to be had of any kind; not a brick to build a fireplace or chimney; not a nail or pane of glass—but we built the houses.

We built of round logs, notched at the corners; built chimneys and with split sticks and clay mixed with prairie grass in place of hair, put in a puncheon floor (hewed slabs hewed from logs). "a shake roof" fastened down with weight of poles to keep them from blowing off; a door made of long shakes pinned to crosspieces with wooden pins and for a window we left a big crack between the logs and fastened a greased cloth over it. By the time the houses were built (there were three families) it was getting pretty cold.

Then there were shed to build for the stock and rails to split to build fences to secure the crops for next summer. So it was plain to be seen there was plenty of work to be done and we went at it with determination to accomplish it and so we did accomplish it, but not without enduring hard ships the people of today know nothing of.

We had no grain to feed to horses and cattle and, not being used to prairie grass, the horses got very poor and about half of the cattle died before grass came the next spring.

At the very beginning of winter two other families moved in and settled about one mile north of the north end of Cedar Lake and they were poor and had no provisions and we kept dividing until about the first of March. By that time our stock of provision was about played out and my father and brother Thomas started for the Wabash with two teams for provisions. They expected to get back before the frost was out of the ground but before they got started back the weather got warm and it rained; consequently it was almost impossible for them to come until about the first of May and we were left with about three week's provisions and six in the family, three of them small children.

We put ourselves on half rations, then on quarter rations, and then on as little as was possible to live on. Next the flour was all gone, next the corn meal was all gone and then we went for a half bushel of buckwheat that was bought for seed. We ground it in a coffee mill and made cakes and that was soon done; and about the time we were thinking of killing a very poor cow in order to pick what little meat there was on her bones to sustain our lives we looked down the prairie and to our great joy saw two covered wagons coming. And if ever there was joy in the camp it was then. We went to the shanty and told mother and she built a fire, put on the mush pot and had everything in readiness for cooking when they got home. And when they got there I think it was not more than 10 minutes until we had a good feast.

March 6, 1878

Historians find Hervey Ball site

Cedar Lake Register

by Beatrice Horner nee Ewer

This picture, taken in 1904, shows Lake County's first school when it was about to be torn down. The structure was built by Hervey Ball in 1838. In front of the old log schoolhouse are (left to right) Mrs. Margaret Meyer, John Horner, George Gerbing and John Geisen.

by BEATRICE HORNER

If we were to tell you that Hervey and Jane Horton Ball (1804-1889) settled at west Cedar Lake in 1837 that would come as old news to most of the population of Lake County.

The historical writings found in many books written by their son, the Rev. T. H. Ball (1826-1913) have been researched by libraries and collectors until dog-eared with the handling.

We read of the endearing terms in which Timothy Ball relates the activities within the Ball household, leaving no questions about the region where the family settled.

With so much information at hand, still no one seemed to know the exact spot where the primitive Ball home was built.

The Hervey Ball (1794-1868) land holdings were extensive. One old abstract shows they owned acreage that lies within a perimeter formed by Parrish Avenue, 133rd Avenue, and the lake shore as far as the Conference grounds.

On that land site was built the county's first log schoolhouse, specifically located nearby where the early Dittmer (Robert Meyer) home is today. That school was built by Hervey Ball, but the Ball home was not at that location. The land now known as Utopia also belonged to Hervey and Charles Ball.

For some time we have known where the Ball home wasn't, but needed to know where it was.

A voice from the past is now recalled. John Taylor (1884-1974) of Lowell told us in 1973 that he and his bride Jennie Wheeler, in 1904, went up North along Parrish Avenue to be married. (She lived at today's 173rd and Parrish Avenue).

They had arranged a meeting in that John Menzenberger home with the Rev. T.H. Ball who was then living in Crown Point. They were married in the parlor. That home (today's house No. 14616), said John Taylor, was the early Ball homestead, and Timothy Ball made return visits there often. Though it was the first we had heard of that, we did not discount what the old timer said.

On Feb. 10, Founder's Day at Jane Ball School, a crowd of proud parents watched their children portray characters of America's early years. They wore pioneer costumes, displayed hand colored posters, and described the events in history.

A highlight of their Bicentennial program was the presentation of an enlarged and framed picture of the early Ball School. That picture was a gift to the school from their Parent Teachers Association.

That evening we were approached by Raymond Hasse.

He told us he was raised on the original Hervey Ball homesite!

A surprising fact now came to light, and we decided to pursue it further.

The Schreiber farm lay northwest of the Menzenberger (Hasse) farm and John Schreiber now of 13240 Parrish Avenue, said, "My father told me that the elderly Balls once lived over there on the John Menzenberger farm. The house is still there known as the Hasse house on south Parrish Avenue. John Menzenberger was a retired butcher from Chicago."

The Menzenberger family sent their children to St. Martin's school. Their son Edward married Suan Schmal, and they farmed the homestead lands until 1922.

George and Cordula Ecterling Schutz told us they rented the place from the Menzenbergers at that time. Their daughter Georgene (Mrs. Richard Schmal of Lowell) was born in that old home that was extensively remodeled with multiple additions altering the many roomed two-story house.

Henry Hasse was a native of Klaasville and had married Agnes Klass in 1925 of that same old village in Hanover Township, near the Illinois state line.

In 1929 the Hasse family purchased the John Menzenberger farm when their son Raymond was two years old.

Raymond tells us today of his memories of the home place.

He noted that at one time, while the Hasses were working in the old attic area, they observed notice of the rough sawed lumber of the area's earliest mills.

Insulating newspapers, hanging in scraps from the rafters, told of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. This was unquestionably the oldest standing structure known to this region.

A surprise visitor came to the Hasse farm in those years of 1930. A member of the Hervey Ball family returned to witness the homesite where family history was rooted, and talked at length about early Ball experiences.

That Ball descendent said there were few Indians still here at the time of their ancestor's 1837 arrival, but they did find a canoe at the lake's shore. It was a burned and dug out type of craft made from a tree log.

The Ball family visitor, returning that day, verified the history of the old house.

This was already known to the new owner, Henry Hasse, who had read the land abstract, and did so from then on with increasing interest.

The Hasse children, Raymond and Mary, grew up on the family owned farm and Mary became Mrs. William DeWell. The DeWells continued life on the farm, their children went to Holy Name School.

The house is now rented to Mr. and Mrs. Homer Huntley. These newer residents were, until recently, blissfully unaware of the house of history in which they reside.

Upon generous invitation we were allowed to enter the deceivingly disguised old core of the house to photograph beams and foundation.

Historians find Hervey Ball Site 25 Feb. 1976

Massive field rock, topped by light rose colored brick from earliest local kilns, are quietly holding up the oldest section of that big two -story house.

Hand hewn beams are visible overhead. The Northeast area was used as a root cellar, according to Ray Hasse.

Originally a second floor loft over the kitchen had a peaked roof that allowed a look-out window over the prairie.

Dimensions of a cabin were governed at that time by the length of the trees available, but the primitive beginnings of the old house are difficult to determine.

Ray Hasse tells us that a collection of broken colored pottery was found at another site on the 118-acre farm's south 40. There at the pond site, north at a waterway and westward to a rising hill, they found substantial evidence of an earlier household's living condition. They knew that the history there was lost in time, but assume it was the family's earliest shelter, on arrival. The Ball family numbered five children when they arrived in the late spring of 1837. Two more children were born later.

The aged grandmother joined the household when she became feeble and needed care, so she had the loving care of her daughter Jane Ball in her declining years of 1838.

Reading Balls's "Lake of The Red Cedars" (page 31) we find these lines: "They found beside the lake some wild columbine. These they transplanted placing them beside the house where their grandmother could see the blossoms. They found some wild rosebushes and placed them beside one of the windows that their fragrance might enter the room. They sent to New England for some dandelieon seed that these familier yellow blossoms might be around their home, reminding them all of the Connecticut valley meadows. Then no such plant was to be seen, but now are very abundant in Lake County....."

It is our experience that those dandelions took hold to grow and grow and grow, ad infinitum. And our children pick those golden blossoms and hold them beneath their chins, to see if they like butter, while a yellow glow says they do. Their origin should be of interest to today's children.

Many a "mess of dandelion greens" was made by the pioneers who had spent a long winter with nothing on their plain table that resembled a fresh salad as we know it today.

Cordula Schutz told us that a very large persimmon tree grew in the yard of the old Cedar Lake history site.

The persimmon tree, rare to this region, usually only develops well in the south but can withstand a cold climate. Its growth reaches from 20 feet to as high as 60 feet, and the fruit is luscious and orange colored, about a plum's size. The tree on that old farm was enormous in size and was still standing in the late 1920's.

The members of three old regional families, Schutz, Hasse and Schrieber, are very explicit as they tell of the happenings, in and around the buildings, once their experiences as well as the Balls.

Many beds and children's belongings cluttered the four upstairs bedrooms. City guests and farmhands spent restful nights and arose to enjoy big breakfasts in the large board floored kitchen.

Plain thresher tables groaned with platters of food in the long dining room. Fine ladies chatted in the parlor as others busied themselves between the big walk-in pantry and the attached summerkitchen.

Curious children peered into the attic above the kitchen to wonder what was stored in the old boxes and trunks stacked there.

An inviting open porch spanned the front of the house facing the road to the east. Boys played baseball in the middle of the tree lined dirt road, or back in the barnyard.

Sun-bonneted ladies picked blackberries from a large patch south of the house and garden. From the garden was carried produce, into a trap door to the cellar beneath the kitchen on the south side of the house.

The long slim paned windows have rattled from sounds of singing and laughter, while stillness took over when children were born or funerals and weddings were conducted in the home's lamp lit parlor.

A slim outhouse, one of life's necessities, stood alone at the end of a board walk leading south from the kitchen door.

The barn we see today was built in 1930 by local carpenters Nicholas Mayer, Martin Mager and Ralph Bergslien. That big structure replaced one built about four years earlier, but was destroyed by fire.

Those barns had replaced the quaint slope-roofed early American structure and its accompanying silo with a gables roof and window atop.

Water was drawn by rope and bucket from an open shallow well until hand pumps could be acquired. Livestock was watered at spring fed ponds.

Later a windmill was set up over a deeper drilled well west of the house. Recalled are large herds of cattle raised by the Menzenbergers, Schutzes and Hasses, these watered at long deep galvanized tanks in the barnyard.

Voices from the past tell us that over the years of 1850 Hervey Ball sheltered many horses on the homeplace, as he was a skilled horseman. It is not known how he sheltered those animals at the time. His horses helped widen the roadways.

The roadpast the Ball home was a dirt trail, widening and improved with the years until stoned in 1922. Blacktopped years later it is now a busy thoroughfare known as Parrish Avenue.

One road, now gone, went from Parrish Avenue to the town of Paisley at the southwest shores of Cedar Lake. That road lay north of the ravine and just north of the Martin Hawkinson barn. From Paisley a plank road crossed the southern marsh and entered the village of Creston.

Now that our search is over we find that what we thought was lost to Cedar Lake was never lost at all, but just wanting to be rediscovered.

Was it quietly waiting, so to greet us in 1976 on our 140th birthday?

Page 1

CEDAR LAKE

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1971

by Beatrice Ewoo-Horner

Historical Account Of Armour

Rose publication
Crown Point

The (1882) Monon Depot of Armour. Depot Agent Henry Massoth stands with his family and friends before his General Store once located where the Cedar Lake Transit Mix is today.

As you come from Cook and Route 41, traveling eastward past the Lincoln School on 133rd Avenue, a glance to the right suggests a gate-way to another era. Old Glory waves over a quiet rock and both are standing to remind you that this area was not always as you see it now. A temporary plaque speaks of the years beginning around 1870 when a small village began to take root. At that time Nicholas Geisen nailed a sign to his new business called "The Cedar Lake Handle Factory" and Mr. Geo. Sheidler opened up his Combination Bell Factory, boarding house and saloon.

There was no railroad or highway with its over and underpasses at that time. Wagon trails came into old Armour from the west and people saw gentle rolling hills on the same location, all thickly wooded with oak and red cedar trees.

It was not until 1906 that a road petition opened the way from Armour to Ray's Road House at the corner leading to Crown Point. This graveled road semi-circled northern Cedar Lake taking a 40-foot right-of-way at that time.

Lake County history books record the small earliest settlements of the lands of eastern Cedar Lake and eastward on the Crown Point road. They also speak of an early post office with the name "Cedar Lake" attached. That was located on an old Creston site, then known as Tinkerville.

Timothy Ball, a pioneer son of an old settler family, wrote of the days when he was a boy at the Lake of the Red Cedars. He spoke of hunting and fishing on the northwestern shores and seemed saddened by the coming of the Monon railroad in 1882.

Timothy, in his love for the natural life, saw vacationers flocking to our shores from the big cities, and felt things would never be the same again.

The story of Cedar Lake is difficult to tell because each area carries a fascinating history all its own.

In searching for a core, we find that the coming of the Monon railroad and subsequent activities it engendered, began a movement along western shores of both business and pleasure. Active boat transportation supplied by ambitious local businessmen carried Monon's in-coming traffic from pier to pier around the entire lake.

The need for overnight or weekend lodging caused hotels and small boarding houses to spring up everywhere. The Monon developed a park area south of Armour, and it was here that they entertained large crowds of city folk brought out in excursion cars. These passengers stepped off the train at two depots.

In the beginning, in 1882, the northwest Armour and southwest Paisley depots were established. Mail service came at this same time and the Armour and Paisley Post Offices could be found in local general stores.

While business places were popping up along all Cedar Lake shores and piers were being extended out into the "spadder docks and lily pads", there was another slower paced more purposeful way of life being experienced on the western shores.

A village was in existence, but these were the years before Armour had a name.

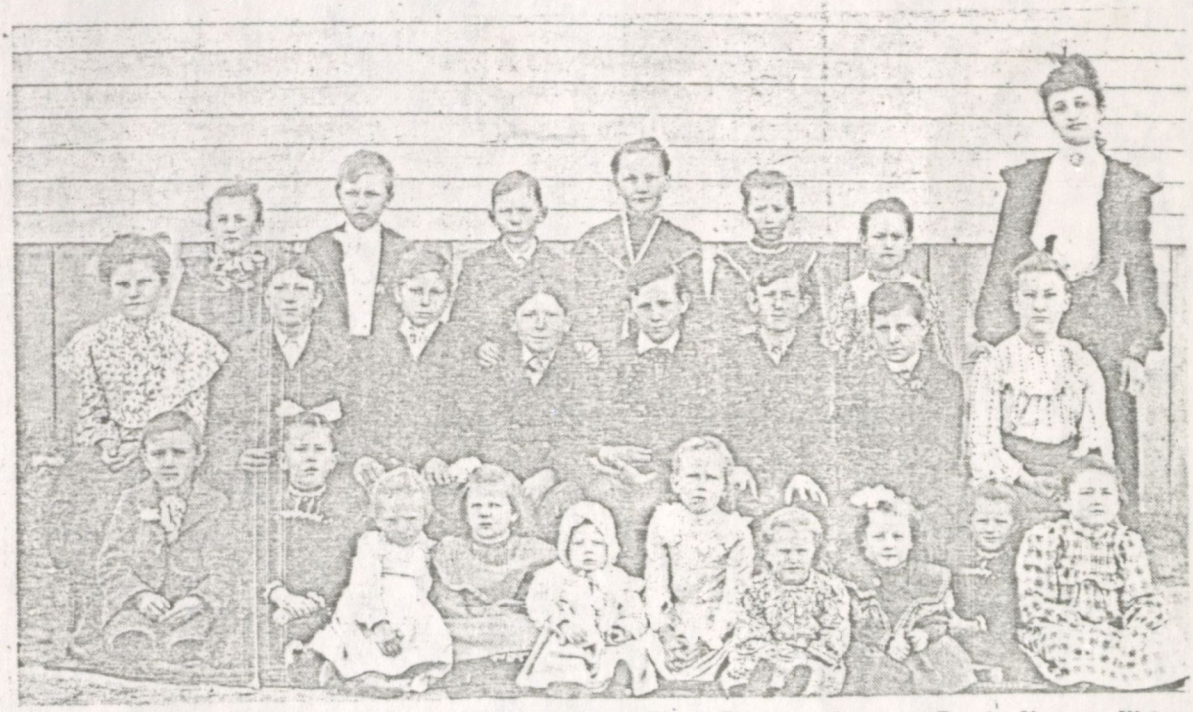
(To be continued)

by Beatrice Ozeen-Horner

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF ARMOUR

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1971

Peter Geisen built the Mellwood Hotel around 1890. A sign advertises Edelweiss Beer, purchased from a nearby Beer Depot in Old Armour Town of Northwest Cedar Lake (now ghosted). This hotel, later owned by J. Lorschieder, burned in 1924.



A 1904 class at Armour School. Teacher Doris Wood. Back row l. to r. - Bertha Horner, Walter Schubert, Basil Emmons, Gasche Herlitz, Pauline Austgen, Matilda Genzler, Miss Wood. Center row - Elizabeth Schubert, Danny Hein, Henry Schubert, George Calnon, Louis Herlitz, William Herlitz, Martin Howkinson, Mary Hein. Front row - Edward Austgen, Theresa Hein, Theresa Genzler, Cynthia Mager, N. Mager, Jr., Mary Genzler, Barbara Genzler, Ramona Mager, Amelia Hein, Lena Horner.

(The following is the second in a series of articles relating the historical account of Armour.)

The history of the Ice Industries is a colorful story. Many men living today tell us of their experiences or remember of their fathers having worked for the several ice companies between the years of 1887 and 1935.

The building and packing of these giant barns caused many a payroll dollar to flow into our community. This helped families buy food in the coldest mid-winters as well as adding customer trade to our many hotels.

By 1890 rambling big hotels and combination boarding houses and saloons in old Armour were knit between two general stores, causing a busy village atmosphere. Equally large hotels began to climb the banks of all Cedar Lake shores by 1900.

Attractive old Armour School pictures showing children in high button shoes only serve to make us more curious about other schools of Cedar Lake that had the same primitive beginning.

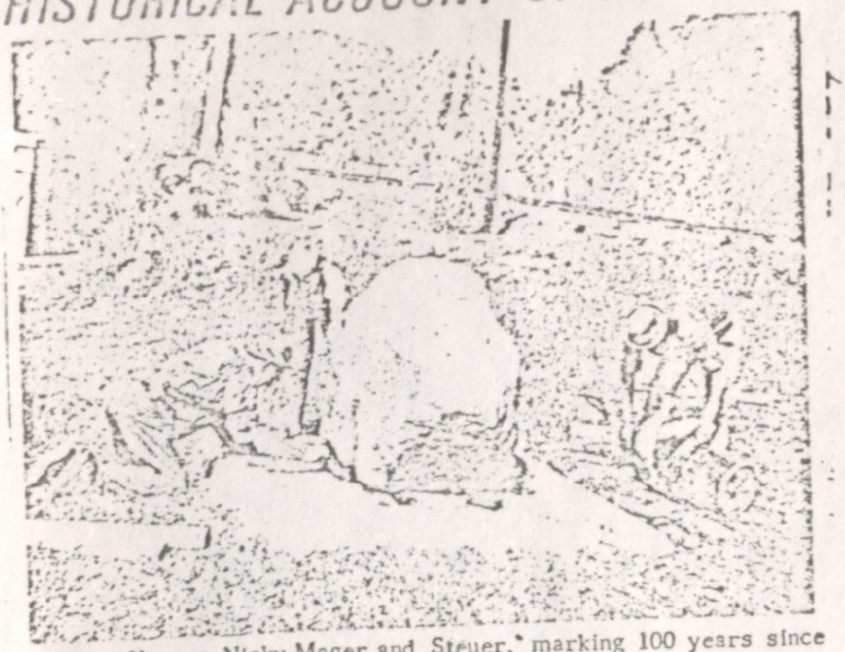
We are anxious to tell of the many dance halls of Cedar Lake as we moved into the 1900's. Armour had a dance hall, if indeed it did have, in its beginning, only the sky and stars for a roof. This was the day of the Schottish. They then built four walls and a roof as the waltz and the fox trot became popular. Some of the brides who held their wedding dances there are living today and would gladly tell you all about those "good old days".

Each and every man, woman and child has a contribution to make in the living of a hundred years. We have been fortunate in finding old ledgers and day books once owned by Armour's Postmaster and two general stores. In the next issue we will list these old timers and we hope you will find yourselves or your past loved ones on these old records.

By Beatrice Horner

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF ARMOUR

by Beatrice-Ewert Horner



Peter Horner, Nicky Mager and Ray Mager are setting up a memorial rock that was donated by Irvin Steuer, marking 100 years since Armour took root as a village on northwest Cedar Lake in 1970.

In February of 1970, the Lake County Historical Society held one of its regular meetings at the Cedar Lake Fire Station. A record crowd revealed the very live interest in a homecoming.

Today old timers join with the newly incorporated Cedar Lake's young people to try to package our history. The Cedar Lake town government has offered protective files to safeguard old pictures and memorabilia, as we continue to search into the past.

We have succeeded in finding many old treasures in an attempt to tell and illustrate this fascinating story of The Lake of The Red Cedars.

Beginning with Old Armour Town we hope to place also in this history the story of our neighbors around Cedar Lake.

Armour was not an island, and as we were busy here, there is evidence that on other shores your were always there, equally industrious.

Old ledgers of the Henry Massoth and Matthias Lauerman general stores reveal the names of people who came here daily from all Cedar Lake, Cook and Creston areas.

Armour folk have worked hard this year gardening a small area site and setting up a monument to be dedicated to its by-gone days.

What a day to remember if we could succeed in bringing home for a visit, these descendents of old families! In the meantime, we would appreciate correspondence from those who would like to tell stories from the past.

The following list is incomplete and if your name is missing, please tell us so. These names are copied from old day records of Armour General Stores (1887-1910).

Jonathan Armour, Phillip Armour, Gerhart Austgen, John Bixenman, Nick Barman, John Berger, Batterman, Sever Bergslien, Nick Bohling, Wm. Bruckman, Andrew Brickman, Wm. Bottner, George Biegel, Michael Banser, Dan Calnon, Jos. Cubish, Olle Clarren, S. Cohn, F. Dahlke, Fred Dahl, Frank Dvorak, Gustine Dierks, George Duffin, Peter Dress, John Eberle, Seb. Einsele, Julius Echterling, Joseph Engel, Christ Fetch Charles Fronek, K.E. Fuller, Harry Ford, Carl Gregg, Wm. Gerbing, A.J. Gerlach, John Genzler, Jacob Gard, Nicholas Geisen, Wm. Garrison, Wm. Green, John Gradle, Wm. Gray, Frank Govert, J. Hess, Robert Hunter, Adam Hetzler, Louis Herlitz, John Hoffman, Anton Hein, Peter Horner Sr., P.J. Howkinson, Leonard Hoelzle, Addison Holmes, G. Houk, Fred Hannenman, Bart Hepp, Jake Huber, Oda Hoffman, Michael Jesse, Phillip Kretz, John Knesek, John Kurrack, Erhart Kindig, Matt. Klein, John Krudup, Joe Kramer, Knickerbocker, Wm. Laws, John Ludwig, Matthias Lauerman, Anton Luke, Peter Leinen, Otto Lind, Ernest Livingston, Christ Lassen, Fred Lumpp, John Lorschieder, Wm. Long, J. Lindquist, Fred Mandernach, Henry Massoth, John H. Meyer, Otto Meyer, Mike Maginot, Jos. Maracek, John Mitch, P. McNay, Jacob Metz, Nicholas Mager, Emil Maxwell, Jos. Meonickes, Luke Neiner, James Novak, John Nelson, Egnatz Pelach, Hubert Peters, George Poppe, Enoch Peterson, S. Pedersen, John Russell, John Rhein, John Rosenbaur, Peter Ripley, James Ray, Emil Ruge, Louis Ribbenstrop, W. Rhodes, John G. Shedd, Henry Scheele, Warren Stillson, Chas. Sigler, John Schillo, John Smith, Peter School, Mike Schreiber, Herman Schubert, Peter Surprise, Frank Schutz, John Seramur, Henry Schoenbeck, John Stummel, Nick Schmidt, Peter Saberniak, Peter Saur, Wm. Schulte, Wm. Schultz, S. Schmal, Jake Slicker, Nick Schafer, Peter Schuster, Anton Spieler, John Spanier, Luke Trotter, Von Hollen, Adolph Von Borstel Sr., K.E. Witter, Charles Wheeler, Louis Wein, Charles Wilson, Doris Wood, Mark Webber, Fred Wilkening.

Address your letters to: Cedar Lake Town Hall, P.O. Box 361 or Mrs. Peter Horner, 9201 W. 1133rd Ave., Cedar Lake, Indiana 46303.

18 April 1976

Armour, a village of the past

by Beatrice Ewen-Hamner

During World War II, the Armour Post Office was located in the Mellwood Hotel, built in 1899 and located on Hervey Ball land.

hub of ice industry

Cedar Lake Register

by BEATRICE HORNER
(First In a series)

Once Historians said "All Roads lead to Rome," but not all of them. Some led us to Armour Town at Cedar Lake.

From the west by team and wagon along the Adeway (now 133 Avenue) they came. Up and over the North Lake regions they came in buggy or on horseback. Across Cedar Lake's thick ice they drove their bob-sleds and in summer by steam, sail, or row boat.

Down from Dyer or Hammond and up from Shelby and Lowell on the Monon (our old collection of day-books verify this) They all at some time came to Armour Town.

That town, before its heyday, was unnamed and unmapped for years. Its location was at the Northwest shoreland regions of the lake.

The village started on John Meyer land in 1870, covering the North and West. The south west areas began settling by 1880 when people purchased land from Howard Meyer Sr. (Originally Hervey Ball land).

The Cedar Lake Handle Factory was established in 1870. Its owner was Nicholas Geisen. This busy factory located on the lakeshore, did a steady business for over over 55 years making useful wood tools for farm and home use, their market near and far.

By 1901 it was owned by Sever Bergslien and then phased out while being owned and run by Nicholas Mager after 1926.

A big event seeding the regions future came when a railroad executive knocked on John Meyer's door.

Negotiations began with the Indianapolis, Delphi and Chicago railroad Co. early in the 1870's.

The eventual road laying was by John Sweeney Railroad Builders of Aberdeen, S. D. A work crew of men and mules was housed in tents.

The boss, his wife and children made one of the tents their home as they supervised the laying of the Monon Line through Lake County.

Those train rails were routed close to the lakefront giving vitality to small industries now emerging.

Next door to the Handle Factory to the North, about 1885, was the Schoenhoffen Edelweiss Beer Depot.

Now Armour folks saw a lumbering beer wagon, with its driver Matt Lauerman and later Howard Meyer Jr. driving daily throughout south County delivering barrelled and bottled brew. This continued until prohibition closed up the depot in 1918.

Another Geisen venture was a two story building housing a boarding and living quarters, a saloon, pin alley and dance floor.

It was built and run by Peter and Carrie Geisen, then sold to GeSchiedlers. Now the Pin Alley was discontinued and a Bell Factory enterprise was added to this unit.

The common dinner bell was much in demand in those years, and most every farm posted one near their kitchen door.

The GeSchiedler building burned down about 1902.

The 1882 established Monon Railroad built a depot at the north side of the new village. At this same time a boarding house and saloon was built just west of the depot and was run by Henry Scheele. In 1886 Matt Lauerman started a general store here.

Stirring activity set in quickly when the small depot, big in its time, began loading its platform with freight that had arrived in bulk. Then commercial drays or single horse spring wagons hauled boxed, kegs or barrelled foodstuffs to Cedar Lake business places.

Barrelled Brew, Coffee, Crackers and Molasses was stacked along with crates full of rubber boots, shoes, plain oilcloth or bolt goods, in the depot's warehouse section.

Across the railroad track, where the fledgling town first began to move its merchandise, the methods of exchange involved swapping, auctioning and as a last resort - money.

Business and social life depended on horse transportation and the first store in Armour sold horsecollars, feed, horse blankets and curry combs. One horse sold for $25.00 in 1887.

Boats and oars stood upright outside the door. Within were patent medicines, dried fruits, chewing tobacco, dried peas, beans, cornmeal and other necessities.

Eggs were brought in to be swapped. They were carried in a protective bucket of oats and had to be fished out with great care. Poultry was kept in backyard pens and dressed while a customer waited.

The hours of a general store began at sun-up and closed when all of the town was asleep.

This store continued here for about eight years while the store's owner doubled as Monon's depot agent.

MAIL DELIVERED BY RAIL

The U.S. Mail started being delivered here by rail and horseback.

In 1895 Henry Massoth became the depot agent and ran the combined home, boarding house, general store and saloon. It was later owned by John Gensler with only a saloon open to the public.

By 1896 Matthew Lauerman built a big building in midtown to eventually house a larger general stock of food and dry goods. Here a brother Mike Lauerman was a Buttermaker and a son Art Lauerman became the town barber.

Grandfather Peter Scholl (1818-1909) had his shoemaker shop here and his son Peter apprenticed here when he was 17 years old. Young Peter Scholl went on to national fame, specializing in the manufacture of all forms of medications and pads for care of the feet.

The post office was moved and again set up in this new store and Matt Lauerman (1854-1938) became the Village Postmaster.

Many warm summer evenings were spent on the porch and in the pic uresque front yard of the Geisen Home in Armour Town. This photograph of Mrs. Nicholas Geisen and children was taken in 1890.

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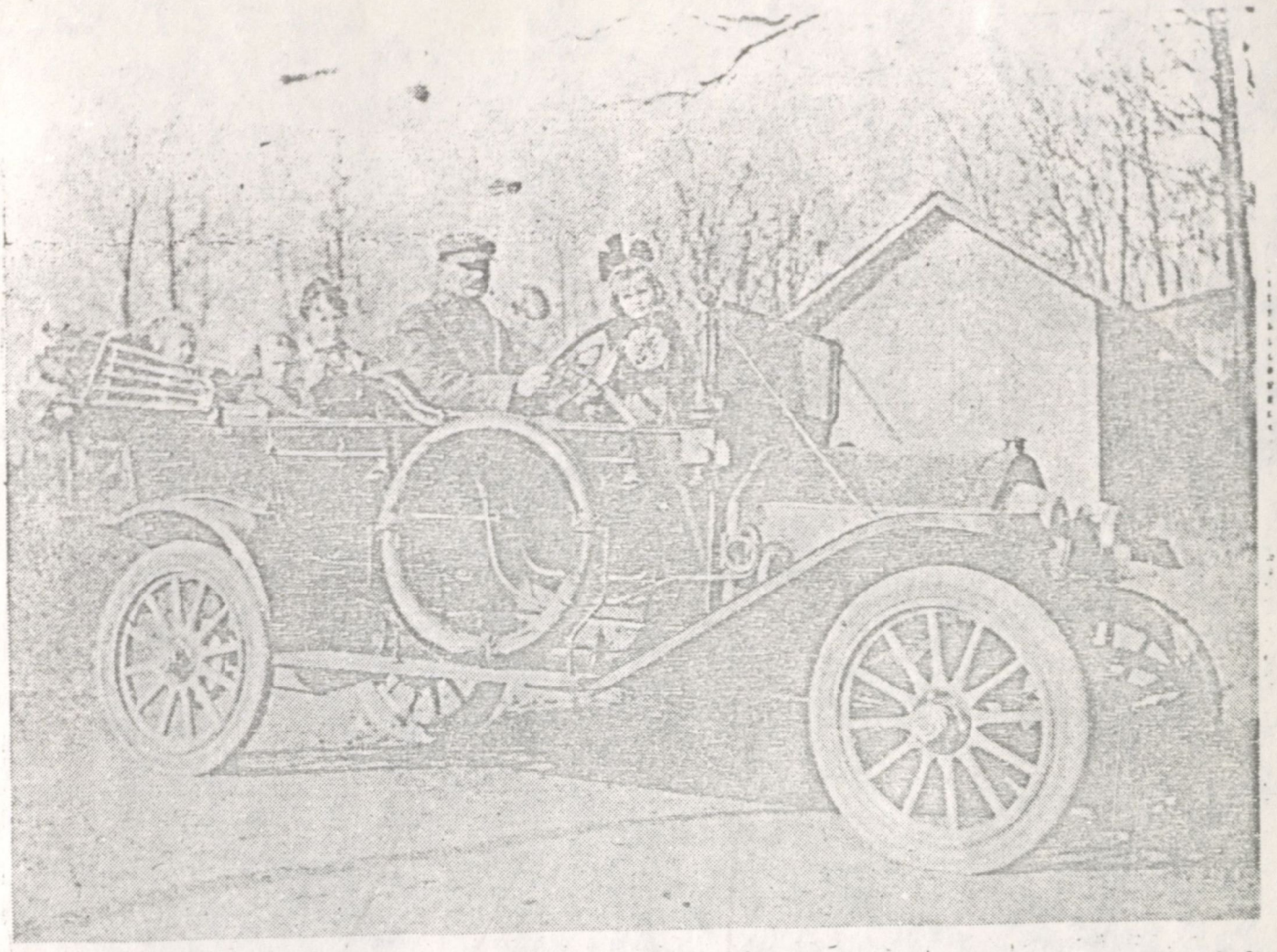
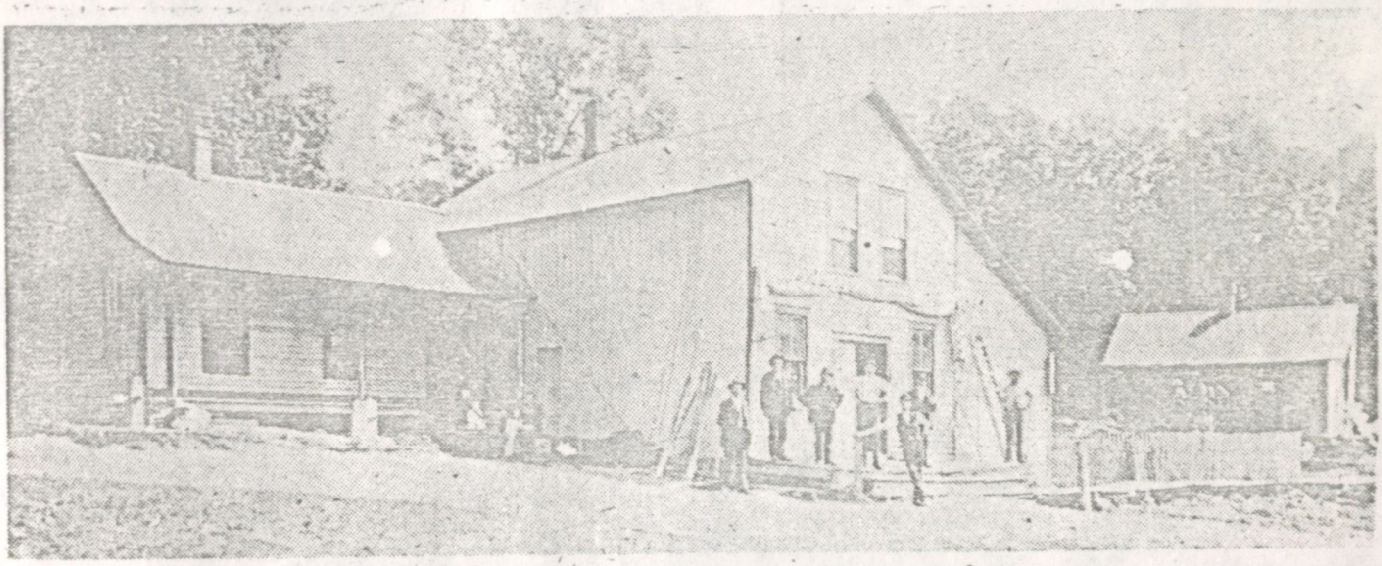


J. Howard Meyer II was the manager of the Edelweiss Depot in Armour Town. Meyer and wife Oda Hoffman Meyer had three daughters and one son (not pictured).



The Monon Railroad Depot of Armour was built in 1882. Shown is the Massoth General Store in 1895. Henry Massoth was

Armour Town

Well kept old leather bound ledgers showed daily orders listed under the names of Peter Howkinson (1845-1930), Knickerbocker and Armour Brothers. The big ice barns were being built along the town's shoreline and by 1887 one of Lake County's largest industries came about.

MAGER BUILT GROCERY STORE

Nicholas Mager, a town resident built a grocery store near his home. It lasted but a short while, then the structure was moved across the road and attached to the Lauerman's existing store. This addition resulted in a very sizable public place. The back two-story living quarters contained eight spacious rooms and seven porches.

Leonard Hilzley was the town's butcher. His shop was in his home and he sheltered his delivery team and wagon on his own premises. Meat was processed quickly from butcher to consumer at that time and no storage facilities were used.

This butcher shop floor had a thick layer of sawdust from wall to wall. That product could be acquired in surplus over at the town's handle factory, where it was constantly being burned as debris.

Armour Town's earliest hotel was the 100 room Hunter located at the south-eastern corner of the village. It was placed there when the railroad began its excursions into this region from Chicago.

Just to the North, by 1884, the Adolph Van Borstel (1844-1921) Lake View Hotel was built.

This hostelry catered to the sportsman crowd and in peak-season as many as 15 people were hired to handle the customer service. The lumber for this building was purchased from the Du Breuil and Keilman lumber dealers of Dyer.

In these same years Armour Brother's Ice Company built their own hotel for both public and private use. Because of the strong energetic holdings of the Armour Men and their presence daily about the area, this growing village took on the name of Armour and was locally called "Armour Town."

Peter Geisen built a big hotel on Meyer (Ball) land in 1887 and by 1900 it was sold to Mr. and Mrs Nicholas Lorshieder of Chicago. Then it was named "The Mellwood."

By 1914 it housed the Armour Post Office with son John Lorshieder as postmaster.

Livery barns stood in a row on the Mellwood Hotel site and a similar line-up was back of the Lauerman Store.

There was a constant customer rental of horse and buggy or wagon teams at 50 cents a day.

The Hein Hotel was built in 1906, located directly south of the Mellwood Hotel. This was a long two story edifice, with a saloon facing the south end.

Another teamster's dray business, located on the east side of town belonged to the Charles and Frank Geisen Hauling Company.

Tradesmen abounded. Over the years remembered tradesmen are Nicholas Ludwig, John Geisen, John Horner, George Gensler, Ralph Bergslien, Nicholas Mager, Wm. Govert, Charles Lee, Charles Watt, E. Bang and Louis Carl. Aside from Kuizey Witter and Charles Wheeler (Eastern Cedar Lake) building the Armour Hotel, a large per cent of the town was built by its own residents.

ARMOUR TOWN NEVER GREW

Armour Town never grew beyond the regional size of ½ mile in length or width but its size had no bearing on the extent of its activities.

Unlike other areas of Cedar Lake, this village was not just another subdivision, but a complete town in character that clearly described the needs of family life in one given area.

In one way we were not unlike all of Cedar Lake in that many Armour men were boat-makers and everyone went fishing out on the lake. Our piers and our enterprises had a magnetic attraction, bringing the curious outsider, but their coming was never a disruption, but only gain for our townsfolk.

At least 18 private homes were within this old village's town limits, revealing over the years a turnover of many, many families.

Children, one generation following another, grew up, attended the local schools and sons became veterans of several wars.

WINDMILLS FILLED WATER TANKS

Two big windmills kept water tanks filled at those mid-Armour livery stable sites, while all other places in town had private hand pumps over shallow drilled wells. An open oaken bucket well stood on the John Hoffman homesite and a gushing natural spring was close to the lakeside industrial area. It is still active in this year of 1976.

Armour School, in 1885, was built on a hill west of Lauerman's store. Here they educated all eight grades in one big room. This was a grand looking building as compared to the log Ball school seen standing abandoned one half block to the west.

That old pioneer schoolhouse, Lake County's first began in 1838 and was used as a school and church center of learning for about ten years. It was torn down by local carpenters in 1904. Armour School was closed when the new brick Lincoln School was built in 1912.

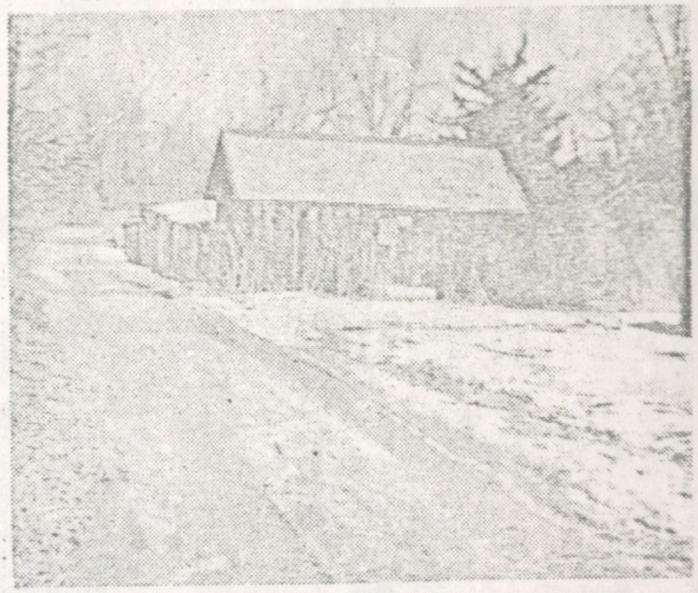
RELIGION MAJOR INFLUENCE

In this rural area people depended solely on each other and religion was a major influence.

This town had no churches within its borders. Folks would walk or ride to Hanover-Center or The Conference Grounds and there were those who rode the Monon train to Lowell or Hammond to attend services.

Building the Horner home in Armour in 1890 were Horner brothers and their wives. This was the first home built after the T.H. Ball land was sold and subdivided.

Peter Howkinson (1845-1930) was involved in Armour's early Ice Industry. He built a home in north Armour Town in 1887.



This photograph of one of Armour Town's old ghosted alleys as taken in 1971.

The Rev. Charles Watt (1891-1972) lived within the town of Armour and as a minister was well known throughout South Lake County.

No log homes ever stood within the village despite its early settler years. At the west edge of Armour, on the early (Cox) John Schubert farm was a log home that was eventually plastered and clapboarded. It was torn down by 1940.

(To be continued next week.)

by BEATRICE HORNER

(Part 2 in series)

With the advent of the Ice Industries it was "all go and no whoa."

In winter, when the sun rose, it had to climb awhile before its rays blanketed Armour Town. Still no one welcomed its warmth lest it thin the ice out on the lake.

To be filled were the tall timbered, many roomed ice barns that, by 1887, were being built along the lake-shore, creating a barrier between the town and the waterfront.

Here, many men of local history managed the big ice business of county fame. Armour Bros., Phillip D. and Jonathan Jr.; Peter Howkinson, Knickerbocker, Shedd, Nelson, Witter, Clarren, Mercer, Gensler and others all identified in some way where ice was farmed and shipped out of the region. Its use was for food preservation in packing houses and home food storage before refrigeration came to make the industry obsolete.

In winter, working around the clock, an average of 150 workers entered this region to work for the ice companies of Armour Town.

Most of the ice was hauled in special Monon freight cars to Chicago's packing houses, or distributed citywide.

In the summer, excursion trains pulled through Armour Town boarding and releasing passengers at Monon's depot and pleasure park south of town. Many of those people found their way into local hotels, took boats docked at Armour's pier, or lodged in the town's boarding houses.

This was great recreation for visitors but local people spent their limited free hours in a different fashion.

Armour citizens enjoyed the events going on over on the north side of town. There an outdoor dance floor, eventually enclosed, was the gathering place for villagers and their south-county interested friends.

That Gensler dance hall entertained with dances, box socials, weddings, town meetings and basketball.

The Armour school was also used for a meeting house and all about town picnic grounds were afforded to all boarding house and hotel patrons.

All of this was for families or the adult world.

As for children, their playground was the town's main road.

That road was but a two-wheeled wagon path with high wild grass growing down the middle.

Barefoot children walked the roads as early as April when the mud was still cold as it squished between their toes.

Spring rains were welcomed as they washed away the black soot that had fallen all winter from smoking brick chimneys of every building in town as well as industry smokestacks.

Little boys ran alongside horse-drawn buggies or cracky wagons, sometimes hitching a ride across the town's only block or over east on the industrial area road.

If a peddler came through, children were given some gim-crack that would be a source of amusement for a whole week.

Blue Clay rolled into smooth balls and baked in the oven, made dandy marbles. If you saved enough string from grocery packages, lots of winding resulted in a coveted baseball. Temporary baseball diamonds popped up all over town. More time was spent arguing and fighting than actually playing. At the drop of a hat the game was called off, especially if you owned the ball.

Youngsters made a T shaped tool out of wood strips, using it to keep a wheel rim rolling. It was real fun chasing behind this toy of their own making, and it could be pushed right down the town's main street.

In all of Armour's 100 years there were no public sidewalks.

Folks walked safely along the roadways to the general store, the post office or to local saloons with no fear of traffic as we know it today.

At those stores or saloons credit was freely given, recorded in day-books and collected weekly or monthly. No names were strange and everybody knew everybody.

Armour women carried a heavy workload and they helped everybody. Kind neighbors, as mid-wives delivered babies and well-remembered Angels of Mercy were Mrs. Nicholas Geisen, Mrs. Henry Scheele, Mrs. Nicholas Ludwig and Mrs. Charles Watt.

The nursing home concept was unheard of. The aged were loved and cared for at home. Many lived to remarkably long years and when death came the entire town felt the loss, responding as one big family.

The body of the deceased was prepared and waked in the home living room, in earliest years. Usually it was Peter Geisen's horse drawn hearse that came from Crown Point.

Undertaker Peter Geisen placed the casket in position within the black boarded and windowed vehicle. Then his open air seated hearse was followed out of town by mourners who also rode in horse-drawn carriages.

At the town's borders were the two Schubert burial grounds and to the east was the Mound Cemetery located in what is known today as Meyer Manor.

Other burials were made at Hanover-Centre, German Cemetery or at Crown Point or the Lowell Cemetery.

No large floral displays or luxury caskets would be seen here. Just plain people expressing their grief for the loss of a loved one, quietly and inexpensively.

FIRES FREQUENT

Old homes and hotels were tinder-boxes in the early years. Faulty chimneys and wood shingled roofs made fires a constant dread.

Only a bucket brigade could be relied on, but by the time men, buckets and water were on hand the building was gone. They were fortunate if they saved adjacent buildings.

Big fires of Armour Town included GeSchiedler's boarding house, The Hunter Hotel, The Lake-View and Mellwood Hotels. The earliest Geisen home burned and also Peter Howkinson's barn.

Armour's population was adrift in a world of their own making sure law and order was solved by having a local Justice of The Peace (N. Geisen 1878) and Constables available.

The Ice Industries imported rough elements off Chicago Streets, but these men were boarded in Armour Bros. hotel and strictly policed by the company who hired them.

All of Cedar Lake was very aware of the "goings on" in Monon Park, south of town, but this was not the responsibility of local townsmen. Our average citizen was generally stable and law abiding, needing little or no legal discipline.

There was no public library. Owning a book was a great joy and one read it over and over until it was all fingerprinted and dog-earred.

Older children read to younger ones, especially the comic section of Sunday's newspaper. Shown were cartoons kidding the city-slicker and the country bumpkin. Racial slurrs and slapstick comedy were also being laughed at. The Katzenjammer Kids were the juvenile delinquents of the early 1900's and Maggie and Jiggs portrayed comic family life. Of course Barney Google was always taking loving care of his big eyed, sad faced horse.

As the new sounds from tin pan alley came in, shocked elders wondered what this world was coming to as they sheltered the town's youth.

This was before folks had phonographs, or cat- whisker radios. The piano was the popular instrument and was an expensive item so it was found in few households.

In the Lauerman home teen friends stood in a semi-circle around the piano stool, reading and singing from church hymnals or sheet music as Martha Lauerman played the piano.

At a snail's pace time moved on.

By 1925, as out of town folks shimmied into the jazz age, moving through the area in their open air, loudly painted jalopies or with luck a Stutz Bearcat, things were quiet down in Armour Town.

Ralph Bergslien carried his violin over to the home of Charles Watt. There grandmother Muir would play the piano, Mr. and Mrs. Watt played violins and these four neighbors enjoyed a lovely musical evening together.

Son James Watt was sent to bed, along with his two brothers. He spent the early evening's hours peeping through the crack of the bedroom door, watching what was happening in the parlor.

When it was cold and the winters long, children sat at the kitchen table, working their arithmetic under the soft glow of a kerosene lamp. They could play checkers, make popcorn, or just do nothing.

It was nice doing nothing.

Now one could stare at the bright isinglass squares framed into the front door of the parlor heater. Those reflected flames and sparks sent flickering, glowing shadows up the patterned wallpaper and made ghostlike figures on the dark green window shades.

Then off to sleep upstairs, tucked under heavy blankets and quilts over lumpy mattresses layed on wooden slatted beds.

That aforementioned train and its rails had three locations in the course of Armour Town history. Rerouted in 1901 and again in 1949, it still had strong presence as time changed its use and appearance from a black coal-burning steaming iron horse to a smooth streamlined diesel often pulling 170 cars through town.

There was a sense of loneliness felt by the town's old families when the fading industries finally ghosted the lakeside. Iron tools replaced the wood, closing the Handle Factory. Prohibition closed the beer depot and saloons and Ice Barns were being torn down by 1920.

By 1928 - 133 Avenue and Lakeside Drive had been paved and routed...under the railroad. The public travel abandoned the Armour Road making it seem to be a lonely lane into nowhere.

Armour folk, unrelenting, contented, now went beyond the town to work or communicate, but there was no basic change in their home-living conditions.

They welcomed electricity when Nick Mager was instrumental in bringing a line into town. Now folks could have a drop-cord and a bright light bulb hanging from the ceilings of every room in the house.

Little or no modern plumbing came to their homes and the outhouses stayed standing. Few had telephones.

That old general store had left town in 1908 and was not again replaced. The post office, moved and attached to the Mellwood Hotel, closed in 1920.

After World War I, never again did the town serve as a nucleus for the lake and south county. Where once all roads and lake water routes led to Armour Town, now they by-passed and the town became a cozy neighborhood concerned with family life.

Still the maps showed Armour as a town and mail came addressed to the same name.

(Continued next week).

by BEATRICE HORNER

(Last in a 3-part series)

It was a revelation to visit in the old Lauerman home that had been a family residence for the Nicholas Ludwig family and then by 1923 became the Webster Homestead Hotel, (The Murdock home today).

One of the porches of this tall building on the hill served well as an overlook toward the east.

Standing there one could see 75 per cent of the old town, and though abandoned by industry, it was still full to the brim with a lot of living.

This eye and sky level view proved in one sweeping survey that his was a working man's

town and the living wasn't easy.

Green lawns were for the narrow front yards, but the back yards exposed those varied kinds of hardwork necessary to keep families clothed, warm and fed.

When leaves left the trees the Webster's could look from the high porch beyond the town and on to the waterfront.

The Armour ice barns were torn down in 1920 and the lumber was floated across the lake to become Lasson's Hotel. Steamboats were cruising the lake waters and still hoovering near the old Armour Pier. At this spot an inlet feeds the lake and here a lot of fishermen are attracted.

In spring heavy rains sent water gushing down the middle of Armour and filled the deep gulleys with carp that had swam upstream.

Men and boys took pitchforks and speared these fish either to be eaten or planted as fertilizer in the town gardens.

Leaving the porch to then walk west to east along the alley that ran parallel to the ditch, there is much more to see.

Armour Town had but one alley. Along this stretch we see a row of chicken houses, fenced pens, buggy sheds and outhouses.

Easily seen are mountains of stacked firewood within convenient reach of everyone's back door.

Mothers shoved armloads of skinny, split stick-wood and buckets of corncobs into six-lidded black cast-iron cookstoves almost all year round. More wood was carried as water was heated for Saturday night baths. Now this was a chilly affair as clothes were stripped off to go into a copper washboiler, come Monday morning.

Oil lamps were carried out on the back porch for re-filling and chimney cleaning.

Once in awhile the barn-lantern had to be re-filled and cleaned, then re-hung on a nail by the back door.

Housewives could be seen briskly walking back and forth as they swept wooden sidewalks.

They were followed by little children or the family dog, while on the porch a tabby cat was unwinding from a nap.

A tree stump and an axe seem to be standard equipment. The cook chopped a chicken's head off, scalded it in a bucket of hot water, and on it went into the oven for Sunday dinner. The feathers were stripped and accumulated for a new pair of bed pillows.

In good weather, out came corn-husk mattresses to be aired across two sawhorses. Long washlines of clothes were seen every Monday. As women tended babies, birds-eye diapers swung on lines in summer and were dried on wooden clothes racks behind the stove in winter. A familiar smell was that of wet wool drying on a line in the kitchen, really drip-drying.

Both husband and wife spent summer evenings hoeing potatoes or crawling on hands and knees weeding out rows of promising looking vegetables.

Fruit trees, walnut and hickory trees were plentiful. A big orchard was thriving back of the Mellwood Hotel.

Most of the winter-stored produce would be taken from the town's trees and gardens.

By November cellars would contain full potato bins, crocks of fried down pork or pickles and sauerkraut. Shelves of canned fruit were put up in two quart blue-green glass jars sealed expertly with zinc covers and rubber jar rings.

Several homes had their own smoke house to cure hams. The hogs were butchered in the backyard, having been scaled in a wooden barrel.

These alley homes were in the mid-town block. There were other homes beyond in all directions who met their day to day life problems in much the same manner.

New families began replacing some of the old but there was still the status quo, those who were always there.

The days of flighty people and flighty fashions never came near the doorstep of those quiet old people who were slow to change and in truth, resisted change.

The concerns of 1976 would be trivia to those who had faced the anxieties of the years between 1880 and 1920 in this old town. There was no dallying with group therapy, astrology, overweight, carcinogens or juvenile delinquency.

Bread, butter and doctor bills were the way it was. By 1930 depression years were taking a toll, but felt less keenly by pioneer families who had generations of frugal living to brace them in times of stress.

The Armour brothers were gone. So also went the fine old names - Ripley, Dierks, Lauerman, Hilzley, Howkinson, Knickerbocker, Ludwig, Clarren, Witter, Shedd, School, Gensler, Wein, Geisen, Schubert, GeShiedler, Hein, Lee and Edgerton.

Staying on, now, families who came as early ast the year 1890 were the Horners, Hoffmans, Magers and Meyers. Also early and staying were the Bergsliens, and the Goverts, Watts, Fiegles, Lorschieders, Langes, Jillsons, and Carls as almost lifetime residents.

Martin Saberniak and Michael Saur spent a few years here over the 1930's and 40's.

Newcomers mixing with the old, made strange but friendly neighbors. In typical Armour's way soon they came to know each other well.

These were the Connellys, Zygulas', Bangs, McAllisters, Murdocks and Millers. There were also some short term owners and renters.

And while voices of this younger generation of children echoed up and down the old poorly cared for Armour Town roads, their old timer neighbors were living on, tending to chores around their old homes that had been built in the years of 1890.

The Handle Factory dismantled now and reset up in Nicholas Mager's wood working shed, and was not in use for lack of orders to be filled.

In 1931 the Cedar Lake Lumber Company started up to meet a new era, building big lumber sheds that became a welcomed new attraction.

By 1960 quite a few of the oldest families were still in town. They were watching one another fade away and the old buildings slowly declined in appearance at the same time.

These venerable aged sat on their porches, quietly hoed their gardens and looked over each others' backyards to check any possible interesting activity.

The only noise coming now and then was that of visiting grandchildren, relatives or old friends who came to greet their Armour Town loved ones.

Did James Russell Lowell know such a village somewhere when he wrote:

"Here once my step was quickend
Here beckoned the open door
And welcome thrilled the threshold
To the foot it had known before —"

The noisy big Diesel swiftly came and went in the west side of town, while every one remembered:

When Sheriff Carter was killed, struck in 1927 by the Monon Train.

When everyone stared at fashionable guests who came to stay at the Mellwood Hotel.

When veteran Peter Ripley boarded at the Horners, telling tales of the Spanish American War.

When John Hoffman and Nick Lorshieder walked to the post office to get their Civil War pension checks.

When grandpa Scholl sat on the store porch and caught up the childrens legs in the crook of his cane.

When kids could buy penny candy at the Armour Post Office.

When Lauerman's owned the town's first automobile, a red Bush and town lads took turns sitting in it.

When grandma (Elizabeth Long) Geisen, rocked back and forth, smoking a corn cob pipe filled with tip-top tobacco.

When carpenters John Horner, George Gerbing and John Geisen tore down the old Ball Log school in 1904. This school building west of Armour was Lake County's first, and was now being used as a hog pen.

When mailbags were tossed off the moving Monon trains.

When Mr. Kenyon, Mellwood's bartender, was struck and killed along the Monon wall.

When Mary Hoffman was 85 and the neighbors gave her a birthday party. Mary insisted on washing those new-fangled paper plates.

When the Monon struck a caravan of gypsies with resulting death and injuries - before the underpass was built.

When realtor Samuel Bartlett built his depot in Armour to accommodate Chicago clients in 1924.

When they moved the big Lauerman store front sections to Cook and West Cedar Lake in 1908.

When prohibition brought hushed events and characters into the Old Hein Hotel, while under new management. This was short lived.

When Monon Park was sold to Moody Bible Institute and everyone was glad, in 1914.

When Martin Mager made a big jalopy from auto parts in 1924.

When John Lorshieder with Lena Ernst (1890- —) as his white gowned bride were hauled in a snowstorm by Bobsled to be married at St. Martin's Church in 1918. The driver was Peter Horner Jr.

All attention is on our main thoroughfares and crowded shopping centers now.

There is little reconizable left of the once lively and useful old village that has but a few old timers left to do the remembering.

Long gone is every old business place that had made the town of Armour a moving industrial town.

Taking a look today, in 1976, one would never guess that its history had been so exciting and so colorful.

The town died an honorable death and its renewal will be slow in coming about it has taken a lot of time, money and hard work to build again out of the ruins of such an effective movement that lost its energetic forces with the changing years.

Any mistakes and resultant sadness made by these mortals of an earlier day are overshadowed by so much good.

One can rest assured they have earned a deep niche in Cedar Lake's glorious history.

Never could it all be told but in conclusion there should be something said about a robber who invaded an old town home, whom we should Blow the Whistle on...

It seems there was a little black and white dog named Peggy who lived at Enevold Bang's house. This pooch sneaked into grandpa Horner's brick cellar in 1940. He stole a link of sausage that was hanging cool on a string from the ceiling.

The last act from that episode was a view of grandpa chasing the dog homeward, with the aged man trying to capture the dog with the crook of his cane.

Those 100 years are behind us now. No longer do all roads lead to Armour Town. But our hearts do.

Phillip Danforth

Louis Armour:

famed meatpacker

had his start in CL

Philip Danforth Armour

by Beatrice Horner

Old Armour Town has a story to tell.

The biggest problem with a story teller is to have a story to tell. Then again it should be of great interest and we hope this one will get some due attention.

Most Americans appreciate the idea of a person starting in a small grassroots way, and by pulling on his own bootstraps, climbing to the top of the ladder of success.

Philip Danforth Armour was such a man, and he is our story.

Who could deny our claim to his fame, when he, as one of our citizens, brought such a strong industry to these Cedar Lake shores.

He purchased property. Old abstracts show land owned by Philip D. Armour and Jonathan Armour Jr.. They built cumbersome, stately, thick walled ice barns along the northwest Cedar Lake shore. This caused a movement, where, come deep winter, men from all of south Lake County could find a job.

A chance to earn wages, however meager, meant money to pay that year's taxes, buy warm work clothes, buy a horse, repair the surrey, or whatever the need.

WORKMEN WALKED miles to get here. Some laborers were imported from the streets of Chicago.

Calling themselves the Armour Brothers, those men built a two-story hotel, known as a boarding house in those days of 1890.

The Armour Hotel was built by (the only known) carpenters Nicholas Mager, Kuizey Witter and Charles Wheeler (Peter Surprise's grandson). The Witter family were its first live-in caretakers.

Old-timers, workmen and townsmen of the 1890's told us they recalled seeing those Armour men. They roomed at the hotel, supervised the shoreline of industry and walked the ice fields with their workmen.

The Lauerman General Store stood in that mid-town site in earlier years as one of several business places.

Old, thick, leather-covered daybooks show clearly on yellowed pages, the purchases of supplies for the boarding house. They were listed and paid for under the name Armour and Co.

So strong was the movement and so prominent the men, that by 1890 the region took on the name of Armour and the local public school became the Armour School.

Local historian Timothy H. Ball wrote of those ice industries that had swept into this lake region with the coming of the Monon Railroad.

Everyone knows of the historical impact, but no one seems to know anything about the Armour men. We know little of Jonathan Jr., but we do have a record of the pioneer Philip D. Armour.

HE WAS BORN in 1832, lived on a farm at Stockbridge, N.Y., until he was 19. His first job after leaving the farm was working for a pioneer pork packer Mr. Plankington in Milwaukee. They butchered and shipped barrelled pork east to Buffalo by lake schooner.

Young Philip soon became restless and followed the gold rush to California.

He helped develop sluiceways for miners and returned to Stockbridge with several thousand dollars in his pockets.

He came west again to Milwaukee, and in 1859 started a produce commission business. In 1863 Mr. Plankington invited P.D. Armour to become a partner.

Working long hours, young Armour became successful and in 1867 he established a Chicago subsidiary, called Armour and Co., located on Archer Road. Its capacity was 30,000 hogs a year, equivalent to three days capacity by 1940.

In earlier years meat packing was a seasonal business doing most of the work in cool weather. Early traders packed smoked, pickled and salted pork in barrels for shipment by sailing ship or cartage.

Livestock was driven overland from Texas to Indiana, or from Chicago to New York City. They grazed along the way and often one was slaughtered en route to feed the men who drove them.

One story tells of a drove of cattle headed for Galena, caught in a blizzard and sub-zero weather. The men were so weary that one of them wanted to stop and rest in the snow. He had to be literally whipped through the storm to keep him from freezing.

ANOTHER STORY was about a great drove of hogs driven from Kankakee to Chicago. They encountered a sleet storm. The ground became so glazed that the hogs could not stand up.

The herd had to keep moving or all would be lost, so drovers put the hogs side by side in twos, tied their adjacent legs together. Thus the herd was able to stay on its feet to continue along the slippery trail.

When such a drove arrived at its destination the question of price was a problem. The drivers were in no position to hold their stock, so they sold at whatever price was offered.

First pork packing was crude. Only hams, shoulders, sides and loins were saved; all the rest was discarded.

Lard oil was salvaged for lamps and candles. It was quite different, when years later, products such as leather, wood, soap, oleomargarine, fertilizers, pepsin,

adrenalin, insulin and liver extracts were utilized.

Beef could only be used fresh or dried into "jerky." To make way for a method of packing and shipping beef, natural ice was used.

In summer, beef could not be shipped at all. In winter, meat would freeze and thaw several times as it was moved cross-country to the east. There was the risk of spoilage and financial loss.

The first artificial refrigeration was invented as early as the 1870's, but its use came slowly as meat packers feared ammonia poisoning.

Some big packing houses started to refrigerate by 1880, but they were few and far between. For most - natural ice was the solution.

BIG NAMES FOLLOWED. Cudahy and Oscar Mayer worked for Armour and Co. in early years. Other great names of the meat packing industry show up, and as time has proved, we had some of those men at our shores.

Big ice barns were set up on both the northwest and southwest shores of Cedar Lake as companies clamored for natural ice.

Special railroad cars were now sent out on the Monon line to transport ice from storage barns or to be loaded directly from conveyors to box cars.

By the 1890's we had employers competing for riparian rights, farming acres of ice at Cedar Lake. Coming out of Chicago were Howkinson, Knickerbocker, Shedd, Anderson, Freeman, Morris and Swift - all here in the course of time.

It was the name of Armour which caught hold, no doubt because those men made the acquaintance of the friendly community, growing since 1870, to become a village that knew a viable 100 yeas before it faded.

Packing companies started hauling ice directly, well into the years of W.W.I.

Refrigeration became a reality by 1920.

The old Armour Hotel had fallen into disuse. Caretakers lived on in the kitchen and private quarters for several years and after the war the ice barns of Armour were torn down and the boarding hotel was sold to Christian Lassen of eastern Cedar Lake.

Philip Danforth Armour died in 1901. At the time of his death the company's volume of business exceeded $200 million with plants in many outlying cities.

ARMOUR AND CO. is world reknown and can be held up as an example of a small-town farm boy who made good.

The residue is ours, as we imitate that ambition and try to rescue the section of the big Lassen Hotel, once the old Armour Wing, to say: "Philip Danforth Armour slept here."

Ambitious members of Cedar Lakes' Historical Association are attempting to restore the east wing of the big, 65-room structure. At this time the walls of several rooms are being stripped. Hopefully those old living quarters will be restored to the look of from 1900 to 1920.

It is hoped that one day the guests can walk the long halls and enter the museum wing to experience a set back in time.

The old cookstove, dry sink, towel bars, wooden utensils and ironstone dishes should be in place.

A big pantry will be full of old fruit jars, kraut and pickle crocks and meat grinders.

Solid pine flooring will show, stripped of all signs of present day coverings.

A DREAM? Of course.

So far, the roof is repaired, a costly project. Next came the troughs. Outside stairways and those great wrap-around porches, all need attention.

This is a do-it-yourself project; like the example of Philip D. Armour, we will keep lifting ourselves by our bootstraps.

The Armour Hotel, falling into disuse by 1916, was moved over the ice in mid-winter of 1919 to become a part of the Lassen Hotel at eastern Cedar Lake shores by 1920.

By 1977 the Lassen Complex that had the 65-room hotel within its 26 acres was purchased by the Town of Cedar Lake. The Cedar Lake Historical Association, established in 1977, acquired the Lassen Hotel, renting it from the town.

The 65-room old Lassen Hotel was, by 1981, listed on the National Register of Historic Places. The Armour section to the east will be restored to the early years of its usage as it now becomes The Lake of the Red Cedars' Museum.

Armour, a Town, a Man.

by Beatrice Hauner

Old Armour Town has a story to tell.

The biggest problem with a story teller is to have a story to tell. Then again it should be of great interest and we hope this one will get some due attention.

Most Americans appreciate the idea of a person starting in a small grassroots way, and by pulling on his own bootstraps, climbs to the top of the ladder of success.

Philip Danforth Armour was such a man, and he is our story.

Who could deny our claim to his fame, when he, as one of our citizens, brought such a strong industry to these Cedar Lake shores.

He purchased property. Old abstracts show land owned by Philip D. Armour and Jonathan Jr. Armour. They built cumbersome, stately, thick walled ice barns along the N. West Cedar Lake shore. This caused a movement, where, come deep winter, men from all of S. Lake could find a job. A chance to earn wages, however meager, meant money to pay that years taxes, buy warm work clothes, buy a horse, repair the surrey, or whatever the need.

Workmen walked miles to get here. Some laborers were imported from the streets of Chicago.

Calling themselves the Armour Brothers, those men built a two story hotel, known as a boarding house in those days of 1890.

The Armour hotel was built by (only known) carpenters Nicholas Mager, Louizey Witter and Charles Wheeler, (old Peter Swprise's grandson). The Witter family were its first live-in caretakers.

Old timers, workmen and townsmen of the 1890's told us they recalled seeing those Armour men. They roomed at the hotel, supervised the shore-line of industry and walked the ice fields with their workmen.

The Lauerman General Store stood in that mid-town site in earlier years as one of several business places. Old thick leather covered day books show clearly on yellowed pages, the purchases of supplies for the boarding house. They were listed and paid for under the name Armour + Co.

So strong the movement, so prominent the men, that by 1890 the region took on the name of Armour and the local public school became the Armour School.

Timothy K. Ball wrote of those ill industries that had swept into this lake region with the coming of the Monon railroad.

Everyone knows of the historical impact but no one seems to know anything about the Armour men.

We know little of Jonathan Jr. but we do have a record of the pioneer Philip D. Armour.

He was born in 1832. lived on a farm at Stockbridge, New York until he was 19 years old. His first job after leaving the farm was working for a pioneer pork packer in Milwaukee. They butchered and shipped barrelled pork east to Buffalo by lake schooner.

Soon young Philip became restless and followed the gold rush to California.

He helped develope sluiceways for miners and returned to Stockbridge with several thousand dollars in his pockets.

He came west again to Milwaukee, and in 1859 started a produce commission business. In 1863 Milwaukee's pioneer pork-packer invited P. D. Armour to become a partner.

Working long hours, Young Armour became successful and in 1867 he established a Chicago subsidiary called Armour and Co., located on Archer Road. Its capacity was 30,000 hogs a year, equivalent to 3 days capacity by 1940.

In earlier years meat packing was a seasonal business doing most of their work in cool weather. Early traders packed smoked, pickled and salt pork in barrells for shipment by sailing ship or cartage. 4

Livestock was driven overland from Texas to Indiana, Ky, from Chicago to New York City. They grazed along the way and often one animal was slaughtered enroute for immediate use to feed the men who drove them.

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put the hogs side by side in twos, tied their adjacent legs together, thus the herd was able to stay on its feet to continue along the slippery trail.

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Lard oil was salvaged for lamps and candles. It was quite different, when years later such products

as leather, wool, soap, oleomargarine, fertilizers, pepsin, adrenalin, insulin, liver extracts - an endless list, were produced.

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In summer beef could not be shipped at all. In winter meat would freeze and thaw several times as it was moved cross country to the east. There was the risk of great spoilage and financial loss.

The first Artificial refrigeration was invented as early as the 1870's, but its use came slowly as meat packers feared ammonia poisoning.

Some big houses started to refrigerate by 1880 but were few and far between. for most- natural ice was the solution

Big names followed. Cudahy and Oscar Mayer worked for Armour and Co. in early years. Other great names of the meat packing industry show up and as time has proved we had some of those men at our shores. Cedar Lake

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Packing companies started hauling ice direct, Well into the years of W. War I.

Refrigeration became a reality by 1920.

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The old Armour Wing, to say:

"Philip Danforth Armour Slept here".

Ambitious members of Cedar Lake's Historical Assn. are attempting to restore the last wing of the big 65 room structure. At this time the walls of four rooms are being stripped. Hopefully those old living quarters will be restored to the look of from 1900 to 1920.

It is hoped that one day the guests can walk the long halls, enter the museum wing to experience a set back in time.

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A dream: Of course, gutters are
So far the roof is repaired, a costly project.
Next comes ~~corridors~~ outside stairways, and those great wrap-around porches, all needing attention.

This is a do-it-yourself project and like the example of Phillip D. Armour, with optimism, we'll keep lifting ourselves by our own bootstraps.

The End. by Beatrice Hounen

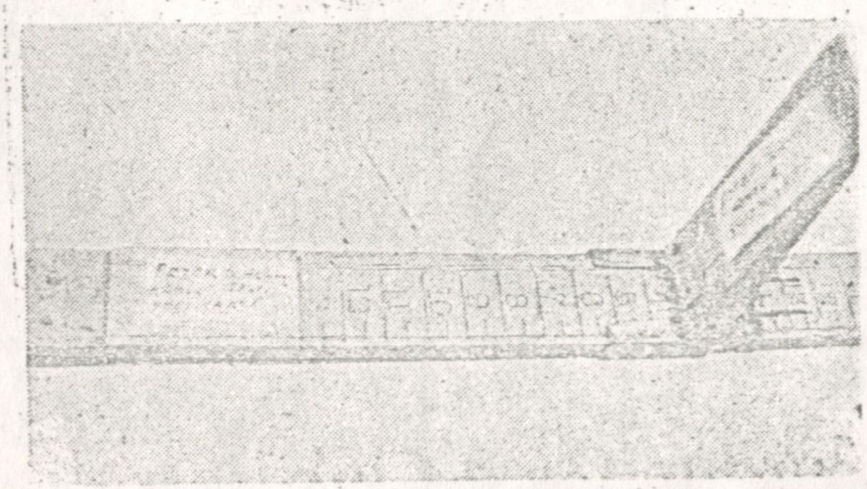
Foot Note:

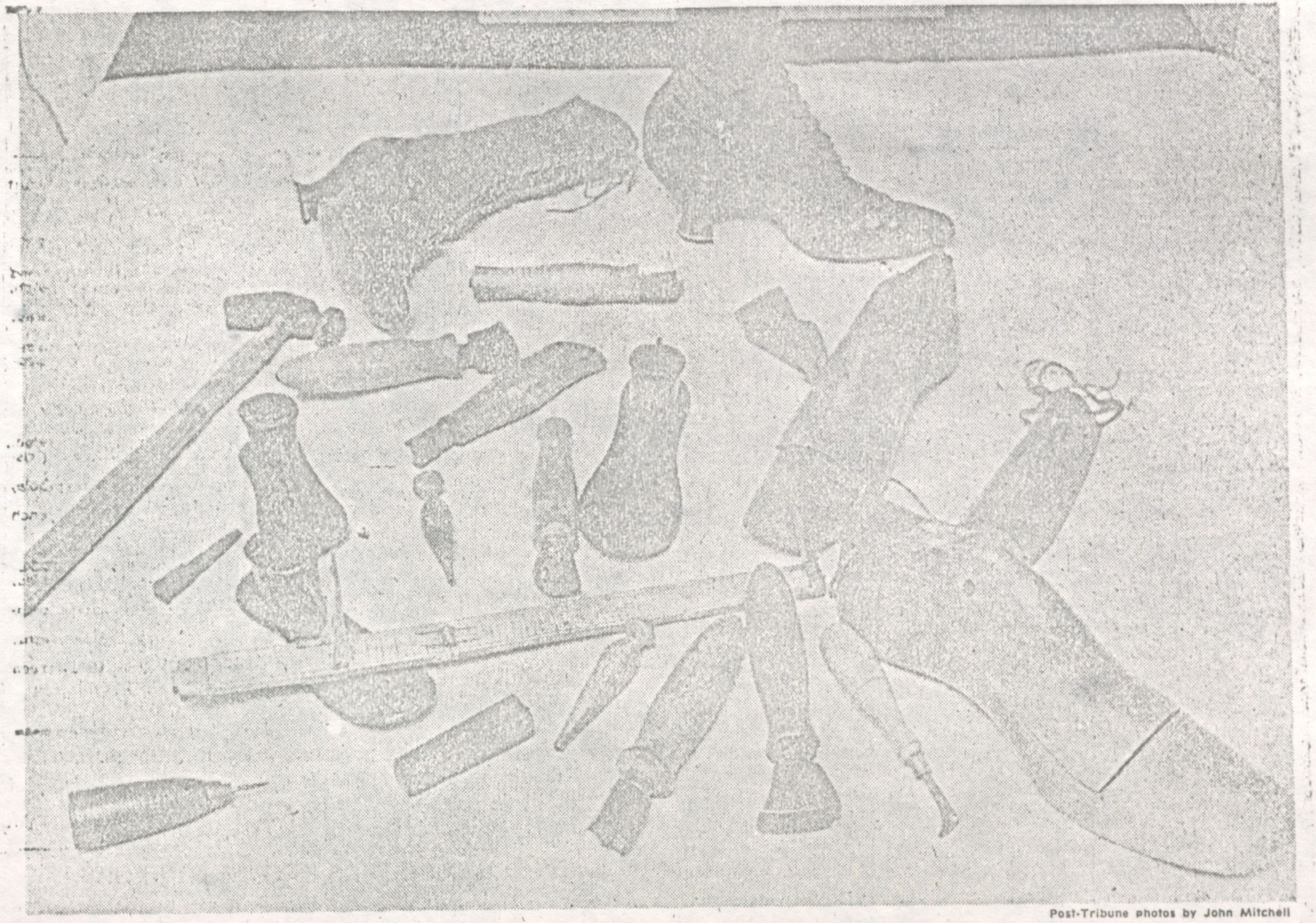
The Armour Hotel, falling into disuse by 1916, was moved over the ice in mid-winter of 1919 to become a part of the Lassen Hotel at Eastern Cedar Lake Shores by 1920. By 1977 the Lassen Complex that had the 65 room hotel within its' 20 acres was purchased by the Town of Cedar Lake. The Cedar Lake Historical Association established in 1977, acquired the Lassen Hotel, renting it from the town. The vacuous 65 room old Lassen Hotel is, by 1981, listed on the National Register of Historic Places. The Armour section to the east will be restored to the early years of its usage as it now becomes

The Lake of the Red Cedars' Museum

Dr. Scholl's shoemaking tools return home

Post-Tribune Sunday, November 7, 1982 LCC3





Post-Tribune photos by John Mitchell

These are some of the tools recently acquired by the Cedar Lake Historical Association

By Helen Snedden

Post-Tribune Correspondent

CEDAR LAKE — A recent donation of shoemaking equipment to the Cedar Lake Historical Association has excited Bea Horner-Castrogiovanni, town historian.

That is because the objects were used by Peter Scholl — the Dr. Scholl of shoe store and foot-comfort fame — when he apprenticed as a shoemaker in the village of Armour, now part of Cedar Lake.

Armour, during its heyday from the 1800s to the 1920s, was a thriving community. The main industry was the handle plant, which made ax handles and other handles. A dinner-bell factory was located there and it was the center of the ice industry. In those days before refrigeration, ice was harvested from the lake each winter and stored for use during the warm months.

The village was also a resort area. In pre-air conditioning days, Chicago residents, fleeing the hot city, would spend the summer months at one of the four hotels or the numerous boarding houses in Armour.

They rode out on the train from Chicago. The tracks, laid in the 1870's, were part of the Indianapolis, Delphi and Chicago Railroad. Later it became the Monon and today it is part of the Amtrak system.

There was a station in Armour, which added to the village's prosperity.

In 1886 Matthew Lauerman had a store in Armour. By 1896 he had built a larger store. A ledger entry dated about 1905 indicates the store was advertised as "M.M. Lauerman, dealer in dry goods, boots and shoes, hardware, fine groceries and general merchandise." A buttermaker, town barber, shoemaker, and the post office were also located in the building.

Lauerman married a daughter of Peter Scholl, who was a shoemaker in Germany and came to Lake County" in 1852, two months after arriving in this country. He had a farm in Schererville, where his children, including Dr. Scholl were born.

When he gave up the farm, Scholl went back to shoemaking at the Lauerman store. His son, known as Peter Jr., but perhaps christened William M., came along to Armour and began his apprenticeship as a shoemaker.

It is a descendent of Matthew Lauerman, Mrs. Marjorie Lauerman Gaskell of Hammond, who donated the 22 items used by young Peter during his apprenticeship.

Mrs. Castrogiovanni has added to the collection a folding wooden ruler she was given by Lena Lang, who worked at the Mellwood Hotel in Armour before it burned. The wooden ruler was used to measure foot size and is similar to the foot measuring devices used in shoe stores today except there is no provision for measuring the width of the foot.

The forms for making shoes, among the 22 items, are sized for a man, woman or child's foot. Beautifully constructed of hardwood with brass fittings, the forms are not meant for either right or left feet. In fact, in the early days, shoes were meant to be interchangeable. Perhaps that is why foot comfort became so important to the young apprentice.

After completing his apprenticeship, Peter Jr. went to Chicago to study at the Illinois Medical College, now Loyola University, graduating with a medical degree in 1904. Apparently he never practiced medicine. His father's obituary in 1909 lists Peter Jr. as living then in LaPorte.

From LaPorte, Scholl moved to Chicago and began his career as an apostole of foot comfort. Before a stroke incapacitated him in 1966 at the age of 83, Dr. Scholl's empire had grown to occupy an entire city block in Chicago. He started an adhesive tape plant in Michigan City and he had factories, warehouses and stores all over Europe. He also established the Illinois College of Chiropody. At one time the Scholl firm had foot aids in drug and variety stores in 104 countries around the world, including the Soviet Union. The shoe stores also multiplied and today the words "Dr. Scholl and Foot Comfort" have become synonomous.

Eventually the Scholl tools will have a display area of their own in the proposed Lake of the Red Cedars Museum, being set up in the old Lassen Hotel at the Cedar Lake Town Complex. An interesting feature of the old hotel is that the east wing originally stood in Armour and was used to house the workers in the ice industry. The two-story wing was brought over across the ice one winter in the 1920s to create the Lassen boarding hotel. One early account of the move said the workmen riding the sleigh on which the building rode and guided the horses drawing the sleigh, were instructed to jump clear if the ice began cracking. Fortunately, the ice held.

The Cedar Lake Historical Association, aided by community groups, is cleaning out the old hotel. Eight rooms have been stripped of later day wall coverings so they can be restored to original condition. Each room will then be used to display a facet of the town's history, including the Scholl tools.

Scholars

This photo was taken at the Armour School in 1904. Standing in the back row, (left to right) are; Charles Gard, George Calhon, Daniel Hein, Teacher, Doris Wood, Louis Herlitz, Elizabeth Shubert and Gaechia Herlitz. Middle row, (left to right) are Francis Schubert, Henry Schubert, Anna Gensler, Theresa Hein, Mary Gensler, Bertha Horner, Edward Austgen Pauline Austgen, Walter Schubert, Basil Emmons. The little boy seated is Peter Horner Jr., a visitor to the school that day. In the front row, (left to right) are, Lena Horner, Cynthia Mager, Ramona Mager, Barbara Gensler, Theresa Gensler, Theresa Horner, and Henry Austgen.

(Story and more pictures on page 3.)

Once Again,

"It Will Live"

FIRST SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE COUNTY

The picture of the first school in Lake County was drawn from a photograph taken by Elmer Ragon sixty years ago. At that time it was located on the John Meyers farm northwest of Cedar Lake and the lower floor was being used for a hog shed; the upper level for a pigeon roost.

by BEATRICE HORNER

The Rev. Timothy Horton Ball, early Lake County author and historian wrote a book printed in 1880.

It was entitled "Will it Live?" and written about his experiences when he lived at the "Lake of The Red Cedars."

His boyhood days were spent on land earliest settled by the families of Thomas Brown.

Timothy, at 11 years old, and his parents, spent their first night on the family's arrival at Cedar Lake in the log cabin of Mr. Brown.

Soon thereafter the Ball family purchased the Brown Claim and it became part of the homesite of Hervey and Jane Ball. It was here that their seven children roamed the natural wood acreage, fished on the Northwest lake-shores and delighted in their discovery of Indian trails and an abandoned canoe along the waterfront.

The first of the pioneer Lake County school was established here, made of logs and furnished with roughly hewn backless wooden benches. Jane Horton Ball was the teacher. These were the years between 1838 and 1840.

1085 TOWNSHIP SCHOOL ESTABLISHED

By 1885 a township school was established just east of the aforementioned Ball log school. It eventually absorbed the name of Armour due to its location on the western border of Armour Town, a village now ghosted.

The Armour school boasted twenty-three pupils in a Souvenir leaflet in the year of 1905 when Doris Wood was the teacher.

She taught all eight grades. Her only help was with the chores. Boys in the upper grades carried in the wood, filling a woodbox that stood near the big log burning iron stove.

After school girls helped clean blackboards and dusted the erasers. No shirking going on here —

These school children had walked the narrow roads and lanes coming from the east and west and when they looked southward they saw the big one room schoolhouse high on a wooded knoll.

To the north, over the fence John Schuberts hogs rooted in the mud, grunting as they peered through the fence, curious about the little people passing in swaddled wraps, rubber boots or high button shoes.

PAISLEY SCHOOL CLOSED 1911

In 1911 the Paisley school, southward, closed it's doors and those children walked up to the Armour school for a year.

Then by the following school year the new Brick Lincoln School was ready to absorb all of the area schools of Hanover Township, Thereby placing the old one and two room earlier schools on the auction block.

The old Armour school continued to be a Community Center through the years of World War I. It was here that many meetings were held by the Lake County farmers Institute from Purdue University.

The old strong framed school building was eventually used as a private home, then moved a small way south-east into Armour town, continuing as a private residence.

By 1928 the landsite of Armour School was sold. It's new owners, Mr and Mrs. Peter Horner, in 1936 built a small year round home here, in the midst of the big depression.

Then again this site took on a familiar ring as voices of children were again heard, as in the course of 28 years fourteen children from the Lake County Welfare department called this place home.

SANDBOX POPULAR MEETING PLACE

The ever-existing big sandbox was always full of Armour town children. Annually little Hallowe'en trick or treaters, dressed like spooks, crossed and criss-crossed the areas of the wooded knoll, as well as other lanes and roads.

They safely trundled — begging bags of candy from friendly townspeople, the evening ending in a gay party in someone's backyard.

By 1958 after the Jane Ball school was built then new paths were created by the hustling feet of another generation of Cedar Lake Citizens. Through the woods past the older school sites come the children as they go from their homes to the Ball, Lincoln and Hanover Central schools in Early morning hours and loiter their way home in mid-afternoon.

These children are unaware of the magnetic history of this uncluttered region. They only know that it's beautiful here. They see the natural ravine to the south of their usual path. They love the tree sheltered short-cut that is without traffic, leaving them free to chatter and dream.

They call a cheery hello to Mr. Horner, calling him "Pete" and sometimes ask him "what is that you're making now?" That question fosters another.

Would it make a lot of children happy if we cleared that woods so they could claim it as their very own — forever. ?

SERVE AS NATURE STUDY AREA

It could serve them well as a nature study area, especially in the spring when the May apples and Spring Beauties carpet the ground deep into the ravine and up the hill, levelling off into the open field southward. An old fallen oak tree is used as a bridge across the ditch. It could be replaced by a safer rustic bridge.

These little passers-by admit curiosity about what is being stored in the Horner home. They've seen old Armour Town utility glass in the kitchen windows so they come with more bottles to add to the collections. They also ask for bits and pieces of history for their class projects and for objects to use in "show and tell" sessions.

The Armour School was built on Ball Meyer, land in 1885.

The old Armour schoolhouse became a private dwelling for the Ed Fiegle family in 1930. Pictured, (left to right) Raymond Bixenman, Florence Bixenman, Dorothy Wilford, Ruth, and Agnes Fiegle.

Last week a little 4 year old boy wanted to buy something out of this house. He was fascinated by so many small interesting objects and he thought they must be for sale!

Stored artifacts have attracted interested citizens from all areas of Cedar Lake. Many have asked when the time will come that these historical items can be displayed before the public.

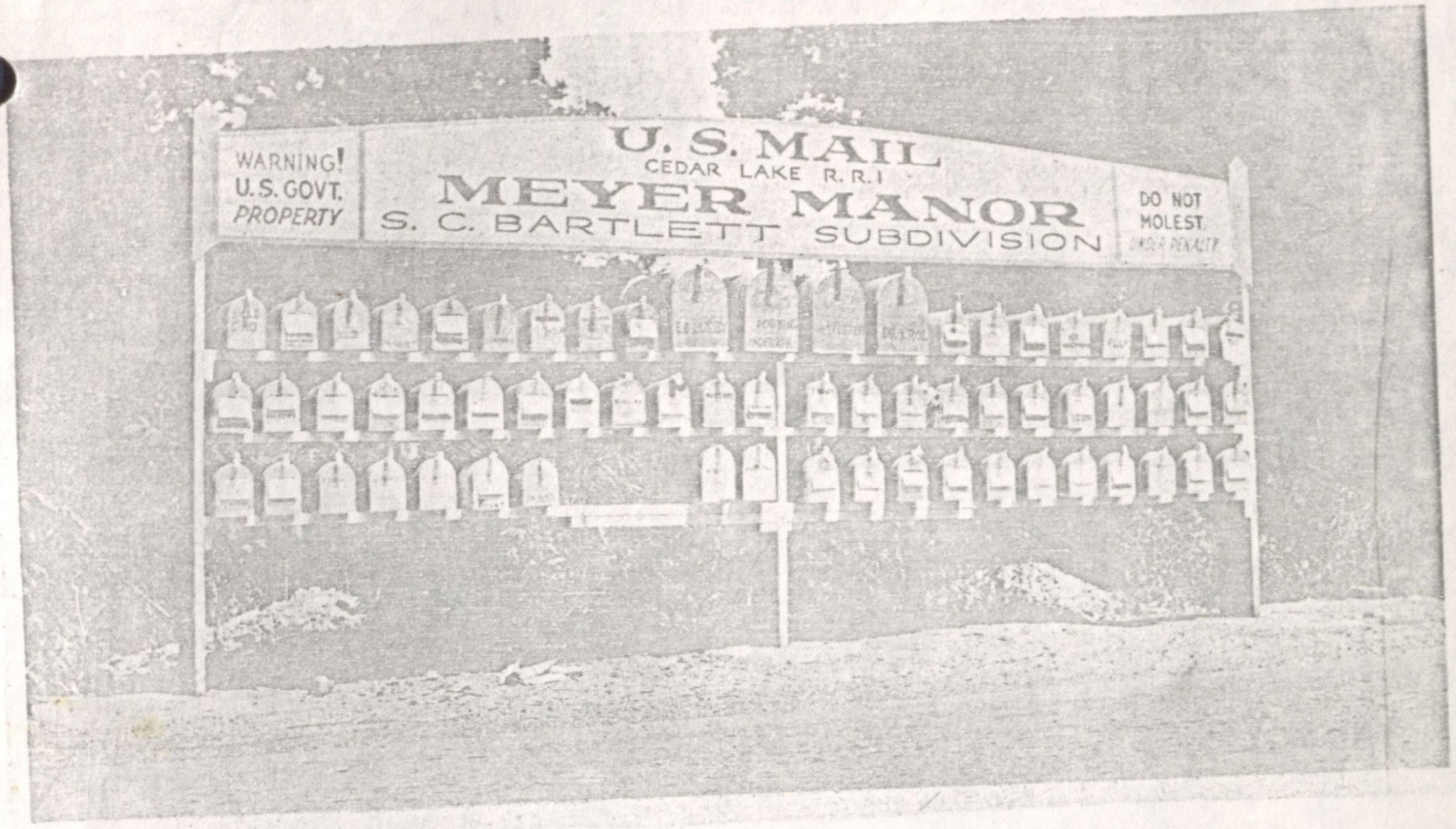
In 1972 a small history exhibit was set up for an entertaining feature at the Town Hall's open house.

The attention it attracted made us aware of a need for such a display, permanently, where young and old alike can see and appreciate our fabulous history.

Combining our ambitious past with present endeavours will hopefully answer the title question asked by Timothy Ball when we can truthfully say "It has lived."

Cedar Lake

Lowell Tribune - Thursday, October 23, 1975



Cedar Lake Journal - South Lake County Advertiser - Thursday, October 2, 1975

Neat $500 cottages of Early Meyer Manor's Adam's Street. 25' lots at $75.00.

Early Meyer Manor

Pilcher Publishing Co.

By Beatrice Horner

Often one subdivision looks like another but there is something special about Cedar Lake's Meyer Manor.

There all roads lead to a knoll, a high shaded mound surrounded by trees, a spot that is serene, scenic and beautiful.

As we stand atop this old cemetery site to ponder the past, looking beyond, one realizes that just about everything that happens to a people has touched those who lived in this small resort area.

It has been the good fortune of our community that one of Lake County's most emminent Historians was the son of the pioneer Hervey Ball family of this northwest region. From the Rev. Timothy Horton Ball's writings we learn of the earliest use of the little burial ground.

In historical retreat we find that the first known white burial in this N.W. Cedar Lake cemetery was in the spring of 1837. The baby daughter of Solomon Russell had drowned in an unfinished well. She was buried on a "sunny knoll" near the shoreline of the lake.

In that same year a young Norwegian lad was buried on the mound. He was Peder Olsen Dijsternd. Later the boy's uncle, Peter Sather, an exchange broker from New York, came to pay the funeral bill and at that time he paid $5.00 for the cemetery plot.

A search of an early abstract shows that Solomon Russell bought a 54.6 acre wooded land area on Nov. 24, 1838, from the U.S. Government. This land purchase included the mound where his daughter was buried.

On March 9, 1837 Justice of the Peace Solon Robinson (of Crown Point) solemnized the marriage of Solomon Russell and Rosena Van Gorder Barnard. The marriage licence had been acquired at Valparaiso, Indiana.

Rosena was the daughter of William Van Gorder, who was an American Revolution War Soldier. His pension was transferred to Lake County in 1836.

In 1839 William Van Gorder purchased a 14.6 acre parcel from S. Russell for $22.00. This contained a primitive home on the shoreline, the mound cemetery and adjacent lakeside rights.

The mounded cemetery, now surveyed to be approximately 70 feet by 76 feet, was spoken of in earliest years by Historian T.H. Ball as an Indian Mound.

Our Cedar Lake maps of today show this mound encircled by two roads named "Washington" and "Truman Circle". This narrow circular road, once narrower, was always there as far back as anyone can recall. Viewing it, one is reminded of a ceremonial path usually found around many similar historical mounds.

Most of our researcch is well authenticated but one most needed source of this area's history will never be found on paper.

If one could have a talk with Aubenaube we would have some answers, That man was the owner of 640 acres in Northwest Indiana according to W.A. Goodspeed (History of Porter and Lake, 1882) and the Chief of this region's Potawattomi tribe. He was surely aware of the "small mound cemetery" mentioned by T.H. Ball in his early book "Lake County 1884".

While in 1839 the Van Gorder family owned this mound and the 14 surrounding acres, there was public use of the cemetery. Mrs. Anna Sasse's gravestone dated 1840, is the oldest visibly marked at this time in 1975.

As this Mound Burial Ground continued as a final resting place, the rough hewn wooden caskets being interred, increased in number as time went on. Today's search for writings, exumed foundations, family memorabilia, and descendents living today reveal over thirty burials of earlier years.

Surrounding land changed hands several times until by 1856 Henry Hack sold to Herman C. Beckman. By 1858 it became the property of John H. Meyer. In 1867 John Meyer, a son, continued the family ownership until after 1900 when the next generation in the Meyer family, namely Otto Meyer, claimed the land now known as Meyer Manor.

While used as farmland by the Meyer generations the grassy, wooded pastureland fattened milk cows and hundreds of hogs fed themselves fat on acorns or wallowed in the muddy, marshy shoreline of Cedar Lake.

Meyers and Beckman family burials were conducted in the old Mound Cemetery as Peter Geisen's horse drawn hearse slowly weaved it's way from family homes to the east side of the burial ground.

The funeral procession there entered a long narrow uphill lane into the cemetery, a steep and tiring climb.

Long thin gravestones, some plain, some elegant, (some long lost) with accompanying slender footstones were erected in quiet testimony.

The tall monument placed on the gravesite of Herman Beckman (1822-1894), in it's time, was one of the finest and most costly in Lake County.

Life was quiet in this area as the only activities were those of a few funeral processions or the coming and going of farmhands as they tended livestock and mended rustic fences.

In these years prior to 1900 Undertaker Peter Geisen had a brother Nicholas who lived on this Northwestern edge of the lake and was doing a steady business in his L shaped two story handle factory.

Pilcher Publishing Co.

Cedar Lake Journal - South Lake County Advertiser

Thursday, November 6, 1975

Early Meyer Manor

By Beatrice Horner

1910's

A fashionable Bathing Beauty on Cedar Lake's "Baby Beach" in the 1920's.

John Shedd acquired riparian rights as he tucked two giant ice-barns north of the Armour Brother's Ice Barns using a centrally located engine room. This was at the south eastern corner of Meyer Manor acreage and known as "Shedd's Consumers".

Between 1885 and 1920, to the west, the village of Armour was engulfed in an Ice Industry, Hotel Industry, Pre-prohibition boom, and the surrounding farms owned by John Schubert, Louis Herlitz and Otto Meyer were being cycled through the seasons of planting and harvesting.

Just prior to and after World War I a big subdivision move hit Cedar Lake and with it came one of our most widely known developers.

Samuel Colcord Bartlett
Realtor

Born in Peoria, Ill., Samuel C. Bartlett attended Yale University, Concord, Conn. in 1904. By 1906 he married Harriet Buck of Peoria. Her father was a Peoria banker and she the granddaughter of Admiral Perry, thus giving her a place in American history.

Samuel also had an illustrious ancestor, Josiah Bartlett. Josiah had arrived in America from Normandy and England to become one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776.

Samuel was the son of a Peoria grain merchant and he did consider this same career, but eventually his interest turned to real-estate.

The first Bartlett real-estate office was in Chicago, but by 1913 Samuel Bartlett erected a cottage sized building on a site near what is now known as a bridged inlet on the Northern shores of Cedar Lake. This tiny office, encircled by a screen porch held the brisque business that processed all of Bartlett's Cedar Lake real-estate transactions.

Chicago clients were entertained in the cool cottage office and picniced in an adjacent grove.

By 1924 Samuel built his own railroad depot shelter at the Northeast corner of Armour Town for use as a more convenient Monon train stop. Horace Blizzard drove the Bartlett owned bus to deliver expected guests to the real-estate office, taking them back to the depot for a return trip to the city.

In those years, after 1913 the Shades I addition was developed. S.C. Bartlett and other stockholders set up a "Publishers Subscription Incorporated Co." and in time his many ventures included the Shades II addition and later many many other eastern area and shoreline properties.

In 1913 Bartlett purchased the 14.6 acres now called Meyer Manor, followed in 1926 by 17 acres called Meyer Manor terrace.

John Murphy, over 50 years a surveyor began his career in 1905. He had surveyed land used by the Carnagie, Ill. Steel Corp. for the steel mills of Gary. He came in the years of horse and buggy and Macadam roads to survey land for Sam Bartlett, Cedar lake's realtor. Eventually Mr. and Mrs. Murphy made their home here on the edge of the terrace.

Bartlett's carefully restricted Meyer Manor subdivision now assigned 9 specific lots to use as business places with the cost of each building to be no less than $1000 for labor and material.

Cottages, guaranteed finished 10 days after ordered, could cost no less than $500, and all must have two coats of paint.

No outhouses allowed, only sanitary indoor chemical toilets. All design must be submitted to Bartlett realtors for approval. No tents allowed and all roads were private, as well as the parks and beaches.

In those grandiose plans were surveyed areas to be used for a park that would contain a sparkling water fountain and scenic landscaping.

With close adherence to the rigid restrictions this fashionable resort area soon became built up with neat cottages on 25 foot lots, all owned by city

Early Meyer Manor

folks who also owned permanent year round homes elsewhere.

Those manor cottages were only used in the summer-time, to be closed when Labor Day came or unseasonl weather set in.

The first business place was that belonging to John and Elizabeth Poltz. They were one of many German families to enter Hanover Township in it's formative years. Their neat grocery store was located on the main road at one of the entrances to the Manor.

Their daughter Mabel married William Cordrey and this couple continued the family managed store that became popularly known as "Bill's Grocery".

By 1926 this and other community services had formed a neucleus for the mixture of new-comers to Cedar Lake's Meyer Manor.

Mrs. Gertrude (Sam) Spanik, a quiet silverhaired lady living in 1975 in Meyer Manor keenly remembers the earliest days of this busy subdivision.

Her parents Mr. and Mrs. Paul Taterra were one of the first to own a neat cottage, theirs built at the southwestern foot of the mound.

The Taterras and their daughters Elizabeth, Gertrude and Harriet would arrive on the Monon, stepping off at the Bartlett depot in Armour Town.

They then entered the Manor by going through a road of N. Eastern Armour, past the home of Nicholas Geisen, passing a fenced pasture of Holstein cows, and arriving at their home that stood near the lake's marshy shores. Open-air canopied launches could be seen coming and going from the Armour Ice Co. pier as they circled the lake picking up passengers for the town of Armour and the Monon railroad.

It was very sparsley settled at the time and Gertrude says that, as a child she could hear the lowing of cattle in lullaby range of her bedroom window at eventide. By 1924 Marquette road was cut into the Manor, and as other roads were cut according to blueprints they were named after the streets of Chicago.

Tall red brick pillars now designated the entrance to the Manor.

In 1928 the main stone road was re-surfaced with concrete and the Monon railroad then had an underpass.

A business letter in our possession, comes out of the Bartlett Chicago Realty office at 36 South State Street. In part it says -- The whole world seems to love the concrete so we should be glad it has come to Cedar Lake. You talk about getting in on the "ground floor", to us it means getting in on the "concrete floor". There is no telling where prices will go as soon as the public generally wakes up to the speed and ease in which Cedar Lake can be reached. I feel sure you will find your Cedar Lake property one of the most profitable investments you have ever made ....."

This paved road, in time caused the Monon Bartlett depot to be used less and less. More people began to have their own automobiles and it definitely showed along the new ribbon of concrete entering the lake region from the west.

In 1929 a count of cars was made by Jacob Gard as he sat on his daughter's porch in Cook. He told of 690 cars an hour zipping by , all headed for Cedar Lake on a Sunday morning. Everyone went to Cedar Lake. It served as a cross-roads, through traffic, and hourly or daily stop offs. Fashionable Meyer Manor contained their share of this traffic of those exiting years.

Easily seen by tourists was the two tiered rack that held the 64 mailboxes owned by folks in these subdivisions. The names on these boxes changed often. Some cottages rotated tenants as fast as the calendar turned over the weeks of a summer season.

Cottages of the Manor were often furnished with second hand items and no one need to be concerned about use and abuse.

The single siding and single boarded floors of these wall-board lined cottages were not built to retain winter stove heat, but they made neat little summer homes that required a minimum amount of care.

Linoleum covered floors and gayly papered walls rendered them attractive and most enjoyable in their simple way.

Sam and Harriet Bartlett had built themselves a summer home just north of the mound. Quiet elegance reigned in this household where a young man of Phillipine extraction occupied servants quarters, and other local help cared for the house and garden.

In that plainly built Bartlett cottage one saw well filled bookshelves, fine china, lovely draperies and carpeting that matched a cherished overstuffed heirloom sofa and chairs, complete with protective lacey macassars to prevent soil from head and arm areas. (These were the days when vaseline was used on men's hair to achieve the patent-leather look of movie idol George Raft).

Unlike most folds of the Manor who lived in casual country style, Sam Bartlett went to work daily dressed as a white collar business man who indeed had a real estate business that was a community wide movement.

Mrs. Bartlett lived quietly and daughter Harriet went to the Lincoln school (as did other Manor children) then to Chicago to high school and college.

Conveniences and services for these homes were the same for one and all.

In all cottages Oak kitchen iceboxes were serviced by local men who stopped their ice trucks at each door. With heavy tongs they carried a huge chunk of ice over a leather draped shoulder.

Dripping all the way, entering each back door to deposit the ice that had been formed the previous winter from the waters of Cedar Lake and stored in shoreline ice-barns.

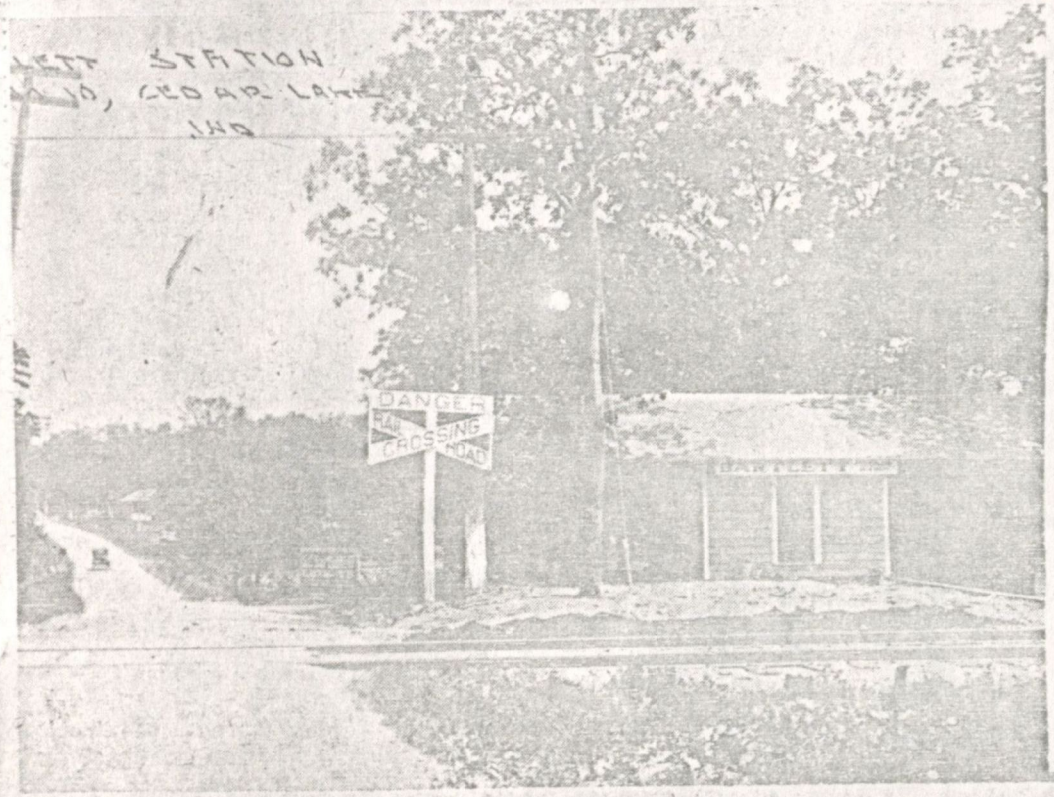
Grocery boys delivered orders daily in the Manor. They often earned a scolding for taking corners and curves on two wheels as they tried to maintain a busy schedule.

People had no electricity and no running water and telephones were only found in business places.

Old Gravestones of the Beckman-Meyer families of Mound Cemetery at Northwest Cedar Lake.

Early Meyer Manor

By Beatrice Horner



This Bartlett Depot was built adjacent to the manor in 1924.

In and out of these cottages strolled bathing suit clad young and old, headed for the pier road. Their attire for bathing were outfits made of yards of blue serge or wool knits of the fashions of the 1920's. Short sleeves, low necklines, over-skirts covering knee length pantaloon coverups, with tight rubber bathing caps strapped securely under their chins.

As older folks gasped at the brazen young "flappers" from the big city, the bathers were getting big doses of sunshine and fresh air, although the sun hardly got a peek at an average over-dressed bathing-beauty of those "roaring-twenty" years.

Meanwhile these Manor residents had witnessed a few funerals up on the quiet Mound cemetery that was being carefully kept groomed by the Otto Meyer family. The Von Borstel's and Beckman's had lost older family members and their burials proved that the

ancient cemetery was far from being abandoned.

A noticeable change was coming over the Manor by 1935, and this was causing much concern. The Bartlett dream was fading when Herbert Hoover was president and the big depression was being felt nationwide. The inexpensive homes of Meyer Manor now became a refuge for their owners as they sold their city homes and stayed the year round. Some sold these cottages and retreated to their city homes because they no longer could afford two places.

All restrictions were being flaunted as people crowded their lots with garages, lean-to's and extra bedrooms. The screen porches were enclosed to become kitchens or living rooms. Then electricity came and this was followed by up-dated indoor plumbing. This required a septic-system so folks dug up their tiny back yards as they buried deep set tanks, tile and seepage beds.

Reluctantly Mr. Bartlett waivered his restrictions because no money paying jobs were available and so many of the households had no bread winner now. Folks went fishing to put meat on the family table and back yard garden patches became a necessity. Some men went on the W.P.A. payroll and many wives went out to work. The township trustee helped those who were "down and out".

Thirty three banks had closed in Lake County and the mills had slowed to 15% of their operational capacity.

Food was cheap but no one had the money to buy it. Over at Russell's corners, in 1932, the "Pic-Wic Gardens" advertised in the "Cedar Lake Booster": Free Chicken with Beer every Saturday night Midway Gardens offered tickets at 5c a dance - still business was slow. (Cont. Next Week)

By Beatrice Horner

In the Manor, southeast of the Mound, John and Anna (1882-1974) Adams owned a tall two story frame building where they had a restaurant, tavern and sleeping quarters. Anna made steaming hot turtle soup served with homemade sausage and Bohemian rye bread sandwiches. The price 25c. A glass of cold beer made this meal complete, especially when served in old world style by this jolly Bohemian couple. For awhile this was a popular "politician's hangout".

The Meyer Manor Improvement association formed in 1931 and one year later they used "Lou's" cottage as their headquarters.

Imbued with civic pride, 60 members attended their first meetings of Manor property owners. In time their task became increasingly aggravating as houses changing owners and over-crowding invited carelessness and clutter. Frank Schager took a team of mules and a slipscraper to revamp some of the Manor shoreline for better access to the lake.

Evevold Bang, after World War II, pushed into the march region and set up "Bang's Harbor", this a fore-runner of other enterprises since.

Unaware of these community problems, their children of the Manor spent their summers bicycling and weaving roadways and playing throughout the park. Mothers took youngsters to safely paddle around in the quiet "baby-beach", where once stood the pioneer log home of William Van Gorder, in 1839.

In the winter, after a heavy snowfall, older boys, clothed in long legged, drop-seated underwear, corduroys, home knit sweaters and high buckled gaiters were putting their Christmas sleds to use. They had worked up an icy slope beginning up among the tombstones atop the cemetery mound. From there they zipped downward and westward, spilling over into the rough marsh bogs some 200 feet away.

And how about those ructions every Halloween? A gang of boys would start a commotion on the pier road, working up enough of a scene to cause someone to call the police. When the cops came they encountered a barricade of old boats, ladders and tree branches strewn across the road leading to the trouble spot.

How short those years and how the time flew. These lads from the families of Hoeckelberg, Walker, Cordrey, Gauther, Kerrick, Flannigan, Carroll, Chesner, Romick, McKee, Brown, Perry, Hart, joined by the many boys of Armour Town made a lot of racket in those years. Their activities ceased when they marched off to World War II and the Vietnam Wars.

Shoreline work and play, clubwork, depression, family life and a good neighbor policy all served to keep this subdivision a singular entity, always re-acting to the needs of another.

The "hat was always passed for a monetary offering whenever one of their families experienced a tragedy, illness, or a death, all met with generour response."

In 1952 the Cedar Lake Community lost thier highly respected pioneer realtor when Samuel C. Bartlett passed away. In the following years their daughter Harriet carried on the real estate business ably assisted by their very competent secretary Mrs. Anne (Albert) Berg.

Also in 1952 we heard with dis-belief of the automobile accident that took the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Hoeckelberg and their daughter Mrs. Doris (Roy) Simonson.

That Hoeckleberg family had been identified with the Manor in it's earliest years.

The Burke family suffered a similar loss when, in 1947, their son Edward age 19, was killed when a rumble-seated sports car overturned in Armour Town, in front of the old Armour School site.

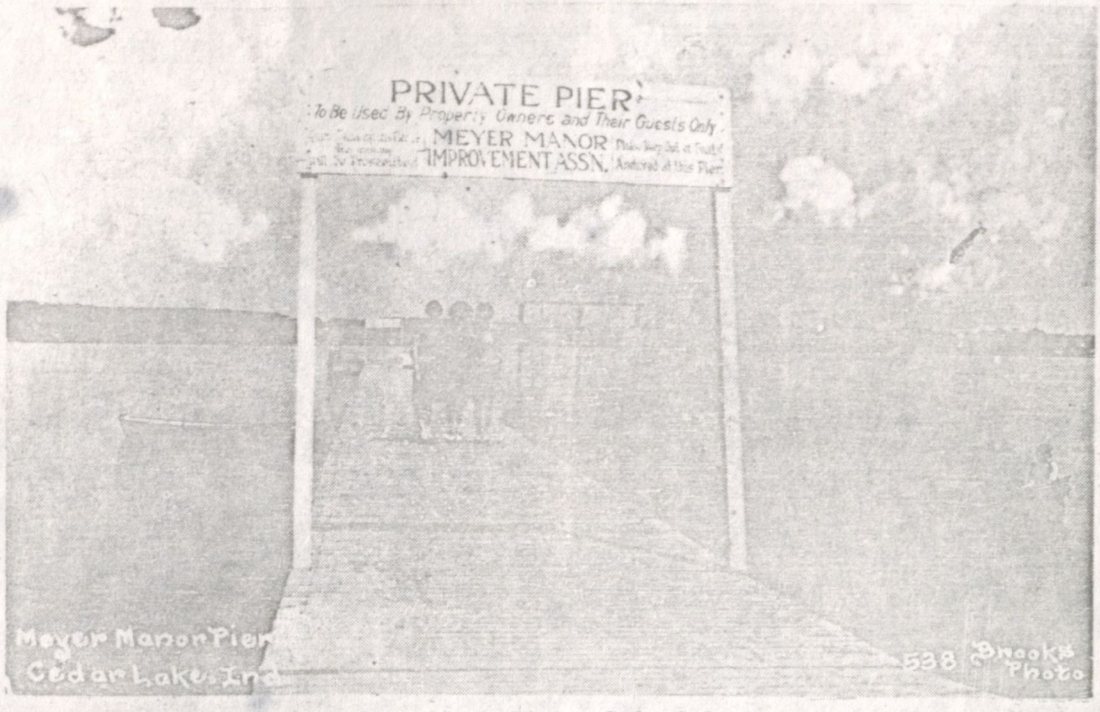
Both tragedy and joy unites a people, and the Manor had more than it's share of each over the years.

The ever existing Mound in the core of Meyer Manor experienced very little vandalism and after the death of Otto Meyer (1874-1937)there was no caretaker to attend the natural overgrowth that so healthily flourished there.

The little community watched the tombstones fade into the bushes and at one and the same time they helplessly watched their sewer problems become more dangerously threatening.

This badly needed sewer system was to become a reality as the big Laitz bulldozers and

Page 3



A restricted Meyer Manor Pier at Cedar Lake in 1935.

The Samuel C. Bartlett family in 1940's.

digging equipment, in the fall of 1974, invaded the Manor.

The constant hum of machinery looked destructive but gave hope as it rescued these many loyal people who choose to stay and fight rather than sell out and flee.

For this loyality they deserve the reward that will surely be their due in the more optomistic years ahead.

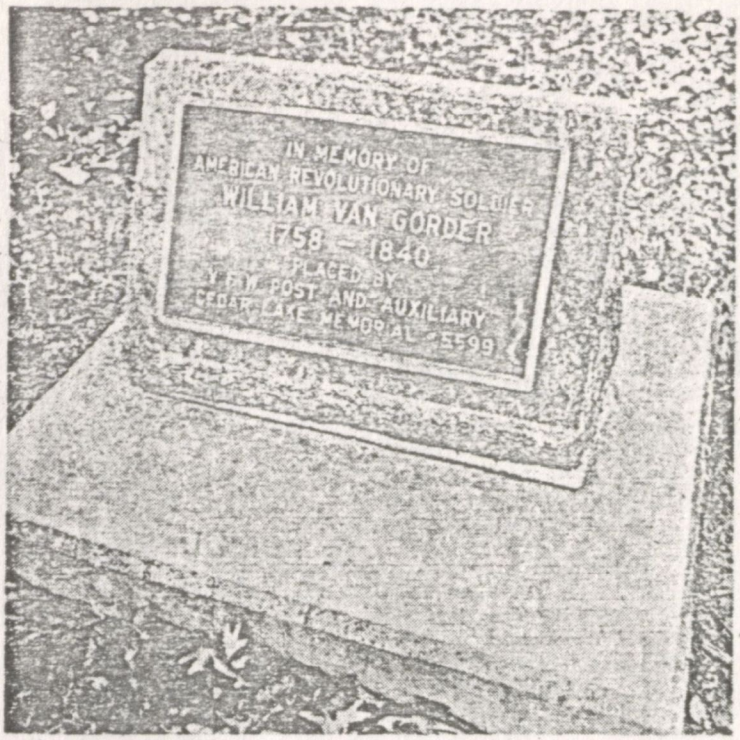
From Indian paths to farming, fashionable resort and then back to begin again, this adventurous Meyer Manor has indeed experimented with almost all that befalls man in his sojourn on this earth.

Still the serene little cemetery mound with two more cremation burials since 1972, defies time.

It chooses to lock up the secrets of it's ancient history and along with the spirit of Chief Aubenaube, of the tribe of the Potawattomi, ignores our curiosity and quietly says no more.

Cedar Lake Journal - Wednesday, January 19, 1983
Pilcher Publishing Co.

Mound Cemetery Holds



This marker identifies the grave of William Van Gorder, a Revolutionary War veteran buried in Meyer Manor Mound Cemetery in Cedar Lake.

[This historical article was authored by Beatrice Horner, Cedar Lake Town Historian].

Historic Cedar Lake will be 150 years old in 1984.

But Mound Cemetery at Cedar Lake, in Meyer Manor, will never have a birthday.

It is so ancient that its history is only whispered in the breeze, or sounded in the lapping of the waters of the Great Lake of The Red Cedars.

A giant boulder sits on an old trail site in the town owned Pottawatomie Trail Park. That old trail leads to a quiet road-encircled mount near the Northwest shores of the lake.

The surveyed size of the cemetery of today is 76' x 76'. In yesteryears, its slopes were unmeasured and a foot path at the lowest level was narrow and trodden by only the pioneers of 1834 and earlier.

We are aware of thirty-three burials, but that list will always be subject to change or addition.

At this time, most of those mapped burials are marked by stone or wooden crosses.

One marker of note is that of William Van Gorder, a U.S. Revolutionary war veteran.

One of the earliest burials in Lake County, Van Gorder's gravesite claims a shiny new monument dedicated in 1976 to memorialize a Revolutionary War soldier who was the owner of that final resting place when he lived in Cedar Lake during his retirement years.

Van Gorder applied on May 27, 1837 for a pension transfer to Lake County, "where he now resides and where he intends to remain." A signed affidavit by his son-in-law, Peder Barnard, stated that Van Gorder was disabled and had been residing in Lake County since 1836.

The pension was earned thru Van Gorder's service for 28 months and 25 days as a private in the American Revolutionary War. The memorial, donated by the Cedar Lake Veterans of Foreign Wars Auxiliary as a bicentennial gift, and a ceremony was held to dedicate the marker with Cedar Lake AMVETS Post members, Boy Scouts and senior citizens on hand. Dr. James Nolan was the master of ceremonies, and Rev. Henry C. Nickel, pastor of Hope Lutheran Church, gave the invocation. Marie Zurawski, Auxiliary president, placed a wreath on the grave.

He was born Oct. 17, 1758 at New Windsor, Orange Co., New York. While a resident of Walpeck, Sussex Co., New Jersey, he enlisted to serve with New Jersey troops as follows:

May 1779 - Capt. Emmanuel Hoover's Co. under Major Westbrook's defense of Deleware River Indian frontier.

May 1, 1780 - 7 months 25 days in Capt. Cornelius Johnson's Co. under Major Westbrook, guarding the same frontier.

April 1782 - 7 months in Capt. Hoover's Co. under Major Westbrook.

In 1799, he moved to Tioga Co., New York, in a neighborhood just over the Pennsylvania line, where he was living at Athens, Bradford Co., Pennsylvania.

On Mar. 8, 1833, Van Gorder applied for a pension. Because of his physical disability he could not travel, so he had to have friends and neighbors nearby testify on his behalf to receive a pension. Three years

by Beatrice Horner

Secrets Of Early Pioneers

later, he found his way to Lake County, thereafter requesting a pension transfer.

Peder Barnard, son-in-law, must have accompanied Van Gorder to Lake County, as we find his signature on legal papers in Lake Co. in 1836. Possibly this man, grandfather of Rosena Barnard Russell, returned to Pennsylvania.

His granddaughter, Rosena Barnard, married Solomon Russell Mar. 19, 1837, licensed at Valparaiso and officiated by Solon Robinson, justice of peace.

When Van Gorder purchased the 14 acres along the shores of Cedar Lake, an area called Meyer Manor, Apr. 9, 1839, the deal included the existing dwelling house, with singular improvements and privileges.

The Mound Cemetery was centered on the property, a high hill with a circular foot path at its base. Timothy Ball, Lake Co. historian, spoke of the first white burial there when the little daughter of Solomon Russell drowned in an unfinished well and was buried in the spring of 1837.

From an abstract we copy: "Accepted by William Van Gorder - conveyed to me by Solomon Russell in consideration for the love I bear unto Rosena Russell, the wife of the said Solomon, for her better maintenance and support to remain in me on the day of my natural death - for her.

signed 27 day Mar. 1839. William Van Gorder."

Rosena signed a receipt of land from Van Gorder on July 2, 1839, and William Van Gorder died one year, 2 months later in September 1840 at age 82.

The only record found so far to indicate that Van Gorder died in Cedar Lake was a bill from the man who dug the grave. We can be almost certain he was buried nearby, and more certain when one considers his ownership of the burial site, the same site that claimed the crypt of baby daughter-Russell.

Then too, it's very unlikely that that aged, disabled man would be going far beyond his doorstep in those days of 1840, when a poor man's means of transportation would be a lumbering wagon pulled by an ox team.

History could have been altered for the little cemetery in the Manor, had the very earliest land ownership lingered on.

The first squatter on those high banks and water level slopes was a Joseph Batten, and afterward it was the property of a soldier who was in the army of Napolean on his march to Moscow.

Soon after came William Van Gorder and he stayed, a hero of the American War of Independence. He deserves a memorial at the Mound, even though the exact site of his bones may never be determined.

Anti-I-Over Lakeside Drive

by Beatrice Horner

by Beatrice Emery-Horner

Mrs. Peter (Barbara) Dress, (left), Ms. Anna Juraschek and Mrs. Nicholas (Mary) Schafer were members of the first families of Cedar Lake.

Victor's Beach was built by Adam Hetzler, it burned about 1950. A drugstore now stands on the site.

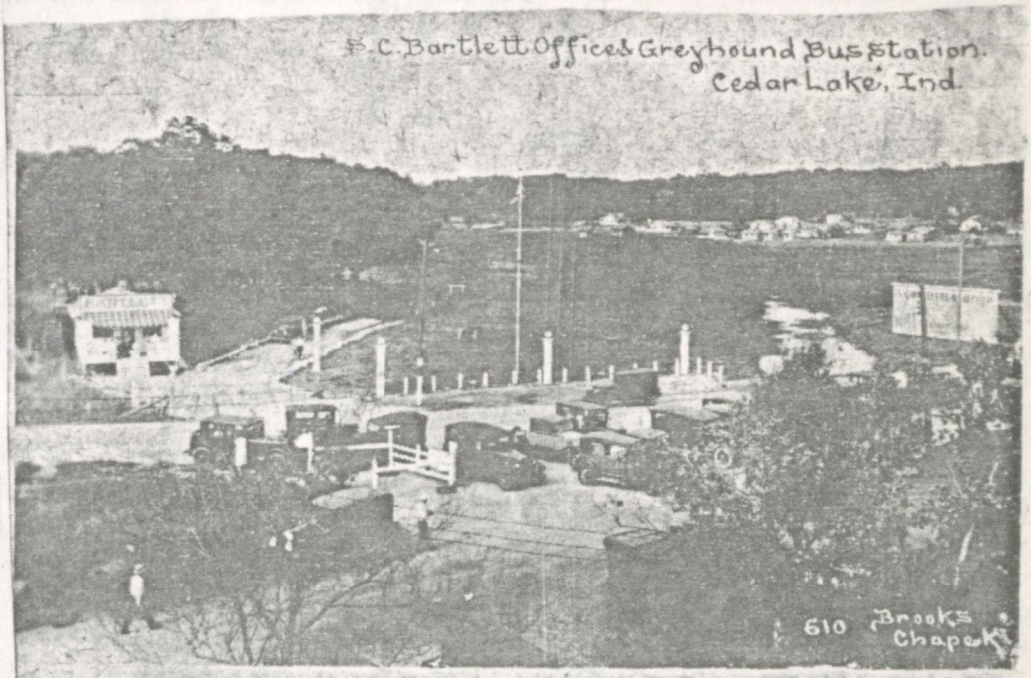
When the Meyer-Beckman families planted the seeds of Linden trees from Germany in front of their log cabin in 1858 they had the Herlitz farm as neighbors to the northwest and the big Red-Cedar Lake was near their front doorstep.

At least 1,000 feet of shoreline was put to use as herds of hogs munched acorns from towering oak trees, and utilized the muddy water's edge as a "bathing beach."

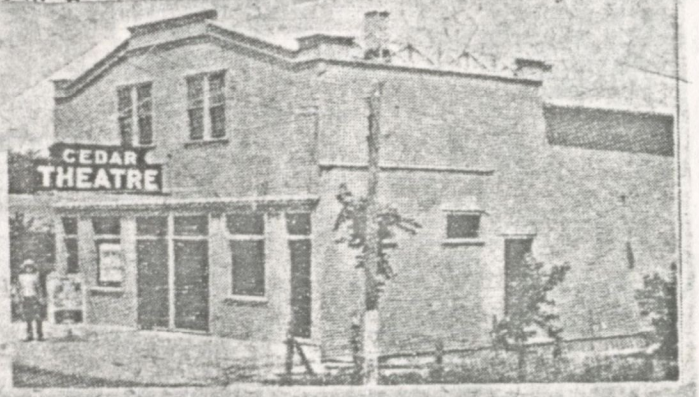
A corncrib and hog-houses rested on that bluffed site, now, in 1975, being cleared by the Cedar Lake Park Board.

Beyond the Meyer acres, toward and up on Cline Avenue were the pioneer families of Peterson, Massoth, Barman, Calnon, Gard and by 1895, the Dress and Weishaar families.

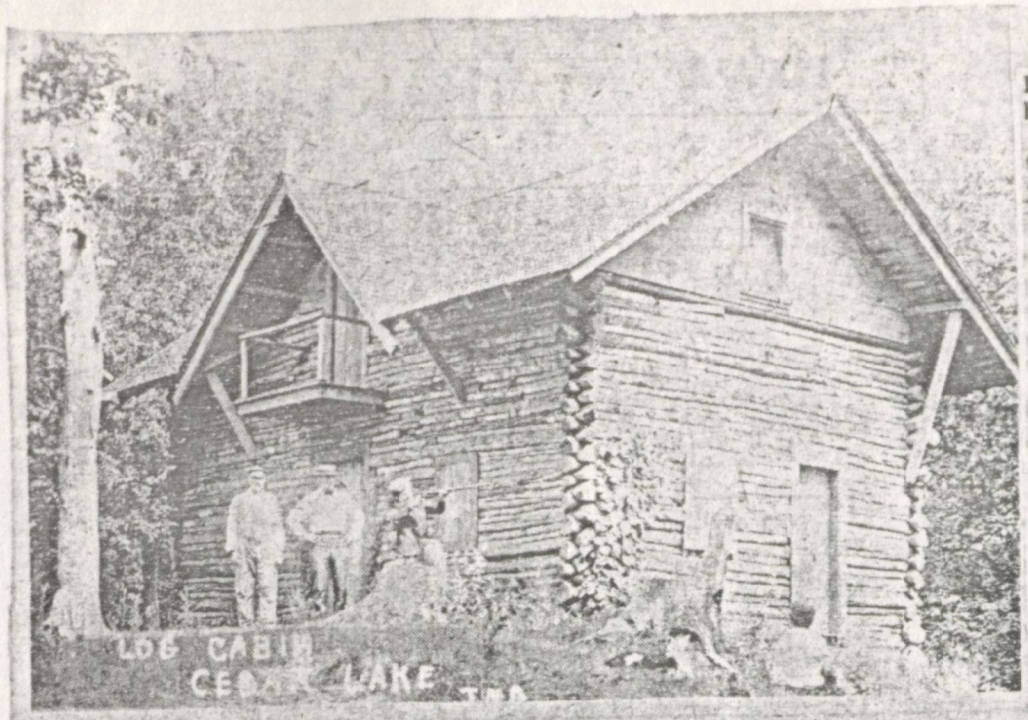
The children of these families walked to schools of the northwest region, some going to Armour School and some to Farmdale's Gerold School on N. Parrish Ave.



Samuel Bartlett's first real estate office was located on north Lakeside Drive and Cline Ave. In the background is the Shade's Addition.



The old Cedar Lake Theater was located on land owned by the S. C. Bartlett Real Estate Co.



A sportsman's lodge, up in the bluffs of the Shades of Lakeside Dr. is over 100 years old.

This picture was taken in 1912, when E. V. Ploetz owned the Lakeview Hotel.

Nettie Barman, a registered nurse in her younger years, lives on one of the old Barman homesteads today.

She is wisely aware of all of the earlier quiet pioneer years. She says she rode atop the milk cans hauled in her father's team pulled wagon, oing over to the Farmdale site. She was dropped off at the Gerold School and the milk cans were left at the Farmdale milk station daily.

The lake-region families were few, and their pioneered acres many, up and over the north shoreline.

Jake Slicker, his wife and four daughters lived in a home on the lakefront near Hilltop drive. Facing the lake, beneath the upper floor was his saloon. Nearby was a vacuous cooler that was annually filled with a store of block-ice taken from the lake.

Jake was an agent for the MacAvoy Brewery and he owned his own team and wagon. He picked up barrelled brew at the Monon's Armour depot in the 1890's.

The Slicker saloon did a quiet pier trade that came to his place by boat when the main traffic of the upper lake region was across the water. Only a private trail wandered through the land belonging to the region's farmers.

ONLY SLICKERS LIVED ON SHORELINE

In those years the Slickers were the only people who lived along that entire shoreline that soars up and over the top of the lake. Perhaps that is why our older folks remember so well who he was and where he lived.

The Dress and Weishaar families were related.

They built and lived in the large frame homes we see standing (in 1975) across the street from the lakefront at Cline Ave. and 133rd.

These families came to this region about 1890 and retired to Hanover-Center in 1914.

Cline Avenue was the main road coming in those early years from Crown Point into the North Lake region. It was down this road that Doctor's Pettibone and Gibbs of Crown Point came in horse and buggy to visit their sick patients. If the mud road was impassable the good doctor would stable his horse at the Barman home and continue on

Samuel Bartlett, realtor, had been here since 1913 and he began subdividing this Shades Addition prior to World War I.

This land, once purchased by Bierson from the U. S. Government, sold to Grosvenor, Adams, Rockwell, Michael Bolin, Chris Binyon, and by 1890 David McCarthy.

The McCarthy family two story house and big barn stood high on this bluffed area and up there they kept a part of the draying business that began in Chicago in earlier years.

It was rumored that gangland's Al Capone brought some of his equipment up on this hill to be quietly serviced, and of course there was nothing to do but get the job done.

The McCarthy's were a stable people and their heirs lived on in the home until their land was subdivided.

SPORTSMAN'S CLUB BUILT IN 1869

At Cedar Lake's highest point up in these Shades there was built a log sportsman lodge as early as 1869. In 1900 it's owner William Right used it as a club house and dance hall.

This log building has changed hands many times, was always kept in good repair and sold again in 1971.

This must be one of Cedar Lakes oldest dwellings as it is now over 100 years since it was built.

It was quiet up on the bluffs but down below on the roadway was a different story.

Adam Hetzler, a hotel owner of the North-eastern shore area decided to build another at the intersection known as Cline and Lakeside Drive. There on the shores he started with a combined saloon and rooming house, expanding later with a dining room and outdoor terrace. Adam's son Anthony then became a manager and big tobogan slide was added to the comples.

Shrill voices permeated the air as bathers swooped down into the lake on sleek tobagan sled and the pier was always loaded with those who tanned in the sun or frolicked in the clear water.

The hotel was sold to Victor Nadason in 1928 and now a sign went up saying "Victor's Beach."

Business was continued as usual but the interior was now kept clean by the ambitious Mrs. Nadason. She put in long hours and worked to the point of over-work in those days when few women were ever paid as they kept these public places clean.

FUR SIMMONS ARRESTED HERE

About 1930, among the usual many strange customers was a man who was "spending" his money so fast that Victor became suspicious and called the police. It resulted in the successful arrest of "Fur Simmons" an underworld xharacter who was being hunted for some time by the F.B.I.

Dick Smith built another hotel next door east of Victor's Beach. The carpenter was Nicholas Mager.

This building came on the scene too late to profit from the booming resort business and by the depression years of the 1930's it was a dismal failure. Mr. Bartell bought the place vut had no more success than it's previous owner.

It could have been one of our better structures had fate not dealt the area such a financial blow at that time.

The place was used as a youth center for awhile in the 1950's and after a few years both the Bartell's and Victor's Beach Hotels were heaps of ashes, leaving some exiting years of Cedar Lake's gay times smouldering in the embers.

The Capitol Hotel came and went quickly and quietly, but knew some years of brisk customer trade while it's doors were open to the public.

This 12 roomed combined dining and lodging hotel received it's guests off their own pier extending south into the water in the lakeside area of Morton drive and the main road.

Chicken dinners at 50 cents was the much touted menu of that day and very sought after by city folks who could afford this luxury.

The Capitol Hotel became a private dwelling as the pre-World War II years came into sight. (It is getting a fresh coat of paint this year of 1975.)

People who walked the roadway over those busy years did so at great risk.

ROADWAYS HAD DIVERSE EFFECTS

The regional property had been subdivided by owners or realtors and small summer cottages now crowded the roadway and lakefront.

Theirs was a continuous fight to keep cars from crashing their picket fences, and dust clouds constantly turned their lawns and porches gray.

It seems that when people of the Calumet Region took a ride they included the Lakeside drive in their tour. When south county went for a jaunt they too rode up and over the top of the lake.

Add to this the traffic of the work-a-day world and the result was chaotic, but no one complained about all of this lake generated attention

Symbolic of the last bid for survival of a gay Cedar Lake era now long gone, was when a dreamer thought he could successfully start, in 1927, a local theatre on the road stretch near the Shades. It's doors opened but few entered, so it closed in a hurry, a complete failure. It as used as the American Legion Post 261 first home and was also used as a Civic Center for many years. It became a second hand shop for several years and it stands closed today.

Gustave Wahlberg (1895-1967) was a most enterprising young man. He came here in the late 1920's, lived for awhile west of Cline Ave., and then started a small camera shop and living quarters near Edgewater Beach.

A Veteran of W. War I, he learned photography, beginning with tin-types as he loyally recorded scenes of our lake region, capturing on film our people and local happenings.

Gustave married Florence Weiert in 1937 and they raised four children as they continued to expand the building, it's stock and services to meet satisfied customers beating a path to their door.

While adding treasured pictures to our family albums, the history of this place formed a link between the old and the new era along Lakeside Drive.

The next time you take a ride, just play Anti-I-Over as you coast up and over and down the other side of the lake, due east.

foot down the long picturesque, up and down hill trail.

Word was sent on that the doctor was on his way. Those people who needed him would hang a towel out of the window as a signal. There were no telephones on these farms and communication came by mail or word from a man on horseback.

Homelife was strong in the years of 1900 at Red-Cedar Lake's North shore.

Fathers and sons farmed the land, worked six days a week and reserved Sundays for church going and much needed rest.

Mothers and daughters were equally responsible as they gave stability to both home and community.

A charming and fashionable old photograph posed elaborately hatted ladies of the Cline intersection and this speaks of the quiet dignity of those women over the years of 1910. It was at this time that lake land started being cut up, fast becoming a summer-resort.

PUBLIC ROAD OPENED 1906

In 1906 a public road was opened up as land for the right-of-way was acquired from Otto Meyer, Adam Massoth, Peter Dress and Adolph Von Borstel, going eastward to meet Hetzler Road.

Now heavier traffic came up and over the top of the lake. It was at this time that two Chicago families were attracted here to the waterfront.

Frank Whaley (1865-1940) and his wife Capitola came to purchase some of the shoreline frontage, spending their summer months in tents, eventually erecting cottages, one by one.

Whaley was the owner of a hat shop on Chicago's State street and they had five children.

Later, an Illinois Superior Court Judge Lupe married Ethel Whaley and they also made their summer home here.

Eastward, Christ Lassen sold a tree line piece of lakeside property to the Ploetz family, also from Chicago.

Then Edward Valentine Ploetz (1860-1912) and his wife Marie built a big, roomy two story hotel called the Lakeview, so named because of the broad view afforded it's customers as they stood atop the long veranda overlooking the entire length of the lake southward.

Mrs. Ploetz was a professional beautician and wig maker, working for a prominent firm in Chicago. In those years they specialized in makeup, toupees and costumes for artists of the stage.

The beautiful hotel and it's prestigious site was the ambition of Mr. Ploetz but tragedy over-took this man before he could enjoy the fruits of his labors.

One deep cold winter Mr. Ploetz answered a call for help as he went out on the lake to rescue one of their hotel employes who had fallen through the ice. In this attempted rescue Mr. Ploetz fell in.

His son Valentine Jr. went to their aid, and he too fell in. Mrs. Ploetz went over the ice with a long 2" x 4" and with this board she successfully rescued her son. The laborer got out and on his feet again but Mr. Ploetz was gone.

The family dog dived down and came up with some of the drowning man's clothing. That day calls for help were heard clearly as far as the Handle Factory on the Armour Town shore.

Then, as now, all of this lake's citizenry mourns when there is a tragedy of the water, and our community was deeply saddened by this accident.

Mrs. Ploetz manage the hotel until it burned in the 1920's, but she continued to serve picnic crowds who flocked each summer into the beautiful wooded grove that surrounded the hotel site. She passed away in 1934.

Across the road from the Ploetz and Whaley area, Mrs. Ackerman was selling snacks and souvenirs in her summer built home. This place included a small dance floor and each weekend one could hear the jazz music of a two piece orchestra as it whanged out the tunes of the 1920's. Young couples would fox trot to "Yes Sir, That's My Baby," experiment with steps of the latest dance craze called the "Charleston" and fill up on pop and candy bars. Mrs. Ackerman visited with those young people, and by eleven o'clock p.m. shoed them out so she could lock up.

In 1931 Burdette Wood built a small barber shop on a patch of land owned by Mrs. Ackerman and here he barbered for a year. He had started as "Woodie the Barber" in the old Hein Hotel in Cook in 1930. He moved his shop to the Stife Shopping Area where he stayed for 17 years.

In 1949 this travelling barber shop moved down Morse street where it stands today. Same shop, same barber, with a record of 45 years as a Cedar Lake Business man.

Blizzards Grocery and Joe and Charley's Meat market met the local need for food supplies in the 1920's when summer tourist trade was at it's peak. These were on the road one block west of Cline but the area east off Cline had gone through a traumatic change starting ten years previously.

At this north region there existed acres of seemingly useless bogged marshland with it's indiguious foliage and wild life. Here an ambitions real-estate dealer built his office near a narrow lake inlet. Soon he had plans for the marshlands and it's nearby scenic bluffs.

Now repaint a mental picture by erasing almost everything you see because few of these places were here in the long ago.

There was a kind of simplicity before 1900 that seemed to stay on into the 1920's even when people came in droves and kept our summer months humming with activity.

Today traffic peals through briskly, getting now and then a good view of the lake, still making Lakeview a truthful statement. But when old timers make the comparison, they know the difference, because it is truly different now, and still changing in this ever-changing world.

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See full story on B. Horners "Will Lives Publications"

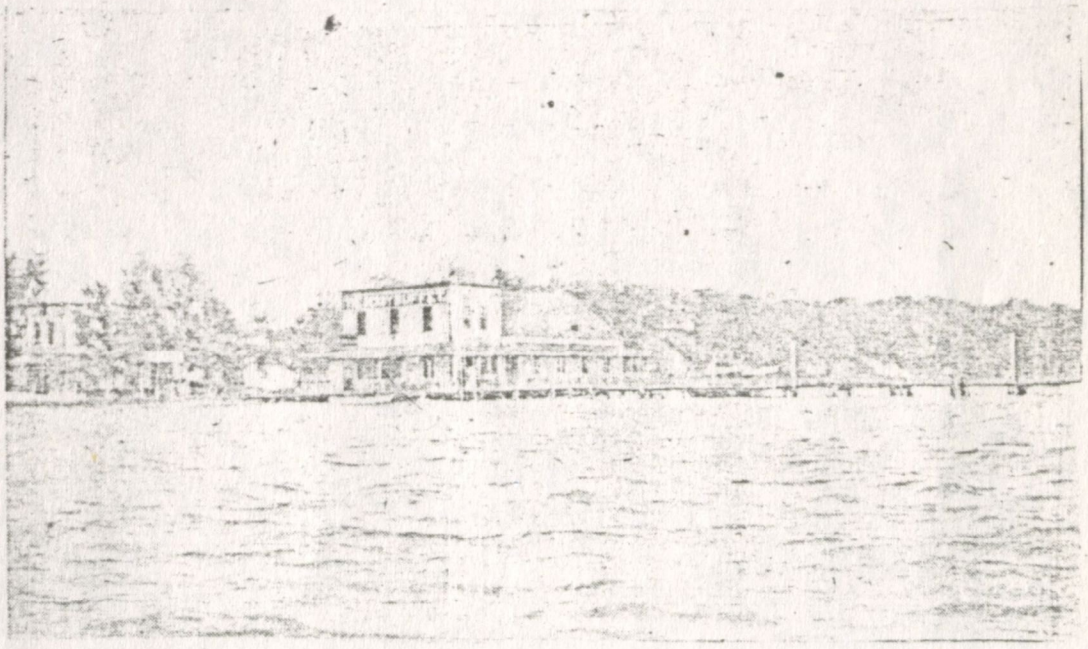
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1974 NO. 4

EARLIER DAYS IN CEDAR LAKE

Beatrice Horner

GOODBYE MOUNDS OF THE POTTAWATOMI?

BY BEATRICE HORNER



The Derby Buffet a rly 1920's

It's been many a year since the old "Beachcomber queen" was abandoned along the shoreline at the foot of the small bluffs located at Northeastern Cedar Lake.

The engine of the 1920 Vintage boat coughed it's last, about twenty years ago. It sits quietly now in it's ribbed and bolted hull as a reminder of another time and other summers, before this region was as permanently settled as it is in this year of 1974.

While nearly shattered by wind and wave, the remains of this old motor-driven boat will be disturbed now.

The sprawling urban sewer lines will penetrate this quiet spot that once so long ago was occupied and enjoyed by the Pottowatomi Indians.

The United States government sold this land claim to Calvin Lilly on December 13 of 1838. Dr. Calvin Lilly built a combined home, small store and saloon at the southern slope of the hillside, near the water's edge. He lived but two years afterward. By August 25,1840 some of the large Lilly landholdings were fractioned down as Judge Benjamin McCarty came from Porter County and purchased nine (9) acres of land along the shore. This included the living quarters of the early settler Lilly family. At that point in time, the heated dispute over the re-location of the Lake County Courthouse was in progress. Judge McCarty, who had been previously instrumental in laying out Valparaiso, now layed out is newly acquired property in town lots, streets and alleys.

In all seriousness he surveyed blocks and named streets, reading his site for a convincing argument to win the County Courthouse for Cedar Lake.

The region to the south, known as Cedar Point, became a picnic area for Baptist Church outings, while the McCarty home became a religious and social center, as well as a place of business, selling general life necessities of the time.

In 1838 to the North of the Lilly home, on the hill-top was interred the hand-made casket of Sabra Warriner, starting a burial ground that eventually marked the gravesites of Calvin Lilly, Sabra Warriner, Obadiah Taylor, George Taylor, William Taylor, Lewis Warriner, Adonijah Taylor, Franklin Edgerton.

Judge McCarty lost his battle for the County Seat to the town of Crown Point.

By 1844 a son, Enoch McCarty, started firing brick in a kiln, mining clay in a pit dug into the West-Point town site, now abandoned.

Rose colored bricks now were hauled from this location to build the wall of cistern and cellar, and to replace the dangerous stick and mud chimneys used in the homes of early settlers.

Enoch McCarty sold this small fraction of land to Israel and Obadiah Taylor and between 1851 and 1864 the names of Thompson and Palmer were concerned with this same 9 acre area.

This business must have been continued by each succeeding owner because it is known that by 1867 the little building and accompaning acreage was purchased by Joseph and Barbara Horner.

Here the Horners and their seven children lived for two years meantime considering joining the movement westward to Nebraska, that was at it's peak in the years between 1870 and 1890.

Selling their Cedar Lake property to John Meyers (a farmer of Northwest Cedar Lake) they went to Beaver Crossing, Nebraska. There, under the Homestead Act they set up a one window, one door sod shanty and began plowing the tough prairie soil that here-to-fore knew only buffalo grass and wild life.

And the winds blew across the treeless plains, blowing away all buildings as fast as they were erected.

In 1910 Mrs. Barbara Horner, told Lena Ernst, at the Armour Mellwood Hotel, that they were virtually blown off that Nebraska land by winter blizzards and summer winds. In 1874 they were eaten out by armies of grasshoppers that fed on trees "cleaned to the ground" while trains were stopped by grasshoppers and those same insects drowned in the water rendering it unfit to drink. From these experiences the pioneer Ballad "Starving to Death on a Government Claim" took hold and was recorded in 1908. By 1880 the Horner's were back to Cedar Lake, now settling on the Northwestern area as Armour Citizens. In 1890 the shore-line land lying between the waters of Cedar Lake and "Hetzler Road" became more industrialized. The McCarty Kiln was abandoned but a small hotel was built to replace the earlier activities of the pioneer years. The Jack Burke family built a combined home and tavern and the Berry family assisted as they ran this business. The place was small but elaborately trimmed with hand turned bannister and window frames. A steep outdoor stairs of 20 plank steps, climbed the hillside where stood a barn and windmill overlooking the lake from a 30 foot height. After the death of Mr. Burke the heir to this land was Mrs. Kennedy. Then the big new Kennedy Hotel was built, in a more lofty spot atop the hill, were originally stood a small rooming house build by Mrs. Biggs of Crown Point. Mrs. Kennedy enlarged the Biggs rooming house and it became the enormous Kennedy Hotel. Meantime in 1904 the William White family built a hotel at the Curve of Hetzler road, called "White City" by old timers. This combined hotel, restaurant, saloon and dance hall did a quiet year round fishing and boating business off their sturdy oak pier. During the summer the nickle hungry player piano provided rollicking tunes for barroom customers. While home prepared food was served by Mr.& Mrs. White. She cooked, cleaned and raised a large family of eight children at this White hotel. By 1918 the James Leather's family purchased this same hotel, now calling it the Derby Buffet. Close by, a few years later, another Derby Hotel was built, this managed for a few years by Mr. Leather's and then by Ed. Joyce. These were the raucious years, when all of Cedar Lake was "Whooping it up" as the influx of tourists claimed our attention from Decoration Day to Labor Day annually. Town and Country mingled together in 1900. Northeastern residents travelled to Armour Town's stores and Armour's Manor depot for supplies. The next grocery to locate closer to the area was when in 1920 the Mary Kubal (Stife) store was established across the road from the Derby Hotel. It is told that Adam Hetzler's flock of barnyard geese visited the Derby Buffet Pier area too often to suit the fishermen, who had to contend with the litter the geese left behind. Someone came up with a bright idea. They spiked the drinking water with 100 proof and laughed hilariously as the geese flopped and wobbled ackwardly homeward to the North.

In World War II years, the Derby properties were sold to the Schmelter Dairy of Crown Point, Ind. The George Welton family started the Cedar Lake Skating Rink in a tent located between the Lincoln School and Cook in 1942. By 1950 they re-located at the Derby Hotel site and they then entertained the youth of South Lake County with expertly chaperoned evenings and long exciting weekends. We are sure these pleasureable years are remembered by our grown up 30 year olds. (A well earned thank-you to the Weltons, where-ever you are!) Changes of the rink's ownership and it's eventual removal brought in it's stead the New First National Bank by 1971. As we stand in the beautifully gardened bank area in November of 1973, we watch giant bulldozers and trucks remove clay from the hills exposing the brick walls of the cistern, of the old Kennedy Hotel that burned completely in the 1960's. Sewer tile is now being stacked along the shoreline intended to enter the Cedar Point subdivision to the south. Now the old "Beach Comber Queen" is exposed to openness and progress. For sometime clay has been hauled from the hillsides fronting "Old Hetzler Road" now known as Lake Shore Drive. Mr. Kennedy, second owner of the Burke Hotel moved the building to the roadside and continued in the tavern business in the 1930's. It's now remodelled by James Kubal, and is a licensed liquor store. A close look reveals that it still retains much of it's old profile. The graves of the West Point burial site have been moved to Taylor property near the McArthur school. Here a Historical Marker and lettered gravestone record the pioneer lives of some of those who lived on the Northeastern lands, and were first settlers. The small section described herein, is a good example of a turning point, typical of all the regions of this newly incorporated town that is still in it's infancy in 1974. In spite of progress, at some future time a waft of Nostalgia will sweep over those who remember those bluffs at the Northeastern shore.

Cedar Lake Had Little Bohemia

by BEATRICE HORNER

At the turn of the century the spanse of acreage at Eastern Cedar Lake from above Vermillion Drive and south past Reeder Road, was all being farmed and grazed.

The land was considered poor, irregular and it took hard work and long man hours to make it productive.

Despite the hardships entailed, the pioneered land was long retained as farmland and slowest to be subdivided as Cedar Lake moved into its most active years.

Interestingly enough, the area claims a uniqueness unmatched by any other in South County, because of the nationality of so many of its' citizen farmers.

We find a record of at least 14 families of Bohemian origin. Many came here from Chicago, and some came directly from Bohemia.

This clan of new Americans helped each other, struggled to learn the vernacular and because of fear of embarassment, stayed very close to their homes, and were slow to enter public affairs.

They sent their children to the Lew Wallace and Binyon schools. They rejoiced in their learning and in turn, learned the English language from those young students.

These Bohemian Americans were a most intelligent people. Some knew another means of making a living when they came and were skilled in several trades. For most this was their first experience as farmers.

Life was rugged as these determined pilgrim immigrants battled thick virgin sod and timber that included the indigenous red Cedar that kept popping up as fast as parent trees were removed.

Known families have the following surnames: Sulista, Krestan, Kolar, Cernerhorsky, Novak, Fronek, Mikuta, Stitcha, Hirtzel, Knesek, Ruzek, Kubish, Mahachek and Maracek.

The Phillip Maracek family came from Bohemia to Chicago in 1868. By 1875 they came to Cedar Lake. Here they drained, re-claimed and farmed the lands that have now become beautiful Lemon Park.

This Cedar Lake site, one of natural beauty, bountiful in trees, shrubs, flowers and wildlife, was once upon a time home to the twelve Maracek children.

Cows and horses were pastured here, and men struggled with their teams and farm machinery up and down the long sloping hill we still see today as we enter the park.

The late Ed Hirtzel told us in 1974 that he remembered a time in 1915 that he drove his horses, pulling a hay-rack loaded with oat bundles, coasting down the hill eastward and the wagon pushed the team too fast. This resulted in overturning the load and its' driver was dumped into the roadway among the strewn bundles.

Lemon Lake, a natural sink hole in the earliest years between (1836) white man's coming and the 1930's was part of a 2½ mile by ½ mile marsh that stretched across the Crown Point and Cedar Lake Road.

The little lake, about 14 feet deep, surrounded with marshy bogs, swelled with the rainy seasons and dried up in midsummer, creating a treacherous condition for those unaware.

If a child came up missing, in stark fear the search was made first at Lemon Lake because the small beautiful pond was both a treacherous lure as well as alluring.

In the year 1890 John Gensler, a nearby farmer, was fishing from a boat on Lemon Lake. He was startled when he saw an apparently drowned body in the deep waters.

In his fright he ran for help in a non-stop run to the Geisen Funeral Home in Crown Point. Undertaker Geisen and John Gensler drove the team drawn hearse to the lake-side. Here they retrieved the man's body. Similar events show that there were strong reasons why no one trusted the lake, nor its' surrounding marshlands.

Charles and Mary (Kren) Kolar came as children to America from Bohemia. They grew up in Chicago. He became a "Tailor's Expressman" and she was a cashier in the Boston store of that city. They married in 1896 and came to Cedar Lake in 1911. They raised seven children.

With no experience as farmers, they worked hard and succeeded at making their rolling 80 acres productive. This land reached as far as the shoreline of North-eastern Cedar Lake.

The Kolar's son Charles learned to read and then spent years running to Crown Point's library to get book after book. These he read to his parents in the evenings after the farm chores were done when the winter nights were long.

Mrs. Kolar learned to read English and then she always read the daily paper to Mr. Kolar. Thus the striving intelligent family kept up with current events and progressed as literate Americans.

As Charles and his brother Ed heleped in the fields they stopped now and then to fill their overall pockets with the unusal looking stones that were upturned by their plow. After being told they were finding Indian arrowheads, they became more aware of what to look for.

This resulted in a collection of Indian artifacts cherished today by Charles Jr. These

treasures are visual proof of the Indian settlement that occupied the North Eastern territories of Cedar Lake.

The Krestan family bought 65 acres of farmland from Mathias Nowak in 1910. Kajetan Krestan and his wife had come to America in 1888. Their daughter Emma, left as a baby in Bohemia, finally came to live with her parents at the age of six years. The family ran a tavern in Chicago and Mr. Krestan was also a cabinet maker by trade.

They raised eight children and their sons became very skilled carpenters, building houses in the Shades, Wilson's subdivision as well as other areas of the Cedar Lake Region.

The Mikuta family near Buck Hill road were Bohemian farmers, also making extra money by rolling cigars in a small building on the home property.

At this same tobacco trade was the John Knesek family. John and Julia Knesek came to Chicago from Texas, then to Cedar Lake in years as early as 1890. They settled on a farm near Cedar Point. They had always been in business in one way or another and now here, while farming the land, they also ran an ambitious tobacco enterprise within the family home.

In 1895 old Armour general stores were recording cigar sales in their daily ledgers. A wholesale price lists 100 cigars for $3.00, 10 lbs. of tobacco for $2.00 and from a flock of chickens the Kneseks received $1.60 for 16 dozen eggs.

The prices received were relevant as Mrs. Knesek paid $1.00 for 4 lbs. of coffee and 90 cents for 50 lbs. of flour. Living nearer to Cedar Lake the Knesek children attended the Binyon school.

During the years of the 1920's the Knesek family tried to protect their youngsters from the "gaudy" life being flaunted before their eyes in those flapper years when vacationers walked the roads toward the resort areas.

The girls wore beach pajamas, rolled stockings, and such frivalous clothing as sleeveless and short knee-length dresses!

Each summer weekend Mrs. Knesek would pull the shades in their home and she kept her children looking elsewhere.

So while city folks whooped it up to the west of the lake resort sites the Knesek children enjoyed farm life as they grew to splendid man and womanhood. Their daughter Emma became Cedar Lake's postmistress in the 1940's.

The Charles Fronek, Sr., lineage presents a challenging genealogy hunt. The earliest family found their way here from far away Australia, although they were of Bohemian lineage.

They farmed land at Morse and Reeder road, living first in a small home foundationed on big boulders found in the fields. They raised four daughters and two sons.

Charles Jr. married Mary Nowak, lived on at Cedar Lake, raised thirteen children and supported this large family by farming, raising cows, pigs and chickens while in mid-winter Charles was one of many men who worked for the ice industries of the western shores.

The span of years were long and the fruits of the labors of these loyal Bohemian people were strengthening and to us a great source of pride.

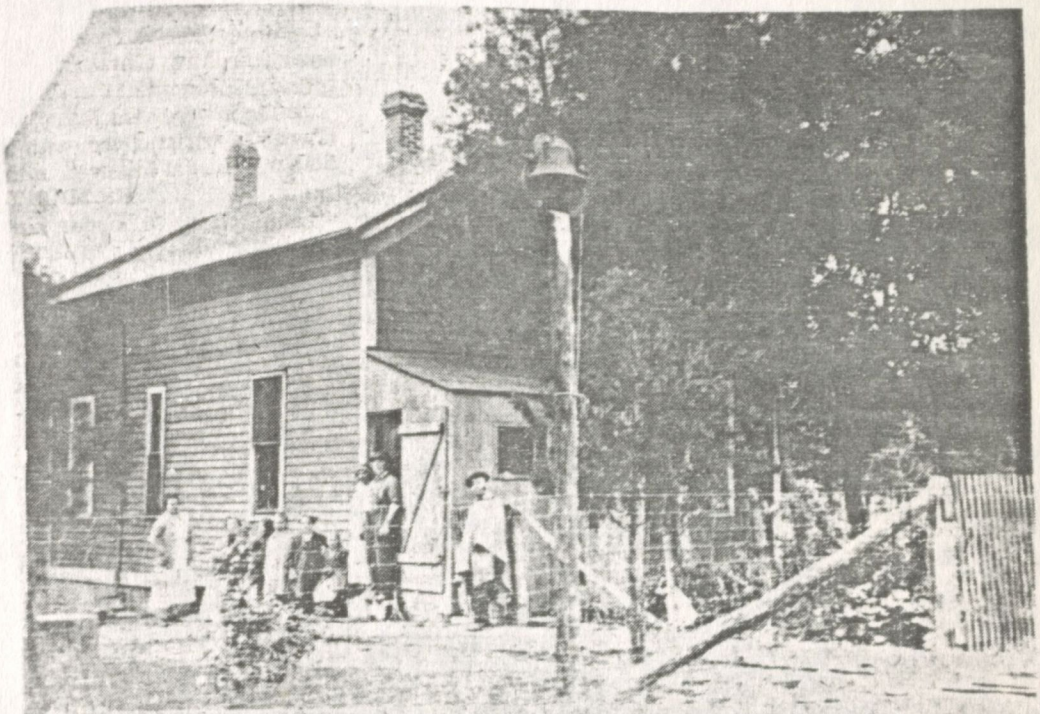
Their slowness to give up the land has resulted in a monument to our children, hopefully forever.

Today much of that eastern land is subdivided although there are still many acres of open land to be seen.

One day this may not be so.

In any event, we now have Lemon Park, once the land owned by the Maracek family. That will help us remember a beautiful people who shared their Bohemian heritage with us for many interesting action packed years.

Lemon Park now has an enlarged lake, nature and riding trails, sport and picnic areas, a children's playground and a proposed Brail Trail for the blind. This belongs to all of Lake County as a treasured keepsake, thus enriching our lives beyond measure as we enter our nations' BiCentennial year in 1976.



One of the early families that settled in 'Little Bohemia.'

Hey Day Of Cedar Lake Eastern Shores

(Ed. note: Beatrice Horner, noted for her knowledge of the history of Cedar Lake and a member of the Cedar Lake Historical Society, is writing a series of articles about 19th Century Cedar Lake and how events then relate to events and families of today in the Cedar Lake area.)

by BEATRICE HORNER

When Obadiah Taylor and his clan lived along the eastern shores of Cedar Lake, in 1838, what future did they foresee?

Did they envision continued openness for their cleared lands and uncluttered shorelines?

Would they be surprised at what followed in years ahead?

Come back in time to the years before 1900.

YESTERYEAR

Very little of this busy area of the hotel and boat business could be seen from the Main road in yesteryear.

Only by excursion boat could the expanse of shoreline be seen in one full sweep and some conclusion drawn as to the impact it had on Cedar Lake history.

There was a strong contrast between the activities along the lengthy western shore and the equally long shore line of Eastern Cedar Lake in the years between 1890 and 1930.

The Monon rails which determined the pace, including ice farming, supplies to lumberyards, beer depots, grocery stores, hotel industries and excursion boat trade, all served to keep the western shores humming.

The wooded eastern shores, where water was deep and the atmosphere tranquil, succeeded as a lure for the boat industry.

Starting as early as 1858, Timothy H. Ball wrote: "They are really building a boat now at the Graytown docks, to be soon completed, capable of carrying about 80 persons."

The pace was being set, and by 1887 shoreline rights were contracted for by the Noble Hunting and fishing club of Cook County Ill. They acquired 1 acre of land just south of Binyon Point.

In 1900, L.M. Cier and H. Talvat established the French boat club at a point south of the Noble enterprise, giving a French flavor as we see yet today with lintering names such as San Souci and Laque Street.

The Olson families settled on southward into the Wilson subdivision area. As boat builders, these men of Scandanavian descent brought to Cedar Lake this Old World Craftmanship.

It was here that the Norwegian Boat Club Flourished. The Olson's built those cut little fleeting sailboats, so easily maneuvered by the young Olson daughters over 1900.

Brown's boat harbor did a rushing business prior to 1910 located just north of Idlewilde. The combined efforts of all of these ambitious boat enterprises resulted in an opportunity for people on shore to earn a livlihood.

The ethnic flavor that held sway in earlier years reached far into the 20's when many public piers erected signs saying "Gentiles Only."

The deep eastern land-strip parallel to the continuous marina was lined with hotels of many sizes as we note the activity generated all along from Cedar Point to Binyon Point, Straight's subdivision, San Souci, Wilson's, King's Road and Idlewilde.

There is a landstrip just north of Cedar Point that quietly speaks of a busy time when small cottages dotted Sharpless Beach and older families, the Holmquist's and Kindigs, resided there.

It was here on the shoreline that Arthur Peterson built a big ice barn. He spent the years between 1925 and 1950 trucking cakes of ice to stores and homes of Cedar Lake. His business slowed as refrigerators slowly replaced those old, heavy oak ice boxes of the earlier years.

The comes Cedar Point. This typical Indiana woods was the site of camp meetings and Baptist religious outings for a few seasons of the early years of 1840. First owned by Calvin Lilly, then Taylors, Horneus and Meyers — and by 1890 it became a part of the hotel industry skirmish that overwhelmed our resort as a playground in the years to come.

The 3-story Cedar Point Hotel was financed by the Thistlewaite Brothers and located under the Cedar, Oak and Hickory trees near the shore facing the lake to the west. Then a high windmill was erected on that highest of sites, the Cedar Point hill.

People of the western shores found it easy to watch the activities across the waters at Cedar Point. They stood in shock when they saw the big hotel ablaze in 1914.

Lake County Recorder Billy Rose had met his bride, Mary, when he visited the Cedar Point Hotel before 1910. She was the daughter of Joe and Mary Hoffman who managed the hotel. After the fire, the remaining caretaker's dwelling was moved up-shore to become a smaller Hoffman's hotel.

Re-Place-
K

Among members of the John Binyon (rear, center), and his son Christopher Binyon is to his right.

In Late 1900's

By 1916 the Cedar Point area became a wilderness again. Then came real estate men Jurick and Peck to set up an office in the area. They couldn't survey the site until this thicket of brush and vines was cleared. So Fred Snell and Leonard Barman were hired to get the job done.

Horse-drawn hayracks were used as they chopped and sythed their way. The debris was tossed and hauled as a farmer would far from being aeromatic, enjoyable new mown hay. It was full of poison ivy.

Fred Snell became so covered with ivy rash that his flesh puffed up in seeping soreness. He was taken to a Lowell doctor for help. The racks of underbrush were dumped into the open cellar that was left gaping after the hotel was gone.

Thus, one of the earliest subdivided eastern areas was born in early 1920.

The Cedar Point shoreline was re-vamped at this same time as Adam Schafer and his men took a mule drawn scoop-scraper to move soil from a 5-acre piece of Knesek farmland(eastward) to the Cedar Point lakestrip.

Originally, Horace Taylor, son of Obadiah Taylor owned the Hickory acreage that we know as woodland shores today. (1974) His primitive home was not far from the shore.

By 1880, it belonged to Christopher Binyon and then came Frank W. Stanley in 1882 to purchase the Hickory.

Mr. Stanley had come from the Carolinas, bringing with him his caretaker Addison Holmes. These skilled craftsmen built a house, a caretaker's dwelling and a bowling alley that was set into the hillside near the shore.

Square copper nails were used as they skillfully nailed and dowelled these buildings with the care usually given to making good furniture. The lumber was cork-pine shipped from the east.

The Stanley place was a semi-private resort and when Mr. Stanley passed away the place was sold to Enoch Peterson. Addison Holmes, a black man, stayed on and built a home for his family by the roadside to the east. Mr. Holmes was awarded this 20 acres of land on the U.S. Government for services rendered under Ulysses S. Grant in 1868. He had been a coachman for the president.

The Petersons erected a high wire fence with a gateway to the east along Morse Street. Within the enclosed grounds, they kept a flock of peacocks.

Streaking is a popular school-kid pastime in 1974. A different kind of streaking was performed by Guy Surprise in 1898. He had tried climbing the Peterson fence to get a better look at the peacocks. He was chased in a hurry by Addison Holmes.

As a man, Guy Surprise was hired to help tear down one of the Stanley built residences. He said that it was a "shame to destroy such an exemplary piece of craftsmanship."

The Addison Holmes home was once the meeting place for a Sunday school class of local children. Later years over the 1930's found the same home being called the Homestead Inn as the Holmes daughters served chicken dinners in family style, gaining fame that lingers today.

Dr. Hunter lived in this eastern area prior to 1882, before he left to build the 100-room Hunter Hotel in Armour at northwestern Cedar Lake. Dr. J.A. Wood located here also for 2 years (1858-1860) before he moved into Lowell to set up a medical practice.

Coming and going were the names of Edgerton, Kubish, Scritchfield, Miller, Esty, Dolezal, Wasserman, and so many more, as heirs to this land.

Israel Taylor deeded land to Charles Stillson in 1858, and, in turn, in 1881 it became the homesite of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Stillson. This was located just south of the Peterson's fence and on the shoreline.

Warren Stillson and Emma Novak Stillson built and managed a combined 2-story home and saloon. It was furnished with a lunch counter where fishermen could come ashore for food or to quench their thirst.

Between 1890 and 1910, supplies for all of these business places could be purchased across the water at Armour Town. Beer was hauled in from four different local beer depots serviced by the Monon Railroad.

Although this area was open to the public, the pace was slow and didn't draw the crowds experienced immediately southward.

By 1930 Jacques Haas moved into the Stillson property area and the tavern was closed. This quiet couple caused the Haas subdivision to come about, with its 25 cottages and a small grocery store located to the eastward on the roadside. This store was a family enterprise owned by George and Codula Ecterling Schutz.

The Ecterling name is not new to this shoreline area. It was in this region that Frederick Ecterling settled before he built the Round house, 2 barns of the south Brunswick farm lands.

LASSEN'S RESORT

The old Lassen homestead stands today, alone in the gardened openness of the Christian Assembly grounds (1944) at the land area north of Binyon Point.

Christ and Harry Lassen and their families were so ambitious that they caused a flurry and a scurry felt by vactioners from afar and also entertained our happy home folks as well.

The Lassen complex consisted of family homes, a bathing beach, a saloon and snack concession, a hotel and also a garage and repair service. Then extending out into the lake, on pilings stood the lengthy Lassen Dance Pavillion.

Built in early 1900, this building docked old steamboats at its pier side and by 1915 the Lassen brothers owned a fleet of boats called the Dewey Line.

An old Lassen invoice has an artistic heading and reads thus: Lassen Bros. dance pavillion, fifty miles from Chicago; Orchestra during summer; The Dewey Line Boats meet all trains — launches can be chartered anytime.

Agents of Marion and Stutz autos, garage, gasoline, oil sundries; saw mill —

Lassen's also had one of the many privately owned ice barns that dotted the shores of Cedar Lake at that time. An business using cooling facilities in the years before refrigeration would either stock his own ice from the lake or get it by boat from western shore ice barns.

Let this diversity of Lassen enterprises speak for itself — and then, as if that wasn't enough — Christ Lassen became a state representative in the 1930's.

When Bobby Sox and the 4c stamp besieged us, there came a new business in the near shore area of 138 place, south of Lassens. Tobe and Helen (Edgerton) Spindler built the restaurant known and popular today as "Tobe's Steak House."

But this place was not here in the fast moving years of the era of hotels, boat clubs and lovely big homes along Cedar Lake's eastern shores.

(Continue next week)

by BEATRICE HORNER
(Part II)

The steam mill erected by Israel and William A. Taylor in 1854 was discontinued by 1858 and new landowner Robert Gray layed out a village that also failed to flourish.

In 1877, Civil War veteran John Binyon and his son Christopher purchased land where they erected a hotel and boarding house. This became known as Binyon's Point.

John and Nancy Huges Binyon had come across the Ohio River on horseback, entering the Wabash Valley, a treacherous wilderness, and plodded northward to eventually cross the Kankakee River in 1837.

They settled in Plum Grove, near Hebron as squatters before the U.S. Government sold land grants there in 1840.

After living a few years in that area of the "Groves" east and around Robinson Prairie, the Binyons eventually came to Cedar Lake. The John Binyons had one son, Christopher, and five daughters, Ellen, Elizabeth, Nettie, Mildred and Martha. John Binyon was a Civil War veteran.

Son Christopher Binyon married Flora Pierce and this young couple took over family responsibilities as they began to manage the hotel business pioneered by his parents. A grand, 2-story hotel was then built east of the earlier original Binyon Hotel.

Now with Flora Binyon as proprietress, there was always a dinified, very proper atmosphere. The hotel was clean, attractive and efficiently managed. It was staffed with people of this vicinity who surely should be credited for the resultant reputation of this splendid, popular resort hotel.

The food was the best, and customers were attracted here from all over the United States.

In 1918, the Crown Point Register printed: "Mrs. Flora Binyon fed quite a number of auto tourists at her hotel on Sunday. It being an ideal day for joy riding, and the first Sunday since the use of gasoline was permitted."

John Binyon made his own boats and these were used to transport customers to and from the west side Monon Railroad depot.

Chicken Dinners at the Binyon Hotel were priced in earliest years at 25c and by 1920 they raised the price to 50c.

While this new hotel prospered, the old smaller hotel on the shoreline came under new management. Luke Trotter and then Harry Clark kept the place going as they sold Edelweiss Beer transported from the Armour Town beer depot of Northwestern shores.

In 1909, the roadway, near Morse Street, to the east was called the Cobe auto road.

On June 18-19 of that year, the Vanderbilt Road Races were conducted and the route began in Crown Point. It followed the "S" curve to Cedar Lake, sped at the abominable speed of 40 to 60 miles per hour into Lowell. There it turned eastward to the 9-mile Stretch and sped back into Crown Point.

Back in Binyon Point, Crip Binyon set up a repair shop on his premises. Here he serviced the racing cars by fixing flat tires and correcting engine trouble for the Stoddard-Dayton automobiles.

In early 1920's, a wider plank bridge, built by James Brannock of Lowell, crossed the entrance roadway into the Binyon business area. The gushing waters at this dam-site and Cedar Lake outlet made a good fishing spot.

Little Raymond Spindler, with his bamboo pole caught a fish in 1903 that reached from the pockets of his pantaloons to his high laced shoe tops. That Urvie Spindler Family of this Binyon area had eight children. The Spindlers had an undertaker and furniture business in Chicago Heights.

Urvie and Nancy Emma (Binyon) Spindler purchased the big white house built earlier by Mrs. Hart of Crown Point. This elegant home was the first to be lit up with hanging carbide lamps, before electricity came to Cedar Lake.

Dr. Bacon came from New York as a surgeon, and by 1870 he was a Lowell citizen. He maintained a summer home on the small bluffs of Eastern Cedar Lake, south of the Binyon Hotel. Two of the Bacon daughters became early Lake County school teachers.

Many homes of this locale were second homes, owned by wealthy people who could afford to live at this busy resort in the summertime, to retreat to their city homes after Labor Day and cold weather threatened ahead.

Recalled homeowners were Judge Higgenbottom, — Malley, — Goldbronson, Christensen, Nichols, Riggs.

Many tents were set up in this thicket of oak, hickory and Cedar Trees, undercarpeted with wild blackberry bushes, wild weeds and flowers and sumac along those eastern shores. Early business and homelife often had its start in a tent or log cabin eventually blossoming into a moving business venture.

Most unique was the delivery of 10 clover-leaf shaped, steel framed houses, walled with corrugated sheets of steel, that were set up in the straight subdivision area. Kuizey Cass Witter, whose wife Lucy (Taylor) was an heir to that land area, was a local carpenter. He and William Green (another shoreline business man) dealt with a Mr. Cooper of Chicago to purchase these small buildings. They were previously used on exhibit at the Columbian Exposition in 1893.

These tiny dwellings were rented as summer homes thereafter and stand yet today, some incorporated into larger permanent homes.

Local carpenters, Jesse Matthew, Nichola Mager, Christ Lassen and Charles Wheeler, worked at setting up these unusual buildings.

In one of those cornerless coops lived a substantial citizen named Sol Von Pragg. He was a health inspector from Chicago. He and his wife raised Mexican hairless dogs. Fifteen to 20 of these animals called the Von Pragg cottage "home". This man also prepared antiques for sale. When the worms were lax in their work, Von Pragg had his own secret way of making these antiques age more rapidly.

By early 1900, the big Toomey combined hotel, saloon and beach site was established by Mrs. Ann Hennan, John and Grace Toomey. The location was just south of the old 1st Binyon Hotel site.

The old frame Binyon School was moved here, and was connected to the Toomey Hotel, providing a dance floor for the crowds which swelled these shores before World War I.

This was a family enterprise and it was here that the four children of John and Grace Toomey grew up.

The oldest Toomey Hotel burned and was replaced by 1940. Toomey's Park continues today as a hotel, tavern and beachsite managed by John and Lawrence Toomey.

The Shamrock Hotel, east of the Noble Hunting and Fishing Club, was managed by Charles and Nellie Straight. The house and barn had been lived in by earlier heirs of pioneer families. James and Leslie Straight lived eastward nearer the main road.

Charles Straight Jr. was born at Cedar Lake on Jan 16, 1891. He became a band leader and a pianist. He and his band were booked at the Drake Hotel in Chicago when he met with a fatal automobile accident in 1940.

The Straights' subdivision road led directly westward to the shoreline and entered the areaway of a 2-story building owned by Robert and May Russell. It was sold to Ernest Krautwald by 1915.

Out on pilings into the water, this lengthy building had a saloon on the first floor and living quarters on the second. This was not a hotel, but did a very busy boat trade, being located between two boat clubs.

To the south and practically next door, Charles Sigler built the big San Souci Hotel. This was managed in earliest years by Charles and Martha Sigler and by 1915 Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Krautwald became the new owners.

Many famous people visited this popular hotel. It was a musicians retreat when Charles Straight Jr. was a popular band leader.

Mr. Krautwald was an erect, hard hitting, tough character who had a military history in Germany. He was also an expert hat-maker. He trapped muskrats locally, tanned the skins and worked them into fur hats. The ice-workers of Cedar Lake took pride in owning one of those warm, fur headpieces in the cold winters of the 1920's.

(Continued next week)

Page 5

Pioneer's Life Full. Exciting

Wednesday, December 4, 1974, Page 3

by BEATRIC HORNER
PART III

Resort hotels didn't always know the true identity of its weekend residents.

Nor is it known whether or not the managers of these hotels knew they were the hosts of members of the city's underworld. So, when it was rumored that Cedar Lake was chosen, often, as a hide-a-way, we cannot deny this.

When James Crocker took over the management of the San Souci hotel in 1928 business was slowing down and we were entering the era of the big depression and all of our hotels were fading into oblivion.

The Olsons had two buildings that served as hotels and boarding houses. This was a popular family relationship, well thought of in the region of the Scandanavian following.

Pretty Jennie Olson married the boy next door, Carl Gragg. Carl was a descendent of Warling Gragg and Mary Anne Taylor of Cedar Lake. Carl Gragg and Emil Ruge managed the Ruge and Gragg Lumber Company in Lowell and the Wilbur Lumber Company in Cook in the 1920's and years thereafter.

Ownership of so much of this entire land section from Binyon Point to Surprise Park was predetermined by earlier pioneers and subsequent livision by heirs.

It started with a United States land grant in 1843 to George W. Dille. He sold this section of 95 acres to Amos Edgerton. This at the time included what is known as Surprise Park as far as 145th St.

Then, the names of Frazier, Hardin, Reeder, Fronek, Hoffman, Taylor, Palmer, Echterling, Feddeler and Cline caused the Eastern shortland to be cut up long before the days of subdividing that came in the 1920's.

Catherine Wilson became the heir of 10 acres of land and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson lived in what was once the Olson Hotel.

Charles Wilson must have been quite a conversationalist. When visiting Crown Point in 1929 he told townsmen that the ice had a depth of 30 inches that year. He said it would be a long time with the best of conditions before "Crappie" fishing would be possible. He said the thickness of the ice beats anything he had ever seen for many a year.

He also made this pronouncement, according to the late Guy Surprise — "Charley Wilson said: It's a comin' - there's going to be a bunch of educated fools in this country — ".

Mr. Wilson was a retired printer and typesetter who came from the east. He hired carpenters Ernie Taylor and James Ceunerhorsky to build several cottages between the main road and the lake shore. Thus the Wilson subdivision began.

Enough trade was generated at that time to cause the Algoes (Evans) grocery store to be established on the North-east corner of the Wilson subdivision entrance.

Another short jaunt down the road southward brings us to King's road. This name was acquired in the 1950's and prior to this time it was the entrance to Idlewilde. Idlewilde lies just north of Surprise park, and Wm. Green bought this 150' deep strip of land in 1897.

IDDINGS HOME
OPENED TO 4-H'RS

Just North of Idlewilde on the shores was the home of the Gragg family, and in 1922 it was the summer home of Dr. Iddings of Lowell, who allowed no carpets on his floors, because he declared them unhygienic. These were the days before the electric vacuum sweeper.

Mrs. Iddings opened her home to 4-H girls of South County at that time and this visit to Cedar Lake was a rare treat.

Homes southward recall the names of Steery, Schuster, Pollack, Hoffman, White, Anneman — Then the house now numbered 14234 King's Drive became the summer home of the owner of the Hunding Dairy Co. of Chicago.

By 1943 Joseph Sirotek lived here. Mr. Sirotek had patented the first refrigerated box car. He lives today and is 87 years old, but is no longer a citizen of these shores.

REED FAMILY
MADE IMPRESSION

All of these people added greatly to the colorful life style of Cedar Lake's eastern shores but one family seemed to have made a deeper impression, when, in about 1908, Mark Reed came to live in the area already named Idlewilde.

On these premises was an established older dwelling. Mark Reed added to the cabin until the finished home became one with many high dormer windows complete with striped awnings and elaborate hand cut shingle facades. Long, wide awnings could be dropped along the sizable porches to govern the sun and the rain.

The second home seemed yet more expensively built with its shuttered bay windows and more detailed carpenter work that renders the porch a comfortable attraction.

Wicker Rockers, slatted benches and slim hammocks invited the many friends that were always on the scene all summer over that Golden Era of the early 1900's.

The Reeds traveled extensively and collected many treasures, all of which he used to decorate the interior of his home. They brought Linden tree seedlings from Europe to plant along the shoreline fronting their property.

About 1922 John Schrieber hauled a load of stone in a "Reed's truck into the driveway of Idlewilde. Hanging in a cage from a tree limb was a talkative parrot. The bird was adept at using expletives and had no qualms about putting them to use greeting strangers. John still remembers that one sided conversation with that bird.

A barn stabled the fine horses that both the men and womenfolk rode. Horses, hunting dogs, fishing and boating equipment and guitars seen in old photographs speak of the life-style of this family.

The Reeds also afforded quarters for a Black family who were caretakers for this complex of buildings as well as household help.

Mark Reed was a Red Cross Shoe Merchant and this was the family's summer home in Idlewilde at Cedar Lake.

Come Labor Day — all became quiet but over at Binyon's near the road a new life began.

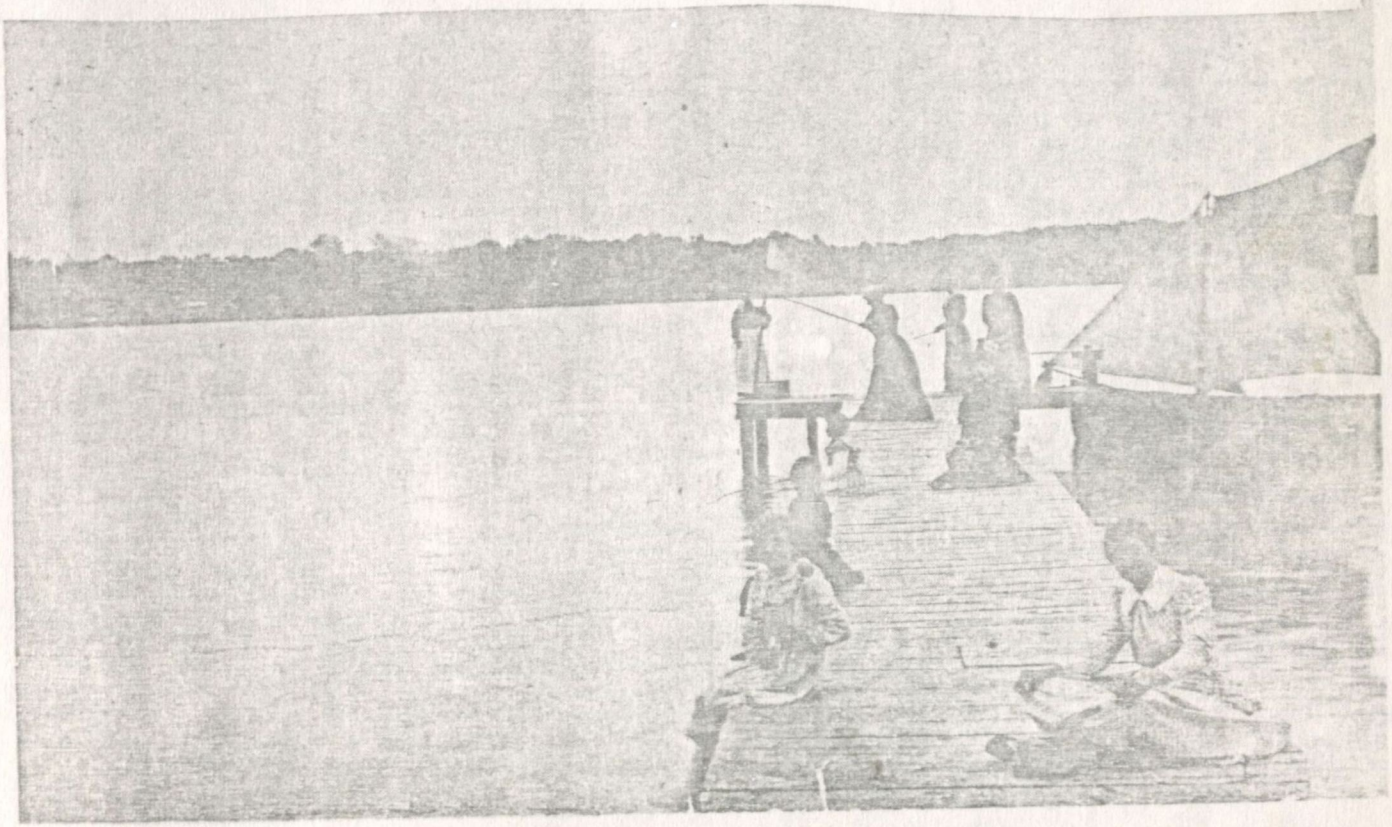
Each autumn the Binyon school opened its door and the quiet routine of book learning stabilized the activities and by comparison — all was quiet until summer came again.

The ashes of the era of 1880 to 1940 have blown away and a new growth has come about. Completely different in its outlook, we see residential districts, business districts and a police headquarters all along the Eastern Area.

Replacing the little Binyon School experience is the long fleet of big yellow buses. They pass daily along Morse Street hauling tomorrow's little citizens to the big consolidated schools of Lake County.

Today it would be just as difficult to speculate about future activities of the Cedar Lake eastern shoreline as it was for the earliest pioneers in those primitive days, but will it ever be as exciting again?

Mark Reed with his family and friends gathered on the porch of his summer home in Cedar Lake in 1908.

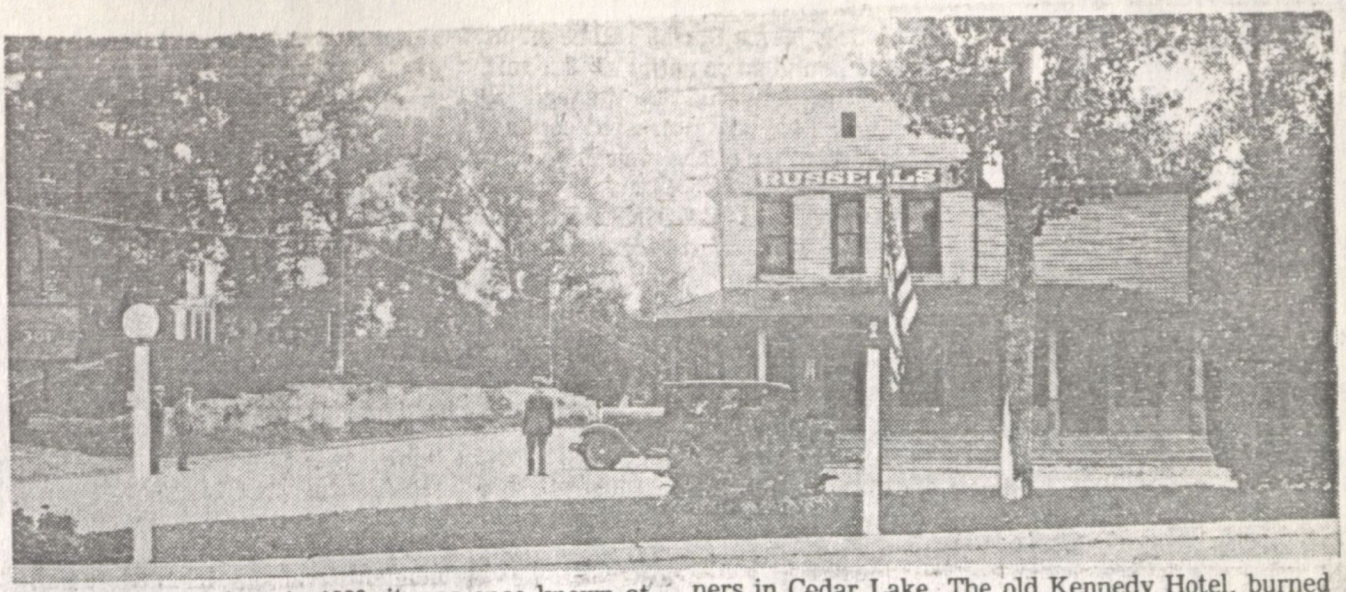


This was taken on the pier of Mark Reed, the small sailboat in the background was made by the Olson boatmakers of the eastern Cedar Lake Shore in 1908.

Cedar Lake boasted of 47 hotels

The Cedar Point Hotel which stood in northeastern Cedar Lake, built by Sigler and Thistlewaite builders.

In the good old days,



Bob Russell's place in 1920, it was once known at Ray's Roadhouse. It is now known as Coleman's Corners in Cedar Lake. The old Kennedy Hotel, burned down in the 1960's, is visible in the background at left. (Photos courtesy of Beatrice Horner)

by Beatrice Horner

Let's imagine we've been standing on the platform of the Monon's depot at midwest shores of Cedar Lake in the years before 1900

Having just arrived, we have come out of Chicago on one of the Monon's excursion passenger trains to inquire our way to a hotel described in a brochure as the Grand Cedar Point Hotel.

How exciting to board a big, canopied, noisy gasoline launch driven by Joseph Hoffman who claimed his boat to be the finest on the lake. And it was. Across the lake we go for a choppy one mile ride to the northeast.

Just look over there in the trees! It was hard to believe our eyes.

Chugging along, the launch pulls up to a sturdy plank pier. Assisted as we alight, we are draped in bulky gay nineties clothes and burdened with heavy, leather-strapped luggage.

The ride had been free for all of manager Frank L. Olson hotel customers who had come with reservations.

WE SET FOOT ON soil earlier pioneered by names such as Taylor, Edgerton, and McCarty, once used in it's natural state for tenting and picnic outings.

We learn that the Cedar Point hotel was built in 1893.

Along had come the Sigler Hotel Company, a corporation whose owners were Charles Sigler and George W. Lawrence Jr. Others concerned were Ed and Charles Thistlethwaite.

On the drawing board was a planned elegant hotel to be built at Cedar Point on Cedar Lake's northeastern shores.

On that 42 acre site was eventually erected a three-story hotel, a big caretaker's house, a windmill and a tower pump.

This was the beginning of a project that would exceed all to date, as hotels at this popular resort were fast becoming a booming industry.

The Sigler Hotel Company had already built the San Souci Hotel at mideastern shores (and by 1898 they built the big 100-room Sigler Hotel just south of the Monon Park, now know as the Conference Grounds.)

Following had come financial pressures such as mechanic's liens for lumber, work and materials concerned with names Thistlethwaite, McAvoy Co., Hine's Lumber Co., India Rubber Tire Co, etc.

ONE EXAMPLE WAS a mortgage note acquired, $7,000 from the First National Bank of Crown Point at eight percent interest per annum by Ed Thistlethwaite.

Despite hassles over how to finance and promote, make no mistake, this was to be a grand hotel as summer hotels were in those years of the excursion train.

Few customers came by automobile in those early years.

Vacationing guests needed to escape the pelting heat of city sidewalks and row-houses as well as factory smokestacks and noisy railroad terminals.

The proprietor who had worked up a brochure was F.L. Olesin and this small booklet would explain it all, as the merits of the Cedar Point Hotel were advertised mainly in Chicago, our nearest big city.

How to get there: by Monon Railroad, four trains each way, daily. For those going out by wheel just follow the stone road through Hammond leading the the door of the Cedar Point Hotel. Rates were $1.50 ten day ticket, round trip; $1.00 3 days, Sat., Sun., Mon., round trip; $.75 1 day, Sunday only, round trip.

OUR GASOLINE launch, one of the finest on the lake, meets all trains and gives free transportation from the depot to the Cedar Point Hotel, a beautiful one mile ride across the lake.

Flowing across the pages were these words: Get out into the open, away from the haunts of men, from the rush of many feet, the chaos of commercialism, down to the ground.

"Enjoy the chirping of the tree toad, the smell of earth and foliage as the glint of water gives new life to the tired body and exhausted brain."

"Cedar Point is well upon rising ground, a beautiful environment of hill and dale, with a placid lake and stately trees. Pick the wild flowers of spring, in the fall the stately Aster and Goldenrod - pleasant roads and quiet walks."

"To appeal to the artificial in us, which after all we've cultivated so long - there rises out of the natural attractions - a beautiful hotel."

"It really is picturesque and attractive, broad and low with ample piazzas, representing every creature comfort that taste can suggest or money can buy."

"Strictly modern in plan, equipment and management. The lobby reading room and drawing rooms and dining room are all on the first floor. All is spacious light and airy, having a view over the lake through the trees to the rolling country beyond."

"For comfort to the seeker of rest are elegant bedrooms all sizes and shapes, single and ensuite, beautifully furnished with fine soft beds."

"The halls are wide and carpeted in bright-colored velvet carpetings. The lobby has crimson rugs and hangings, having a look of homliness so rarely found in large buildings."

"The kitchen is new, perfectly appointed and being supplied by our own garden that assures us of the best of everything to eat in great variety."

"Then there is the charming ballroom. It is beautifully decorated and well ventilated, having a maple floor kept in perfect condition."

"Here you can spend several evenings each week dancing to the latest melodies played by our regular orchestra which also entertains us during lunch and dinner."

All of this was being told in glowing terms, intending to make the Thistlethwaite Hotel your choice at Cedar Lake.

THAT HOTEL LIVED up to its earned reputation. Quietly and efficiently the hired help moved from room to room. This payroll listed all ages recruited from early Cedar Lake families, dependable and eager to hold down a job.

Being modern in those days meant the hiring of maids, busboys, cooks, gardeners and stable men.

There were stables for several horses, orchards and gardens, brick storage cellars, all needing expert attention.

All baking was done in the hot iron cookstoves and ovens. Floors were scrubbed and oil lamps were kept filled, their chimneys polished daily.

Hand pushed carpet sweepers and "under-bed" chambers were the things to implement cleanliness.

Drinking water was on the premises, pumped for man and horse, by a tall windmill easily seen from much of Cedar Lake's shoreline population.

The big Cedar Point Hotel, now being called the Thistlethwaite, had in their twenty years between 1893 and 1913, for competition; such popular hostelries as: The Burke, Ray's Roadhouse, Hetzlers, Mellwood, Hein, Ploetz Lakeview, Einsele's (Cedar Beach), Ge Shiedler's, Hunter House, Von Borstel's Lakeside, San Souci, Binyon, Armour Bros., BuBrueill, Kennedy, Edgewater, Olsen I; II, Shamrock, Toomey's, Mitch, Glendinning, Kinckerbocker, Paisley's Weber, Schlisher, Derby, Wilson, Rosenbaur, Sigler, Top Flight...

LIGHTS WERE DIM come nightfall, in the years of the early hotels. Very little glow was cast along and into the water's edge before the advent of electricity in this country region of Lake County.

(continued on page 11)

(continued from page 7)

When the Lassen Bros. "Indiana's Largest on the water dance pavillion" was built in 1904, even those lights were soft and mellow as they penetrated the deeper waters lakeward.

All summer hotel guests considered it an unforgetable experience to listen to the name band melodies floating over the lake on quiet moonlight nights.

For another listening experience just ask any old-time today as they describe the smaller dance halls within the hotels. Inside would be player pianos, nickleodeans and / or three-piece orchestras.

We find there are few living today that will describe the brightest light of all when in 1914 the three-story Thistlethwaite hotel in Cedar Point burned to the ground.

That pile of ashes was but a forerunner of the fate of other hotels to be built and leave the the scene prior to World War II.

Our list, to date, totals 47 hotels and boarding houses of all shapes and sizes that completed an era not again to be duplicated in regional history.

For about 10 years the region called Cedar Point reverted back to its natural state, thick with oak and cedar trees and profuse with wild bushes and other indigenous plant life.

IN 1923 THE Cedar Lake Realty Co. was established with John Pech, Joseph Stipek Jr., Warren Kolmer, Matthew Bernard and John Jurik as its owners.

Their principle place of business was an office at the newly created Cedar Point subdivision at Cedar Lake.

That subdivision consisted of lots numbered from one to 475 all within but 30 acres of land. Those 35' lots sold for $175 each. Terms were a $25 down payment with $5 monthly payments, all restricted against tents and unsanitary houses. Buyers had privileges of pier, parking and picnic areas for lot owners only, along the 2,000 foot lake frontage. Only caucasians and gentiles need apply.

This Cedar Point became another of the beautiful lake regions that became cut up into lots too small to be of much use when septic tanks and garages came crowding in during the depression years of the 1930's.

Now if you wish again to hear the chirping of the tree toads, to smell the earth's foliage, to see a placid lake and sturdy trees just show up at dusk in Lemon Lake Park, a little more than a mile from Cedar Point and adjacent to Cedar Lake's town boundary line.

Lemon Lake Park includes Lemon Lake and both are strong history reflecting the old days of Cedar Point before the invasions of hotel builders and subdividers.

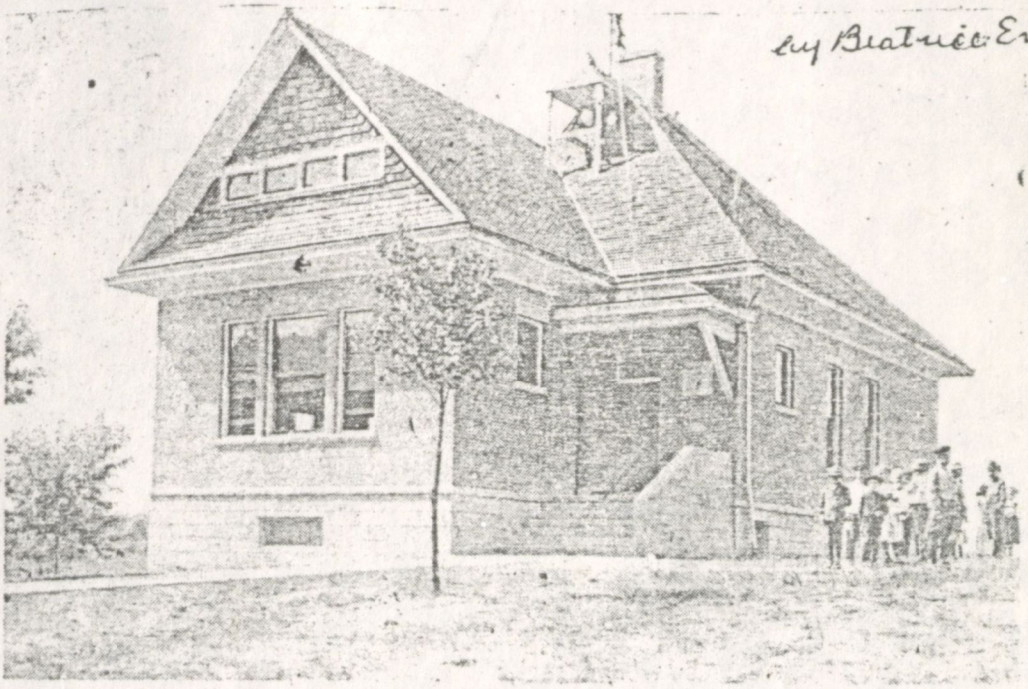
All we have left now is a picture of the Cedar Point's Thistlethwaite Hotel that must quietly join the others in our album of early Cedar Lake when hotels were one of our industries of yesteryear.

page 1

School Days At Cedar Lake Remembered

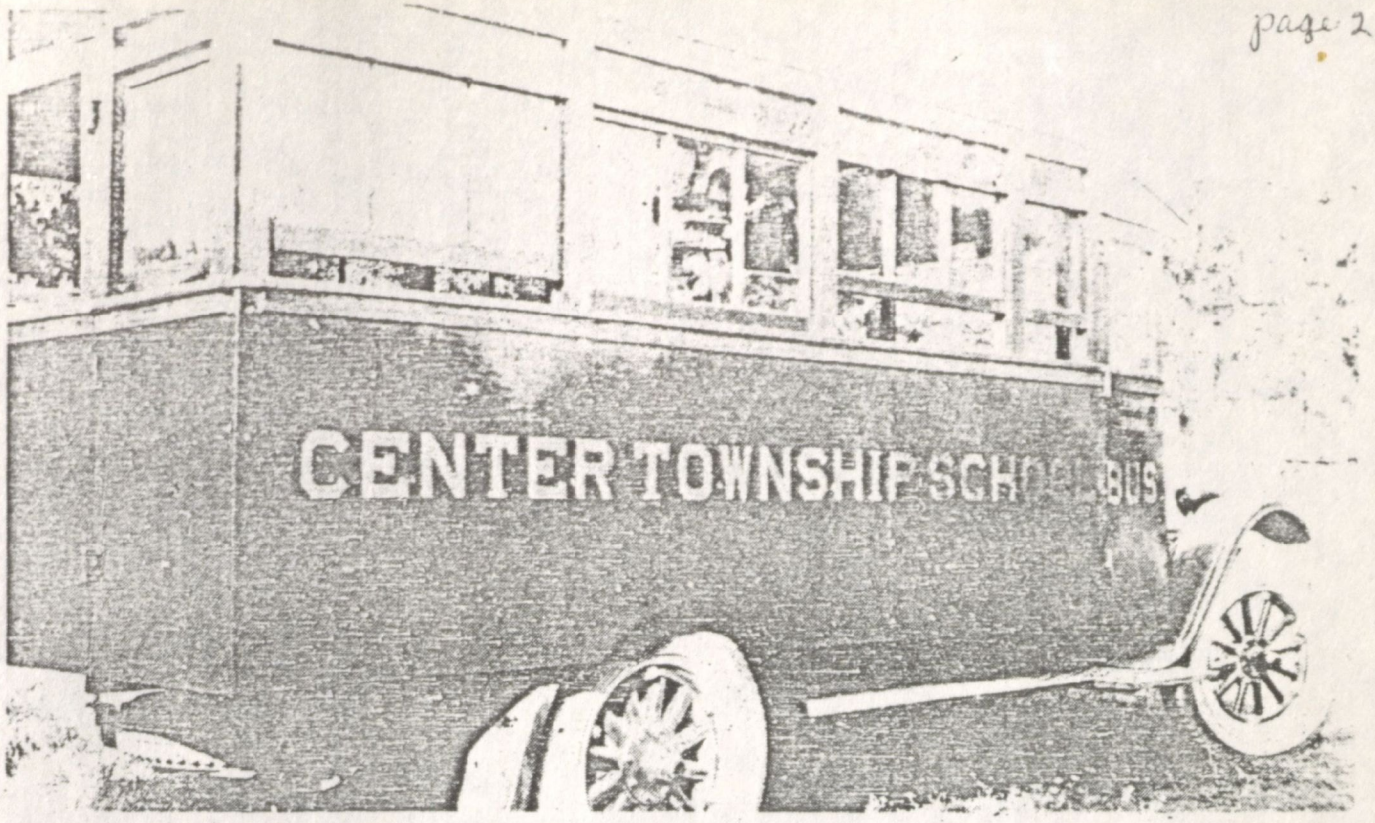
Wednesday, April 9, 1975 Page 3

by Beatrice Ewer Horner

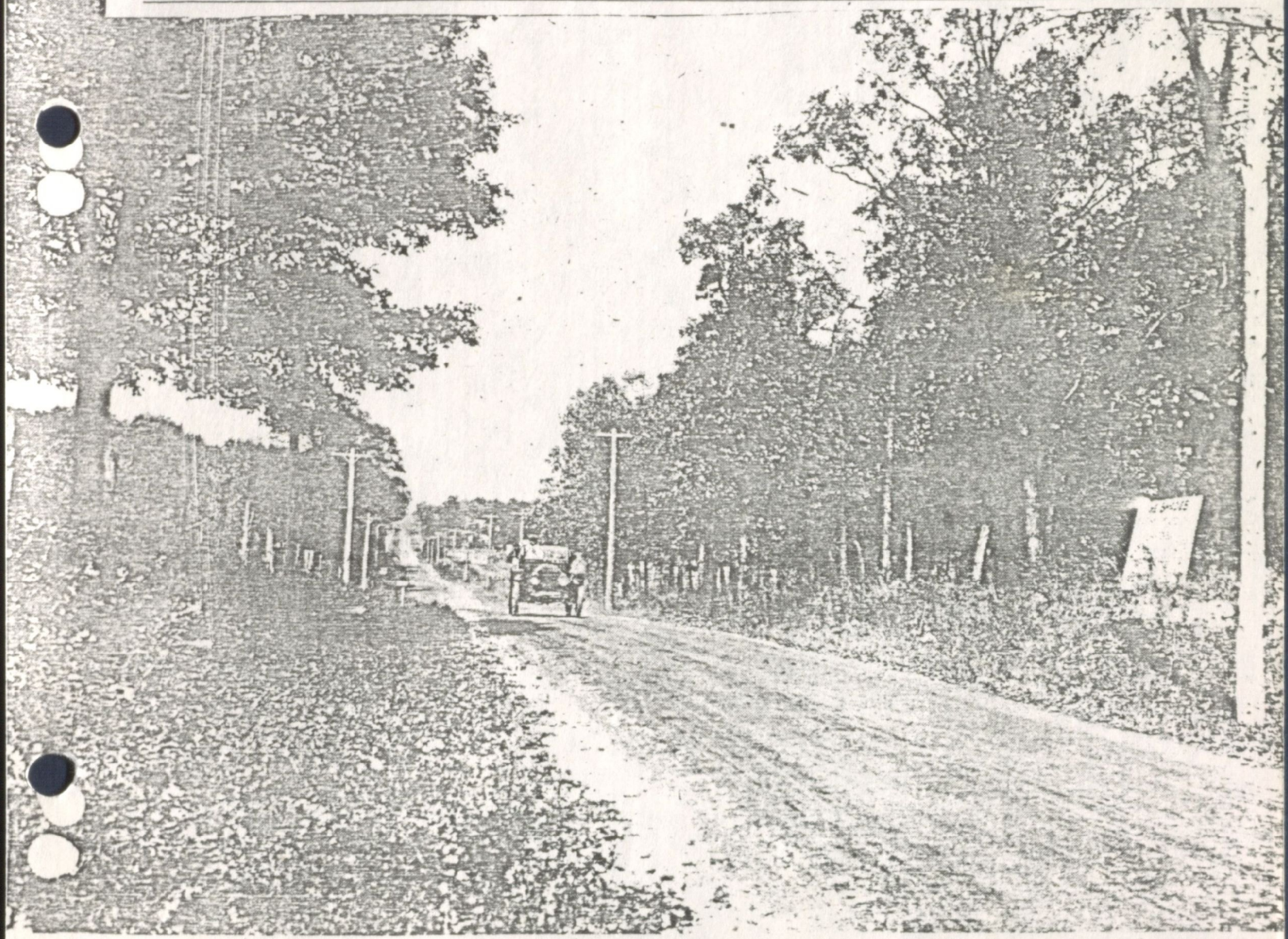


The Binyon School was built in 1885 to replace the Red Cedar School.

C. L. Register



Leonard Barman built this school bus, the area's first motorized bus, by hand in 1926.



Cabe Auto Road passed by the Binyon Road on the left when headed north in 1915.

BY BEATRICE HORNER
Part One

- - - And in the beginning here was the Ball Log School located at North West Cedar Lake.- - -

Following closely, in those 1840 pioneer years, was another roughly built school aptly called the Red Cedar School.

This building was sited on land whose address today is along Morse Street.

There, early teachers, Mary Jane Ball and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Cutler, taught quite a roomful of pupils as the years entered the 1860's.

By 1870 there was a quick drop in attendance when many families of the area left the region. They had loaded up their belongings on wagons and followed a trek westward, joining a movement over the Mississippi river, as land was being homesteaded in that direction.

TEACHER'S LIFE, A HARD ONE

About that same time a teacher, Mrs. J. L. Hill had acquired a teacher's licence at the age of 16. She lived in Crown Point and walked the ten miles to the Red Cedar School daily.

The life of a school teacher of those years were rugged almost beyond human endurance. It is difficult to picture these young women having to perform such menial tasks daily as well as having to teach all eight grades.

Mrs. Hill would dip drinking water from the Lake, bugs and all, and place the pail with its tin dipper, on a shelf in the school room.

She swept the floors, cleaned the blackboard, corrected test papers, and blew little noses.

Now and then she took time out to open up the pot bellied stove to throw in a chunk of wood.

This wood was brought by wagon or bobsled, each family taking it's turn at furnishing the firewood throughout the nine month school semester.

That semester was shortened for some older boys who had to move slower through the upper grades.

They were kept out of school to help at home through "Corn Schucking Time" in the fall or planting time in the Spring.

The gym classes were held all over the schoolyard. The teacher was expected to join the children in outdoor games during the noon hour and she frantically tried to amuse them indoors on cold or rainy days, so she heartily thumped the organ so they could march up and down the aisles and through the long narrow hallway.

She was often seen in her long skirts, high laced shoes and pompadoured hair, racing across the yard playing hide-and-seek, pom-pom-pull-a-way, duck-on-a-rock or run-sheep-run.

She kept an eye on the time, signaled the children to make quick use of the out-door restrooms that were positioned at opposite corners of the back yard.

Then she rang a handbell, a summons to come in quietly and take your assigned seats.

The seats of the Red Cedar School at Cedar Lake were backless benches all the same heights. The smaller children's feet couldn't reach the floor, but they had fun swinging their little legs so they didn't mind a bit.

Now all was quiet and firm discipline was absolute and unquestioned.

Those little folk were clothed in long black stockings and high topped button shoes Their clothing was usually hand made and durable, their mothers ever mindful of the need to protect them from the bitter cold.

Children walked to school from all eastern areas of Cedar Lake regardless of distance or weather. Their fingers were snuggled in hand knit mittens as they carried tin lunch buckets of all shapes and sizes.

They entered the long front hall that stretched along the front of the schoolroom, then placed their full dinner buckets and muddy boots in rows along the floor against the wall. Just above they hung their woolen coats on black iron hooks. This clothing was packed so tight together that the hall looked very much like high noon at a rummage sale!

In April of 1973 we received a letter from the daughter of one of Cedar Lake's pioneer school teachers. Addie Wheeler Mann wrote from Michigan:

Dear Cousin - - - "I will tell you of my mother Elizabeth Jaqua. Born in 1858, died April 11, 1911. She came from Millmore, Ohio and her parents bought property in Valparaiso, Ind. She was a school teacher and her father found a place for her to teach at Cedar Lake in a country schoolhouse. She also acted as a preacher on Sundays when noon would come. She boarded with some people that my father (Charles Wheeler) was working for taking care of the horses. They were united in marriage March 21, 1880 - - -"

This valued, informative letter is writted proof of the time when the combined school and church was an active asset to the Eastern Cedar Lake community in its' pioneer years.

As early as 1852 a state school tax of 10 cents of every $100 of assesed valuation was authorized. The Civil War caused delay in an orderly development of a school system but after the conflict ended there was a growing demand for elementary schools.

SCHOOL SYSTEM BEGAN GROWING

By 1885 little red school houses sprung up all over the County of Lake and the center township school, a frame one, was built at this time to replace the older Red Cedar School.

The original landsite, now the property of John Binyon caused a name change. This one room public school was afterwards known as the Binyon School.

The new schools interior was now updated. The desks were placed in rows one behind the other. Each child had his own individual fold-up seat and the book department

was sided with wrought iron grillwork. The polished wood desk top had a hole in the upper right hand corner that held a hinge covered glass inkwell.

Everyone faced the teachers desk that was placed on a raised platform at the front of the room. A pot bellied stove with its long line of stove pipe was centrally located and a strong woodbox stood nearby.

Every child was given a small slate and some chalk for daily cyphering and spelling. Paper was used only for the times when teachers gave a test. Books were expensive, especially the larger history and geography textbooks so these were often shared between students.

Folks were proud of this advanced school and they co-operated generously as they envisioned their children living better lives by receiving a good education.

A long hitching rail was provided for those who came in horse and buggy, surrey or cutter to attend the community meetings or to attend other entertaining programs.

A charge of 10 cents each brought out all of the proud parents when a fund raising home talent play was given. This money was to be used to buy books for the school library.

This library was in the front of the room and consisted of several shelves behind two long slim glass doors. The school also need a flagpole and the teacher was so pleased when that was erected in front of the building.

Daily she played the foot pumped, wheezing organ as she conducted the morning music sessions that included all eight grades.

They opened the school by singing "Good Morning to You, We're all in our places, with sun shining faces, Oh, this is the way to start a new day!"

A salute to the flag as they said the Pledge of Allegiance in unison, and then out came the books as the teacher moved from grade to grade with trusted expertise.

MUSIC LESSONS BY TRAVELING TEACHER

By 1900 a travelling music teacher made the rounds from school to school and at the Binyon everyone knew their music class would be held a certain hour, one day a week, regularly. Miss Ferguson and Miss Bessie Black are remembered music teachers.

The work load was entirely too much for one teacher when Miss May Fancher taught in the years of 1895. With much debate and problem solving, a big new two room brick school was planned to accomadate the the ever increasing school population of eastern Cedar Lake.

Mary Stife lives in her north eastern Cedar Lake home in 1975 at the age of 82. Her mind sharp despite some health proplems, she tells us that she was born in 1893, the year of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

She trotted at the age of 6 to the new two room brick Binyon School, where she went to get all eight grades of her education. During the first four years her teacher was Miss Ella Gaff and the last four years she learned from Miss Matilda Beatie. When Mary's son James Kubal went to the same school in 1922 Miss Beatie was still teaching there and this speaks of record years for these teachers.

Mary Hetzler (Stife) and her chum Lillian Fronek sang like canaries in the Christmas programs. They were dressed in their Sunday best hand-made ginghams and their long thick braided hair was fastened back with large fancy ribbon bows, so fashionable for young girls of her day.

Children from the region who participated in these programs over the years of the Binyon school form an unfinished list as follows: Spindler, Nelson, Cernerhorsky, Fronek, Holmer, Taylor, Toomey, Hetzler, Snell, Ribbentrop, Hennan, Brannon, Huber, Reeder, Kolar, Hoffman, Surprise, Leather, Knesek, Von Borstel, White, Stever, Borman, Gervais,.

When Christmaas came the children were given a half day off. The boys went in search of an evergreen tree tall enough to tower near the high ceiling of the classroom. Everyone congregated to paste long colorful strips of paper into links forming a continous chain. This they fastened from limb to limb on the aromatic pine tree.

They clipped wax candles here and there but no one ever lit them lest they start a fire. A mistake like that had happened in the Schneider school and Santa Claus' whiskers had caught one fire. No one wanted tragedy at this gala time of year, especially when they knew someone's daddy would be playing Santa Claus Ho-Ho-Ho-(Someone said it was Janitor Stillson).

January and Febraury brought extreme cold and the wood fired round oak stoves in the two rooms of the new Binyon School just couldn't keep those big classrooms at a comfortable temperature. Children of those years of early 1900 tell us they nearly froze when they were in the grades of the west room. By 1920 a furnance was put in the cellar but still it was too cold.

Sp. February

Lemon Lake spills it's waters into a creek located just north of the Binyon school. Ray Spindler pastured his hogs along the creek and a barn also stood there in the early years. This creek was commonly known in the area as "Hog Patch Ditch."

During the noon hour the schoolboys couldn't resist the adventures beckoning at "Hog Patch Ditch". When they returned at the call of the bell, they had wet shoes and dripping pants legs.

Water dripped down the bellrope leaving a puddle of water on the floor in the hall owing to a leak in the belfry roof.

Everytime the teacher rang the bell she too had wet shoe-soles and cold feet.

Often the whole school wore their coats and boots all day in school when the wind blew snow drifts as high as the windows and over the roads and ditches making everyone snowbound. There was to be no snowplow to dig them out. The children's parents would come after them in those deep freeze good old days, driving in horse drawn, straw filled bob-sleds.

The children had been in school from 9 to 4 and they would get home after dark in mid-winter.

Miss Goff and Miss Beatie of Crown Point sometimes came together in a cutter, pulled by one horse with sleigh bells on its harness.

Emma Fronek and some of her friends would hitch their sleds onto their teacher's cutter and they'd get pulled all the way to the Binyon school. and when Valentine's day Emma was yet happier. Charles Kolar, evidently an interested schoolmate, had favored her with 14 valentines!

The old Spindler barn near Hog Patch Ditch had a passageway through the center from end to end. A little troupe of skinny legged, chattering girls always ran through this barn as they played during recess, over near the creek.

One winter when the Lakes Ice Industry farming was at it's peak the children ran through the barn.

They were shocked when they saw the frozen body of a dead man laying to one side in the hay. The teacher was told and the sheriff was called.

For day the children were questioned and the area combed; but no one ever found out who the unfortunate man was. For quite a while the girls were reluctant to stray away from the schoolyard.

by BEATRICE HORNER

Part II

There was no school sports program that ever thought of including the girls in those days, at Cedar Lake.

Baseball and football was for boys. The older girls sometimes joined in those tough games with such gusto that they were reprimanded by their teachers who said they should be more neat and ladylike.

The Binyon had for its teachers some of the best, whose numbers also included Misses Ruby and Minnie McCarty, Heiser, Ziese and Ruby Mitch, Holtz, Mamie, Errands, as the years went on.

We tried to find out just exactly what those children learned from those excellent teachers of yesteryear. To date we haven't found out a thing.

Everyone is too busy laughing about the antics performed by the young "ruffians" of those carefree childhood years.

GAMES INTEREFERED WITH EDUCATION

All teachers were hired to impart knowledge but through long practice they also learned to confiscate sling shots and marbles or dodge paper wads. The teachers at the Binyon were also exposed to some antics that were surely singular in their happening.

They tell us that usually two young lads were supposed to unhitch "Old Jim," the teachers horse, feed it and tie it in the shed for the day. It was Cordie Coffin and Guy Surprise who took a pail of red barn paint and made a spotted pony out of Miss Beatie's blind white horse.

She drove the mottled horse home that night and when back the next day, she asked James Cernerborsky to go home and get some kerosene.

Then the two guilty boys had a job removing red paint apots from "Old Jim." The punishment had fit the crime and today's Binyon Alumni think it was funny to see those boys scrubbing red spots off the teacher's old horse that day.

PRACTICAL JOKES THE CRAZE

Warren Stillson was for years the janitor of the Binyon school. He said a teacher really had to be ready for anything in those years of so much skuffling on the playground. Warren said that Henry and Clifford Snell, Harold Hetzler and Charles Fronek took a rope and tied the teacher to a tree. Mr. Stillson came to her rescue. They said they did it so the teacher couldn't ring the bell!

That infernal bell must have been dreaded by every child in that school. It's clear sound could be heard over as far as the lake front but it only caused problems for John Toomey.

John was lucky he lived so near the school in the years over W. War I. The family pastured a cow near the shoreline. This pet cow named "Bossie" had to be milked before and after school daily. John, bucket in hand, had trouble getting co-operation in the early morning hours. The cow always walked out into the lake to get a drink of water.

Frantic coaxing and calling went unheeded,as Bossie just stood there, out of reach and looked back on shore, at John, with those big soft brown moo-cow eves.

Finally the cow was milked and John ran over to the Spindler home where he ate pancakes with his friend Hank Spindler. Then both boys ran over east to the Binyon school, arriving just in time for the bill to ring.

Binyon School boys might have appeared to have their minds on the 3 r's but they didn't fool the teacher.

She could see their thoughts wander out to the big baseball field located on the back acreage between the school and the lake. The most popular boy in school was the one who owned a ball and bat in those pre-Babe Ruth days.

The first horse drawn schoolbuses were driven by Ed Reeder, William Brannon and Leonard Barman until the early years of 1920.

The first motorized bus was hand-built and driven by Leonard Barman. The parents were so grateful now because their children arrived home before dark with this speedier means of transportation.

The brick Binyon school caught fire in 1929 and was completely destroyed.The old

furnace was suspected as the cause.

A quick move had to be made to set up portables to continue the school term. Meanwhile the children went for awhile to a makeshift classroom set up on the Hoffman Hotel near Art Peterson's ice house north of Cedar Point. A few of the youngsters were in a class within the home of John Knesek.

The eight children of John and Marie (Lottes) Steur didn't plan to ride a bus in the years of 1920. They lived directly across the road to the east from the big 2 room brick Binyon school.

It was supposedly a boy's dream to watch the school burn down thus ending his days of enforced learning forever, but this event only caused the Steur children to have to get up earlier and catch the schoolbus going northward.

Then the big consolidated Cedar Lake School now known as the McArthur school, was placed on Kolar farmland on Fairbanks Avenue.

Several small schools of Center Township now sent their children to that larger structure. Named among the schools closed in those years were the Lew Wallace, Fathke, Reeder, Pince and Houk. The Riley continued to be used.

By this time larger school buses picked up these children from the highways and by-ways of Center Township.

The children of Binyon's first grade, removed to the new Cedar Lake School in 1930, graduated in 1937. A souvenir class brochure listed now 19 graduates. Among the group of names wer find the name Ernest Niemeyer. He is our State Senator representing South Lake County in 1975.

These children riding now, never knew the joy of an earlier ride their reminiscing parents spoke of when they went to old Binyon School.

It had been customary for the entire enrollment of the Binyon to have a picnic on the last day of school.

Parents would come with their children bringing baskets of food and plenty of cold lemonade. They ate sitting on the lawn under the trees.

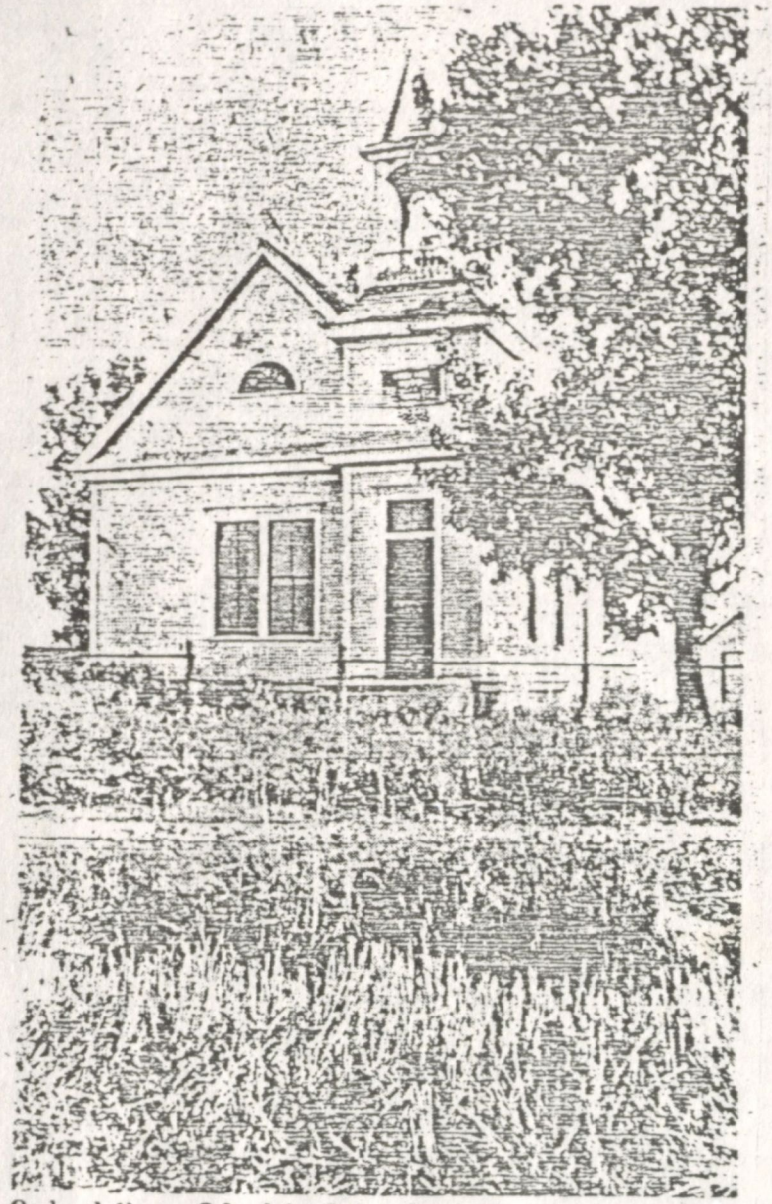
Then came the big treat. Christ Lassen, owner of the "Dewey Line," pulled one of his big launches alongside the lengthy Lassen pier. The whole school boarded the motorized, wood and canopied, open air boat.

They were taken for a joyful, squealing, fun packed cruise all around the kidney shaped state lake, Lake County's largest inland lake.

School was out now, and as it ended, so also does this yarn about those school daze at the old Binyon of Cedar Lake.

Kids rode the Dewey Line on the last day of school.

Pioneer Schools



Orchard Grove School in Cedar Creek Township, located on Grant St. [south of State Road 2], was built in 1899 and was a handsome structure. It was torn down in 1951.

On the last day of school in 1919, Mildred Surprise's students at Orchard Grove School dressed up for a school picnic and posed for this photograph in front of their school building.

Pilcher Publishing Co. Cedar Lake Journal - Wednesday, October 6, 1982

Pioneer Schools Combined

Just a few families could dominate a country school in pioneer days, since all ages of children attended classes in the same schoolroom. The school picture from Orchard Grove School in 1921 featured these youngsters: [front] Russell Reynolds, Bertrand Ewer, William Ewer, Earl Ewer, [left] Beulah Baker, [right] Grace Ewer, [back] Beatrice Ebert, Nelda Kenney, Marie Bower, Beatrice Ewer [the author], Mary Baker, Ruth Ewer, the teacher, Luanna Baker and Pauline Tilton.

Pioneer Schools Combined Work And Play

4 AUG. 1982
C.L. Journal

[This is part one of a series of articles by Cedar Lake Town Historian Beatrice Horner on her school days in south Lake County, relating the trials and tribulations of life in the pioneer days. With renewed interest in the early days of formal education due to plans at the Buckley Homestead to re-create the Buckley School, this series is very appropriate. The focus this week is on early memories of school days.]

By Beatrice Horner

"Hurry up, the bell is ringing" –and we have only five minutes more. So we break into a run, all six of us.

We are the Ewer children, late again. So many times we were late, and was it any wonder?

We had walked 2-1/4 miles, most of it stone and 1/2 mile was clay. When it rained it was real old country mud.

Our 80 acre farm was once the Purdy farm. It was located east of Lowell to todays Marshall street and then North. Spring Run Creek ran from North to South thru our farmland east of the dirt township road.

I was not born there.

This farm had been purchased by my father, Fred C. Ewer, in 1915. Our first home was the Matilda Fedler farm just North of the old Sheridan school, west of Lowell, Ind.

Fred Ewer married Maude Wheeler in 1906, and by the time we packed to move from West to East there were six children bundled into the two seated surrey, Bertrand, Earl, Beatrice, William, Ruth and Grace 6 mo. old.

All through the business of moving farm machinery and household furnishings my child-like concern was "what became of our piano?" I was relieved when I saw it sitting in the living room of our new home. A sack of candy was sitting high on top. All was well.

Talk of school was the big news ahead for us children. Bert started the following autumn, the next year Earl, and the big event was to be mine, next.

Born in January, I was held over until seven years old. The big reason was the long distance from our home to Orchard Grove school.

Then I became the lucky one.

Walter Beck (Crown Point's dentist Dr. Beck) was to be our teacher. He stayed in Lowell and rode a bicycle out to Orchard Grove daily. As he passed the corner where dirt met stone, he picked me up, seating me on his bicycle cross-bar, and I rode the next about two miles, arriving early with the teacher.

I started school in the second grade. Mr. Beck had tested me, and found I could read library books backward and also could read newspapers. My first teachers must have been my two older brothers going to school just ahead of me.

My second grade teacher was Lotus Metcalf, a very good teacher, but to me a very strict one.

I was afraid of her because she had punished me for talking aloud. I had drawn a picture and turning to Ralph Tilton behind me I said "Ralph, see my duck"—That did it. It was told to sit under teacher's desk until recess.

There were a lot of tardy marks on our report cards in those days.

A large family found it difficult to survive thru the cold months and into spring enduring epidemics of mumps, measles, scarlet fever and whooping cough. (In dog days of summer there was the fear of Infantile Paralysis).

Miles to walk, cold cold winters, childhood diseases, and no such things as a school bus or a snow plow. One winter a build up of snow and drifts had piled the snow as high as the old telephone lines. Mid-day sun crusted it and we could take a short cut over fields and ditches, walking atop the snow. Now and then a leg went down in and someone else had to pull you out.

We were able to snap the telephone wires along the snowbanks as we went along.

Our grades did not suffer because of poor attendance. We always willingly studied at home. Our parents stressed the importance of learning and we were book lovers.

In those days books were scarce and expensive, so we prized them highly. I don't recall ever tearing or scribbling up a book.

Education was a thing to highly prize.

So when the blizzards blew, my dad drove the team and bob-sled, a wagon box on runners, up to the kitchen door. "Us kids" got into the bed of straw, under those horse-hide and scratchy wool blankets, off to school regardless of how cold it was.

We were all dressed in long underwear, button fronted and drop seated. The boys were in corduroy knee pants, high felt boots with three buckle all rubber overshoes. The girls wore wool jumpers over flannel petticoats and sateen bloomers.

All wore long black stockings held up by garters hooked to a shoulder harness.

Over all this went wool coats, knit stocking caps and lined mittens.

by Beatrice Ewer Horner

Don't forget your lunch bucket! Big homemade bread sandwiches were wrapped in sheets of waxpaper or "boughten bread wrappers," and packed in a tin lard pail or a plow-boy tobacco pail. For dessert we'd have a big sugar cookie or an apple from a pit in the back yard.

We might have been weighted down with clothes, books and buckets but we were too busy to feel sorry for ourselves, so away we went to school.

Peer pressure was no problem. Usually there would be only one or two girls my own age in my grade. Everyone dressed as we did to deal with the cold.

[Next week: World War I years.]

[This is the second part of a series of articles written about the pioneer schools of south Lake County by Beatrice Horner, Cedar Lake town historian.

by Beatrice Horner

In the years of W. War 1 and into the 20's the climate pattern was different. It was March winds, April showers bring forth May flowers, and that was usually true.

Then we could shed cumbersome clothing and just stroll along returning from school. We scuffed out our shoes on stones, longing to go barefoot.

By April we'd take off those shoes when we reached the dirt road, finishing the trek barefoot, especially if it had rained and then all was mud again, but who cared.

By the time I was twelve I had learned to re-sole shoes on an iron last, doing such a good job that the tacks didn't stick through to reach someone's tender feet. Heels had to be replaced often and I learned to do that too.

Most all our shoes had been purchased at Grants store in Lowell or Sears Roebuck's mail order catalogue.

Walking so far brought out the mischief in the big boys. They picked up stones and threw them at green glass telephone insulators. Sometimes their aim was good and glass flew.

stone throwing when they hit the windows of the vacated home of the Dolton family by the bridge at Spring Run.

That night three boys at our house were marched to the barn. They found it hard to sit down to supper and in my sympathetic little heart I felt sorry for them.

Our dad had been a schoolteacher, having taught at the Wilson and Center Schools about 1900 to 1905. We always knew he had a high regard for the teacher and their work. We were assured that if we were punished in school, we'd get the same when we came home.

No wonder we were always careful to get good grades in deportment!

In those days one teacher kept a switch up on top of the organ and I saw her use it on big boys who became unruly.

Children were often kept home to help with home or farm work. It was not unusual to see 16 year olds in the eighth grade.

By luck we all made it through the grades at the usual pace.

Looking today at old pictures of the past I notice that when Ruby Nichols was our teacher our family numbered 5 in a school of 13 pupils. For Julia Stenuson (Miller) we were 6 out of 14.

When Mildred Surprise taught at Orchard Grove in 1919-1920 there were eleven students in all eight grades. I count five Ewer children.

I recall other signs of spring. My father had banked the red brick cellar walls with "barn compost" in the fall. This kept the cellar an even temperature so that stored fresh vegetables and canned fruits did not freeze. Squash, Kraut and Fried down pork kept an even temperature.

Now, by May, the insular straw was being hauled away. It was spring and spring was fun.

Off came the coats and we could go to school in gingham dresses made by mother. We wore the latest fashion, a big oversize ribbon bow fastened to our long braided hair. Girls walked along arm in arm, giggling on the way to school. Spring beauties popped out and so did my freckles! Boys always walked ahead of us, turning now and then to taunt us as they leap-frogged their way, but not being too bold or we'd scream back "I'll tell ma on you." One little happening always stayed close to my heart. That was that little yellow duck that followed us out of the gate and down the road to school and we had to send it back home.

Donald Duck had not been born yet. Neither had Mickey Mouse or Krazy Kat.

Some things were scary. Usually walking the road was fairly safe. We were told not to ride with strangers, mostly horse and buggy traffic.

One spring a camp of gypsies settled in a field Southeast of W'm. Newkirk's farm. Moving with the harvests and the weather, they fed their flock by raiding fields and chicken houses.

I saw my mother chase an old gypsie woman out of our hen house. She had an apron full of eggs as she ran eastward to their camp about 2 miles away near the end of the 9 mile stretch.

We were told that those gypsies stole children so we gave them wide berth as we walked by them to get to school.

[Next week: Orchard Grove School.]

[This is the third part of a series on pioneer schools in south Lake County which recalls the school days of Beatrice Horner, town historian in Cedar Lake.]

by Beatrice Horner

At Orchard Grove we'd enter the vestibule below the school's belfry, enter the long front hall to place our buckets on a shelf. We'd hang our wraps on black iron hooks along the south wall. Then we'd kick our boots off ear our coats.

The big boys came in after helping the teacher with her horse or carry in buckets of coal, to fuel the big iron stove

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that stood mid-way back of the room.

That big high ceilinged room took a lot of heat and it was the teacher's job to get to school on time to have the room warm by 9 a.m. If it was a real cold day we kept on our boots and coats and sat around the huge stove. On days like that the room was never really warm.

Those were days of single windows and no insulation.

It was also teacher's job to sweep the bare board floors every night after school. Also to scrub the floors once a week and keep the blackboards clean and erasers dusted.

She could enlist help from older children and usually did.

Outside, west of the school, stood a pump over a drilled well. A bucket of water was carried in and placed on a shelf. Nearby hung a long handled gray granite dipper, on a nail. Later on for sanitary reasons, each child was required to carry their own folding tin cup and keep it in their desks.

Teacher taught all eight grades in those one room schools, and they also had singing lessons while playing the foot pumped organ.

Teachers also had to oversee the school yard, as well as join in games being played.

At Orchard Grove the outdoor privies stood at the far corners of the back school yard. The boys to the southwest, the girls to the southeast. These were quickly visited before the bell rang.

On cold days upper grade girls made hot cocoa cooked on a 3 burnered kerosene stove, to serve to all the children at noon. It was fun making the cocoa but when we had to wash the dishes that took all the joy out of it. There were no sinks or drains so it was a hassle of dishpans, dishtowels and slop buckets before we could go out to play. By that time the noon hour was about over for us.

At home I'd always have to help with dishes, as well as churn butter, rock the baby, peel potatoes, gather eggs before sundown, and still find time for homework. Therefore washing dishes at school was no big deal for me.

When May Day came, what joy! We went into the nearby woods to pick such wild flowers as Violets, Spring Beauties, Dutchman's Breeches and May Apple Blossoms.

We'd make little colorful paper baskets, and fill them with flowers. The custom was to go quietly to a neighbor's door, knock loudly, hang the basket on the door knob and then run away. I always liked to hang a basket on Miss Newkirk's and Mrs. Hathaway's door.

Then came the dance around the May Pole at the east side of the school yard. Flowers were fastened to the pole and as we all hung to the end of a rope to circle around we'd sing a May Pole song.

Little Grace Ewer was no match for older hanger's on, so her feet left the ground causing her to hang on for dear life - or fly away.

Otherwise no one was flying these days except at exhibits at Oakland Park in Lowell when open cock-pit planes had us gaping into the sky.

Our teacher often took the whole school flower picking. We went one noon south along the school road to a bridged creek that went thru Black's farm pasture.

A big snorting bull came clomping at a fast pace directly toward us.

We all scattered toward the fence and road. I was on the wrong side of the creek so I scrambled across on my skinny legs, flopped under the fence up to the road and to safety.

I sat all afternoon in wet clothes at my bolted down school seat, embarrassed, but losing no required study time.

Sometimes we ran over to the northwest site where a small grove still stood as a silent reminder of where once stood the first log and second frame Orchard Grove schools. We also went east beyond the Orchard Grove Cemetery but I'm not sure where. We'd find old apple trees, survivors from the old Orchards from whence this school acquired its name.

We'd pick such big apples, 6" across, not to be found hereabouts since. I have seen them since in a Michigan market, but don't know the name. Historian Bessie Kenney re-assured me that my little child mind was not exaggerating.

We have always heard that Johnny Appleseed crossed this region on his cross-country trek to plant orchards as he went.

We were not allowed to play otherwise outside the school yard, even though all surrounding land was farmed and the only traffic would be a horse and buggy or a farmer driving a team and wagon.

[Next week: Athletics, music, drama and growing up.]

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Schools Combined Work And Play

[This fourth installment in a series of articles by Cedar Lake Town Historian Beatrice Horner on Pioneer Schools in South Lake County is a lively account of sports, exams, theatricals, box socials and Christmas celebrations].

Our athletic program in those days was all over the school yard. All ages, along with the teacher, joined in to play 'Kick the Can,' 'Last Couple Out,' 'Run Sheep Run' or 'Hide and Seek.'

In the winter, we cut out blocks of snow to build a snow fort, making snowball fights legitimate.

We used a board for a baseball bat, but not much ball was played because of the risk of broken windows. There were swings and teeter-totters.

There was a hitching rail around the school yard's frontage. When the boys weren't looking, the girls would run and do a belly-flop over the rails. Girls never heard of blue jeans in those days and besides, teacher said it wasn't 'ladylike', so she would promptly scold us about it.

There was no electricity. Gas lamps with fragile glowing "mantels," hung from the ceiling on lengthy chains. They were lighted for night use only, when community meetings were held, usually once a month.

If the 8-day clock stopped, the big one on the wall with the swinging pendulum, then someone ran over to the home of Mrs. Ernest Ebert to ask the time.

The thing that fascinated me most was the phonograph. I was a music lover and once I won a music memory contest that was county wide. I'm still pouting because there was no prize, not even a certificate to show for it. The test was taken at S. Ward School in Crown Point.

Eighth grade exams were taken there also in 1923. I graduated then but was thought too young to go to high school, so I was sent back another year to 8th grade at Orchard Grove.

What a good year for me! The teacher, Ethel Burroughs, had me being an assistant teacher, helping with the first three lower grades. She also let me draw decorative posters on the blackboards as the seasons changed. School work for me was so easy that she filled my idle time with these tasks. I learned to be a teacher and have always benefited by that training, (sans degree).

Outstanding were the times when everyone in the community participated in putting on a program each monthly meeting. We learned parts for 2 and 3 act plays, spending hours making props and costumes. We went many times to practice before the big night, when there was always a full house in attendance.

One Christmas my part started out: "I'm just an old striped stocking, all stuffed from heel to toe..." I was tied up over my head in a big homemade stocking made of wide-striped mattress ticking! Being completely hidden - kept me from having stage fright.

One of those in the audience, living in Lowell today, told me not long ago that when he was a lad everyone was going to Orchard Grove's meeting because the Ewers were putting on a play that night.

For my brother Earl and myself, it was our debut into the world of theatrics.

On stage, behind curtains strung on a wire, was a big green monster. It's big skeletal frame was covered with old dyed dark green curtain material. That gruesome animal was all geared up to open and close its jaws.

My friend remembered. He said that when the Monster opened its wide mouth it "Scared the H— out of me!"

Box socials were also big events in those quiet days with no TV and no radio.

I sat one night in the audience, age about twelve years old and shy, although I was bold enough to bring a decorated food filled box to the social.

My dad was the auctioneer. He coaxed a lot of money out of the pockets of those who were sweet on the teacher, and bidding was lively.

But, mercy me, a middle aged man bought mine! Then I had to sit with him and I wasn't hungry a bit. He ate the contents while his friends in the back of the room taunted him. Sometimes life can be cruel for a kid growing up.

At the Brant School, in 1914, there is an account of a Box Social and Necktie Social. I still don't know what 'Necktie Social is, though.

We'd trade monthly programs with other schools. We went up to Robinson Prairie and Riley with talent exchanges.

Another news item says that in 1913 Christmas was a delightful shared experience. The Buckley and Orchard Grove teachers and pupils planned an afternoon together.

About 12:30 p.m. a team of horses pulling a hayrack all decked out for the occasion, came to the Buckley School. Teacher, pupils and packages loaded onto the hayrack.

It was a pleasant day and the ride to Orchard Grove, a few miles to the east, was a real treat. A decorated tree and more packages were waiting.

So were the eager Orchard Grove pupils. Both schools had prepared a simple program and Santa Claus paid his annual visit.

[Next: What the school buildings were like and how they were equippped].

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[This is another in a series of articles on early schools in South Lake County, a remembrance of Beatrice Horner, town historian of Cedar Lake.]

The Orchard Grove, Plum Grove and Buckley schools were similar in architecture, although those who remembered say that the Buckley school was smaller. All had cone shaped sheltered roofs over a bell atop a lower vestibule.

Children entered a stoop into the vestibule, then entered a hall designed for buckets, wraps and storage shelves.

As for the outhouses, a door for the boys was to the right and for the girls to the left, as they entered the big school room.

All eight grades were seated in as many different sized seats. All seats were in long rows bolted to the floor to face north at Orchard Grove. The teacher's desk was on a raised platform. Slate blackboards covered three walls at the children's levels.

Over in the north east corner was an inset row of deep shelves for books. They were enclosed behind small paned glass and frame doors.

Books were scarce and not always easily afforded. We had no access to a public library. One big dictionary served the entire school. Geography books were shared and music books passed out and shared.

My proudest possession was a pencil box. It had a pretty picture on its sliding cover. A shallow box contained assorted pencils, two erasers and a pen holder with extra pen point.

Larger boxes had a hollow area that held a collapsible tin drinking cup.

One had no use for the ink pen until about fourth grade. By then we were trusted with a bottle of blue ink, being careful that hands weren't trembling as we filled a sunken inkwell at the upper right hand corner of our desk top.

A visiting music teacher came in horse and buggy once a week. I surely recall Miss Black (Bessie Gunder) and always looked forward to those music lessons.

Mrs. Gunder lives today in Crown Point and is 89 years old. She was born in Eagle Creek Township. After I was married, she was my oldest daughter's music teacher.

At that time, in 1947, Mrs. Gunder told me that my father was her teacher at an Eagle Creek Township School in the early 1900's.

Our report cards were marked from 100% down to 70-75% as a failing grade. Not until I went to high school, did we get A, B's and C's etc. on a report card. Nor were there any true and false tests in those days.

Neither did I experience riding in a horse drawn schoolbus, as did the pupils who went to West Creek, Schneider, Oakland, Lake Prairie and Bruce schools. Center Township's horse drawn bus, driven by Ed Reeder, was equipped with a charcoal heater. Then came the automobile and such men as Adam Schafer of Lincoln and Leonard Barman of Binyon. Cedar Lake had equipped their own school bus bodies, bolted to the chassis of the 1920 vintage, over skinny tires that easily blew out enroute.

Wheeler Nichols, a farmer on Fuller Island, Shelby, built a schoolbus to haul junior and senior students from Shelby to Lowell High School. Those students, and Cedar Lake students, had been taking the Monon train to get to Lowell High.

One weekend, Wheeler loaned his bus to a friend. It was used to haul a load of sheep to Market. Before Monday morning the bus had to be scrubbed and disinfected in every crack and crevice of those long homemade bench seats along both walls before students were hauled again.

In my freshman year, my brother Bert and I drove in a horse and buggy to Lowell High School. We were protected on that three-mile ride by buttoned curtains and bundled in heavy blankets. We warmed bricks in our iron cookstove oven and put them under our feet, to huddle up all the way.

By the time we reached the Eskridge barn, we were cold, but we still had to unhitch the horse, tie it in the barn and still walk about two blocks to get to school. We carried our lunch in a paper bag and drank that "smelly" Lowell sulphur water from fountains in the halls.

Standing out in my memory was a wild ride one afternoon as we drove home from school. Our rig had to be pulled to the right so as to pass an on-coming rig.

Old Bess became frightened, took off on a gallop and could not be reigned in for about a mile.

Several other farm children went to school by horse and buggy and by about 1925-26, a motored bus passed on the main road. To meet that bus we again had to walk that old dirt road to the corner.

Despite all hardship, historically speaking, these were the good times.

Our pioneer forefathers' dreams were then coming about. They were now able to give their children good schools and good teachers. Going back to the day when my grandfather taught, things were rugged by comparison.

[Next: More About Teachers.]

[This is another in a series of articles authored by Cedar Lake Town Historian Beatrice Horner and detailing early school days in south Lake County. This week, she recalls what it was like for the teacher in pioneer days.]

As a schoolteacher, Frederick Alexander Ewer was boarding around and in 1870 he was living in the home of Susan Warriner. He was a young man 27 yrs. of age.

Ewer had come to America from Liverpool, England. He was the son of Harry Alexander Ewer. (Henrietta DePipe), atty.-at-law.

F.A. Ewer had schooled at Oxford and spent some time in Australia as a traveller and sightseer. He came to the United States in 1870.

Ewer became a friend of Timothy H. Ball in Lake County, and with reference to "Ball's Lake Co. 1884" we read on page 399 - "He has been for some years one of the teachers of our county in our public schools, and is interested in Sunday School and Church work. He is an intelligent observer of men and things, and has gathered knowledge from travel and observation as well as from books."

Old timers have told us that when church services were held in those pioneer schoolhouses and preacher T.H. Ball couldn't be in the pulpit, it was Fred Alexander Ewer who took his place.

In 1871, Fred Ewer married widow Adelia Van Slyke - Wemple, who had been left with six children to raise. Ewer had been teaching those children.

In years ahead, the Ewer family added six more children to their pioneer household.

Life was rough. Ewer had never been a farmer. Schools paid little, usually $30 a month plus board and room.

In England, Ewer had lived a very different life, and to cheer up the old house he used his talent as an artist by painting a country scene on the interior of the home's front door.

My aunt, Lillian Ewer, told me that F.A. Ewer was very kind to children.

He taught in the second old Orchard Grove frame school that stood in a grove near the landsite of today's state roads 2 and 55. That building had shuttered windows, and in 1895, John Buckley was there teaching 30 pupils.

An 1874 Report of Official by the Co. Superintendent of Schools -

"Dist. No. 6 - Wm. Hack, teacher; seven females and 14 males. Average attendance, pretty good. Scholars quite small and backward. House badly seated - desks too high. It is quite difficult for small children to get their arms on top of the desks. House containing the usual apparatus. Scholars not provided with suitable books to create an interest on the part of the pupil.

"Dist. No. 1 - The school houses of Eagle Creek are all provided with a woodshed and clock, which are very proper appurtances, and would recommend to others trustees that they do likewise.

"Dist. No. 5 - John Love, teacher; 15 females, 13 males. Average attendance quite good. Apparatus not very good. Seats in a dilapidated condition. Not very good order. Scholars rather backward. But little attention given by the patrons of this school to the education of their children, - seemingly. Teacher young, first term, but doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

"Dist. No. 6 - R.C. Wood, teacher; teacher a person of considerable experience who appreciates responsibilities, house in bad condition, lights broken out, seats very poor, in short it is a very cold dissagreeable place for either pupil or teacher."

The report goes on from one district to another - A Mr. Chas. Jones, with 40 pupils enrolled, best of order prevailing, children learning finely under his instruction."

It is difficult to imagine a teacher handling 40 pupils in all 8 grades in one room, while being the janitor as well as the school "nurse," concerned with daily mishaps.

Teachers worked under Puritanical contracts.

Male teachers could go courting one night a week if they attended church regularly. Women teachers were not to keep company with men at all, and had to agree not to get married. The contract became null and void if a woman teacher married.

The teacher agreed not to smoke or drink alcoholic beverages. Women teachers were not to dress in bright colors, not dye their hair, and wear at least two petticoats. Also, they were no to wear dresses more than two inches above the ankles, and not to use face powder or paint.

Each teacher was to lay aside from each pay a good sum of his earnings "so he will not become a burden to society."

There wasn't much grumbling, though, for jobs were hard to get and at least you knew you had a warm place to spend the winter. Teachers needed relatively little formal training. They sometimes went to work right out of the 8th grade, but records show that for those who could afford it, about 12 weeks was spent studying at the Crown Point Institute or at Valparaiso University before joining the ranks of educators in grade schools.

Perhaps that is why Frederick A. Ewer was better prepared than most.

Again I quote 'Ball Lake Co. 1884' p. 251-253:

"Teachers Institute of Lake Co. convened at Griesel's Hall, Crown Point, 17 Dec., 10 a.m. - Supt. Cooker - Mr. Fred Ewer followed with a very appropriate and practical lesson on advanced reading - Mr. F. Ewer asked if a parent has the right to say what a pupil shall study.

Has that question yet been answered in 1982?

[Next week: The final chapter - debates and a roll call of south Lake County schools.]

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Pioneer Schools Combined

Work And Play

[This is the last of a series of articles about pioneer school days in south Lake County as recalled by Beatrice Horner, town historian for Cedar Lake. One of the schools she wrote about in this series, the Buckley School, is being restored at the Buckley Homestead by the Lake County Parks and Recreation Department. Anyone with books, photographs or other collectibles, as well as memories from those pioneer days, is encouraged to share them with Becky Crabb of the parks department.]

Let's take a look at what Harvey Ball was doing in 1859 over at the Hanover Center Schoolhouse as secretary to the Hanover Center Lyceum.

Ten men convened in that Hanover Center Schoolhouse in 1859 to organize a debating club. A committee of three drafted a constitution and by-laws.

The first question debated: "Resolved that houses are of more benefit to the farmer than oxen."

On April 16, 1859, - Resolved "That capital punishment aught to be abolished." - Resolved that "a grainstone is more benefit to the farmer than a reaper."

A bottom note "Nor second to the Common Schools stands the Lyceum."

So our local citizens learned to publicly debate.

And so did my brother, Bertrand. He had listened with intense interest at those debates carried on in the old Orchard Grove School. He saw Wheeler Nichols and Fred C. Ewer fight it out on a subject concerning education in about 1920.

In high school at Lowell, debates were held at the old Taylor Theater in downtown Lowell. There one night I sat on the edge of my seat as Robert Brannock and Bertrand Ewer fought it out verbally before a full house. Brannock later became Supt. of Schools in Lake County and Ewer became an Attorney at Marion, Ind.

By the year 1925, debates among school officials became heated. The question of school consolidation was a big issue. The old small country schools were being closed down. Transportation improvement made it possible for children to be hauled to one central location where better facilities and better teaching could be offered. The younger Ewer children were sent to the Jones school for awhile and then everyone went to Lowell Grade School.

No one was financially better off than Bert as he went off to college, mailing his laundry home and lucky to have clothes on his back. These were now depression years. Our older children went to work and somehow we slid through the rough years.

My dad worked as a carpenter and contractor for 35 cents an hour. His blacksmith shop was of little use now. His sons were becoming mechanics as everyone now owned automobiles.

Aeroplanes were really buzzing overhead and World War II was upon us.

Jobs became plentiful again and three of my brothers went into service.

Then one day in 1951, a newspaper account spread the word that Orchard Grove School was to be torn down.

Over the years I have kept all sorts of notes and clippings and pictures, using them to verify the names and existence of small country schools in south Lake County with histories similar to those of the groves.

Some of the schools were replaced on the same or a new site carrying on under a different name, or replaced by brick for the frame. I've listed them all - if they ever stood, regardless of time of service, they deserve to be counted.

I have over 80 names without listing schools later than 1960.

That list contains four from Crown Point, but none are listed into St. John territory. They go south to the Kankakee River.

They reach from Higgins to Wilson - to S.E. Grove to Egypt, to Lineville, to Bixenman, Lottes, Pince and Pleasant Grove.

Few are living today whose memories recall bells ringing out from Roettgen, Farmdale, Schutz, Fatke, Armour, Stillson Zion's Parochial, Leinen, Piepho, Lanthus, Kobelin, Brands, Houk, Red Cedar, Range Line, Bunkham, Hieck, Reedar, Brunswick, Klaasville, Lew Wallace, Lincoln, Paisley, Brook, Sanders, Hayden 1838, Washington, Michaels, Reiser, St. Edwards, St. Martin's, Creston, Pine Grove-Lowell No.1. The list includes many more - so I'll end this with those who had a first beginning - Halton, Knight and Ball.

Parochials, high schools, institutes, Exceptional Children 1950, Boy's school and kindergartens were followers into the years of World War II.

Today we often find over 30 students to a grade in a school of many rooms and with almost as many teachers as there are subjects.

By comparison, when we occupied a goodly number of the seats with our own Ewer family members, we must admit we came near to being privately tutored over the years from 1915 to 1930.

And too, we had excellent teachers. If this dissertation falls short on expertise, please, please do not fault my dear old teachers, who gave their all in the interests of letter learning.

The Old West Half Way House

The Half Way House, located near Clark Street and 133rd Avenue was a landmark for those traveling to and from Cedar Lake and Crown Point for many years. The combination saloon and home was built before 1900 by William and Albertina Seramur at the southeast corner of that intersection.

by BEATRICE HORNER

Perchance you should want to find some place located near Clark and 133 avenue between Crown Point and Cedar Lake.

Most likely you would be directed to turn one way or another at the "Half Way House."

This is happening in 1975, but only truthfully did it happen in the years of early 1900. Today it is lore perpetuated.

William and Albertina (Seramur) Hacker had built, way back before 1900, a combined home and saloon at the south east corner of that four-way intersection.

The high square storefront revealed up-stairs bedroom windows, and above those windows was nailed a clearly lettered sign that said: "The Half Way House - Wm. Hacker proprietor."

The sign was a donation of the Crown Brewing Company of Crown Point.

In those early years, when roads were poor and transportation slow, it was a necessity of their time for a traveler to be able to rest the horses, feed them hay and oats, along with a drink of water.

A man could get a plain lunch, a glass of beer, and if wanted, a bed for the night.

At the crossroads, serving the public, that roadhouse landmark stood in a ravine-like wooded site and a barn was built a ways to the northeast.

This roadhouse, a respectably run public place, popular in the neighborhood, served a very real need in various ways.

The quiet years of the early 1900's found friends congregating at that area to dance in the large barnlike hall the Hackers' had built on a hill just east of the Half-way house. Pretty and talented Miss Ella Massoth, born in Armour Town, Cedar Lake, went often to visit her Aunt Tina Hacker living at the west Road-House.

Ella enjoyed home cooked meals in the big country kitchen, spent long evenings in the cozy living room, and was tucked to bed upstairs in a room above the saloon.

Later her teen years were happy ones as she danced in the roadhouse hall with young lads of the neighborhood that included the Taylor's, Staff's, Sulista's, Schuster's, Barman's, Wagonblasts, and Mraceks.

ENTERTAINMENT SIMPLE, SERENE

A neighbor farmer Jacob Sulista or his brother Anton would play a concertina and Theodore Staff, living near the Lake County Fairgrounds, would play a violin or cornet.

How marvelously enjoyed, how entertaining, simple and serene!

Square dances, Waltzes, two-step and Fox Trot, all greatly appreciated by country people, in country style, arriving at seven and home by eleven.

All ages of the entire family attended these affairs years before the term baby-sitter was ever coined.

On summer days there were picnics held in the shade of the grove nearby and time passed without incident.

Everyone enjoyed the friendliness and fun generated at these serviceable buildings standing at the brink of the S curve that weaved its way to the seat of Lake County's government.

The Hacker's roadhouse, barn and dancehall complex squatted in a precarious position in 1909 when the famous Cobe Auto Races were underway.

The racers established 23¼ mile course knew speeds of as high as 50 to 60 miles an hour as the cars took the dangerous "S" curve heading toward Cedar Lake.

Wearing touring coats, goggles and puttee's, those drivers negotiated the sharp right and left angles of the "S" curve, then tenaciously gripped the two-car wide macadam road passing the west half-way house.

On the dates of June 18 and 19 many folks crowded close to the curve, but Ella Massoth told us (in 1975) that she sat high and a-far on the hill by the dancehall so she could more safely watch the speeding cars go by.

No one dared sit on the front porch of the roadhouse that must have shuddered to it's rafters, reverberating to the grinding noise of the motors of those 30 old racing car entrants.

In usual times rockers and chairs were placed on the long front porch and at the planked saloon entrance. It was there that current events passed daily by.

COBE ROAD TO COUNTY SEAT

Many people of South County went to the County Seat via the Cobe Auto Road passing the Half Way House. To attend the Lake County Fair or pay taxes at the courthouse - they drove horse and buggy, surrey or bob-sled, always stopping at the Half-way to rest and visit.

(Continued on Page 2).

(continued from Page 1).

Those were the days when blacksmith shops, buggy and wagon shops flourished and there was much trading of farm produce at general stores.

Farmers hauled wagon-loads of apples, in the fall, to the Dillbaugh Cider press on Indiana Avenue, east Crown Point. Back and forth lumbering beer wagons went in the daytime and spooning young couples in the early evening kept the popular road busy for the porch sight-seers.

By 1910 John Rudolph rented the business from Mrs. Hacker, after William Hacker passed away.

Saturday night dances continued and the old roadhouse carried on in the same reputable manner for many years ahead.

Then came World War I and this had a sobering effect on families who waited, deprived of fathers and sons, and then the Nov. 11, 1918, Armistice.

Meantime came the 18th Amendment, Ratified by Congress Dec. 18, 1917, prohibiting the manufacture and sales of all alcoholic beverages in both public and private places.

PROHIBITION HAD MENACING EFFECTS

Now gone were the days when Crown Brewery of Crown Point delivered four gallon kegs of Brew in horse drawn wagons throughout the county for the price of 80cents a keg. Their counterparts at Cedar Lake, the Seipp's Beer Wagon, the Schoenhoffen Edelweiss wagon and the deliveries of Ernst Tosetti and McAvoy could now only sell a product called "Near-Beer."

New tricks now entered the trade, none of them commendable, and all opened the door to shakedowns, kick-backs and eventually mob interest and it's menacing threat of violence and murder.

As we entered the 1920's and the big cities were troubled with mobsters, that tough element spread into these country areas to ply their trade. In smaller towns one could strong arm the law better and get lost quicker when the chase came.

It would seem to be difficult to hide in this region when South County's only high rises were it's lofty grain elevators or a farmer's tall slim silos full of foot stomped silage.

Gang members found hideouts, instead, in empty summer cottages, a few local hotels and behind false fronts of earlier saloons once legally managed but now being called speak-easies.

Now the keg of near-beer was being given a jolt by injecting a dose of ether through the cork with a hypodermic needle. Cellars and barns housed home brews, along with all of the Clap-trap it took to make it.

BREW HIDDEN AT HOUSE

At the Half Way House a neighbor had rented the old barn to shelter his horse. One day as he was cleaning the stable, tossing manure to a pile outside the door, he inadvertently shoved his pitchfork into the heap and struck a hard object.

Out of curiosity he dug again to realize he had discovered a hideout for a cache of bottled brew being hidden from the law. ("Revenooers")

Again drinks became plentiful made of grains, fruits, even potato peelings with new names such as moonshine, bathtub gin, and needlebeer. Much of it unfit to drink and a great way to get sick.

Prices were unpredictable now. A stranger would enter a speakesy, lay down $10 and ask for a drink. If he expected his change and became noisy about it he would be sand-bagged.

That was a term for the act of hitting a man over the head with a bag of sand and then he was tossed out in a weed patch to come back to consciousness again. The unique weapon left no tell-tale marks on the victim's skull.

At the Half Way house there had been a turnover of proprietors and by 1924 May Russell was the manager.

This, as well as a few others were now being called "Those places," trying to be quiet looking on the outside while questionable activity proceeded to exist on the inside.

The worst of them attracted ladies of the evening and the need for silence made Those places wide open to ganglands members to stalk their prey.

CAME TO HEAD IN 1924

On such a night in the year of 1924 the sharp crack of gun shots were heard, and the hushed business of the old roadhouse came to a screeching halt.

As police came on the scene they found Thaddeus Fancher, a Crown Point attorney laying slain on the floor, dead from gunshot wounds inflicted by members of the McLaine mob, thugs from Chicago.

Bullet holes in the floor were put there to re-inforce a command for the customers to lay on the floor and not make a move. Fancher moved.

The thugs attempted to set the building a-fire by igniting the bedding and the next day the neighbors saw a mattress laying outside in the yard, still smouldering, but the arson attempt failed.

Someone on the scene, a customer, escaped, but being now a main witness, was sought by the mob.

Later his body was found, ironically, dumped along the roadside east of Crown Point near the Crown Point Brewery.

STIGMA NOT ERASED BY TIME

One gangster was wounded in the foray and was found by police hidden under a car. After his capture he was healed by Dr. Blackstone, and held to be tried in court.

The thug was eventually released because the one and only witness, and victim, was dead.

The case was closed but the stigma remained at the site of the murder.

A shroud of notoriety now hovered over the old roadhouse, one too heavy to be lifted, even with time as an eraser.

There was so much of this 18th amendment triggered behavior taking place in all of Lake County, so lively in the newspaper that obtaining history is reasonably easy. What applies to one spot tells much about another.

To say everything would be nothing, and to show everything is to make one see nothing as we limit our story to the once charming old roadhouse.

In 1928 the stone road, 133rd avenue, was paved and built high so the old roadhouse was raised onto another foundation to meet the new road-level.

By then horse-pulled rigs had given way almost completely to the automobile, so with a smoother road there was more and more traffic.

ACCIDENTS SEALED ROADHOUSE FATE

Speedier cars now found no neeed for the comforts once afforded by the old Roadhouse.

In the early 1930's it was closed, but a few years later it became a back-drop to a traffic accident that helped seal it's fate.

In the month of June, 1936, John Connelly of Armour Town, at Cedar Lake, was driving a car home from Crown Point High on the last day of school. His passengers were Jack Cannon, Harry Wagonblast, and George Zurbriggan.

Two girls, waitresses from Cedar Lake's Victor's Beach Hotel, coming from the Lake, ran head on to the halted Connelly car.

Harry Wagonblast, books in hand, had stepped out of the student's car and had walked out of reach but George Zurbriggan had left the car only to be struck by the on-coming vehicle.

His body was carried to the right and hurled against the walls of the Old Roadhouse.

Later another accident occurred when a truck missed the curve and crashed into the building, demolishing the saloon front.

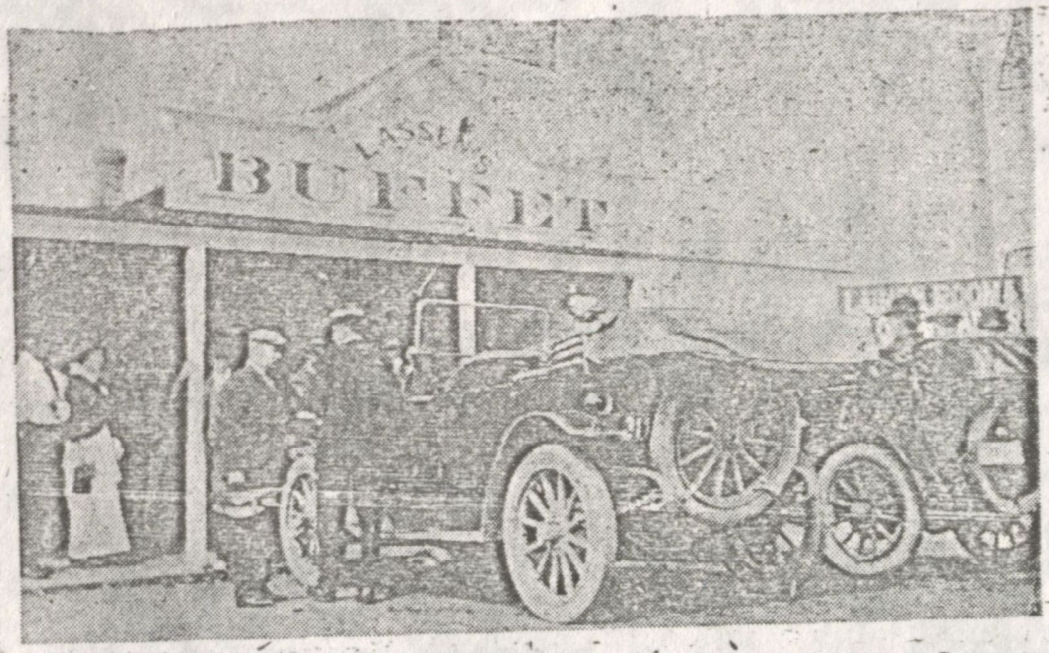
That was history enough for one pioneered abode to experience, and the place was soon torn down.

There must be a moral to this story somewhere but it eludes me now.

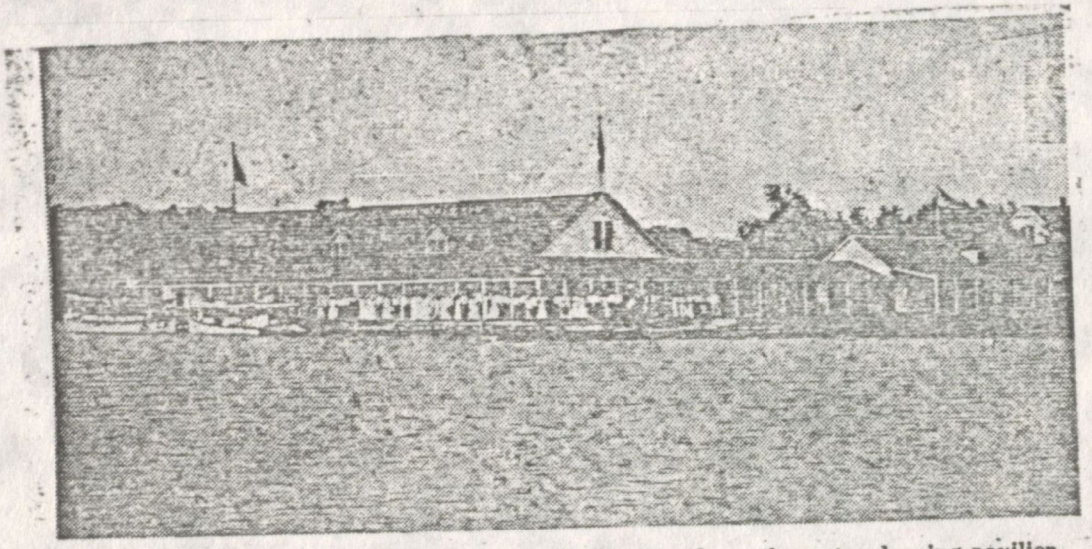
We lived to know prohibition was not the answer to the Wet or Dry issue. Perhaps self dicipline is, be it concerning a country, a town, a person, or just a little old Road House.

How do you get to the town of Crown Point? Well, just go east as far as the Half Way House and then turn left.....

Eastside bustles once again



By about 1925, automobiles had replaced horse and buggies, and the Lassen Garage repaired cars for about 10 years.



Lassen Brothers resort was at one time Indiana's only on-the-water dancing pavilion. Hundreds of Chicago residents spent weekends and summers there dancing and enjoying the lake activities.

by Beatrice Ewer Horner

by BEATRICE EWER HORNER

Cedar Lake Historian

An interesting adventure is beginning on a historical piece of property known as the Lake Region Christian Assembly Grounds on Cedar Lake's eastern shore.

But this is not new.

That same site has been a launching pad before and the future has a long way to go to match past happenings there.

It's quite easy to find remnants of the good old days of the Lassen resort of earlier times. The memories live on in the minds of senior citizens and the grand old buildings are there to supply visual truth.

The very first building is still here, seemingly awaiting our attention, long overdue.

That first house was used as the Thomas Lassen family homestead in those early arrival years of 1900 and here the four children Christ, Harry, Mathilda and Thomas Jr. grew up.

For some years the 2-story single-sided, lath and horse hair-lime plastered house stood alone to face the western lake winds.

At this point in time no one knows who built the old homestead.

To the south were living the pioneer John Binyon family.

They had entered the Kankakee River region in the covered wagon years, settling in Porter County, then at Plum Grove in Lake County by 1847.

They settled at Cedar Lake in 1877. John (1816-1895) and Nancy Hughes Binyon (1822-) had married in 1837. At Cedar Lake they built a combined hotel and residence and saloon exactly at the point where once stood the old Taylor Millsite and lake outlet.

This area is now known as Binyon Point.

North of the Lassen 20 acres was the land owned by Joseph Kubish as early as 1870.

Joseph and Mary Kubish had lost their home in the great Chicago fire, and they came with four children to live here at Cedar Lake permanently at that time.

When one Kubish daughter married Warren Stillson in early 1900's their first home was the historical old house standing midway on what was to become the Lassen property. This they rented.

Today Leonard Barman reaches into his memory bank to recall hearing Warren say: "That house was the coldest darn place we ever lived in!"

The second structure came when Lassen's built a new family home along the east-west road now known as West 138 Place, nearer to the lake. Here now resided the elderly Thomas Lassens, and when son Harry married Lena Schlisher, they also made their home there.

Son Christ and wife Hazel, son Thomas and wife Helen (O'Leary) and daughter Mathilda comprised the family that would establish the fast growing complex of that eastern shore.

This was a time of progress on the water activity, and the Lassens looked to the lake as a means of livelihood.

DANCE HALL BUILT OVER LAKE

In the winter of 1904, when the ice was thick and made it possible for a crew of carpenters to work over the water, there began the building of the big Lassen dance hall.

The first piling stilted structure was completely inclosed and a wide pier-porch surrounded the building, this used as a walkway and boat landing. Being completely over the water, the hall was met by a long slim saloon that reached to the shoreline (seemingly added a few years later).

About this time Lassen built an ice-barn along shore to the south to supply summer ice for cooling drinks in the saloon.

That saloon was fronted on the southside by a wider porch-pier so that people could be served outside at tables provided for that purpose.

After about 10 years of public use, a kitchen and dining area was added to the north end of the dance hall. This resulted in a very long impressive building that could now be chronicled as "Indiana's Largest on the Water Dance Pavilion."

The Lassen boys were most versatile in all they undertook and they worked equally well with a saw and hammer, electricity, mechanics or business, so that it was small wonder that the complex eventually dealt in beach and bath-house, ice-barn, garage, cottages, motor boats, launches, saw-mill - all succeeding and certainly strongly patronized.

When spring came in 1904, and nature removed her white slip-cover to reveal newer green upholstery, the excitement began at the dance hall.

Crowds flocked off Monon excursion trains of the western shores, paid 15 cents fares to ride launches eastward to be docked at the Lassen pierposts.

Strains of big band melodies pealed over the lake, leaving a feeling that the vibrations caused a deeper rippling of the water and a magnetic pull to its origin.

As popularity rose, crowds came by train, boat, horse and buggy or walking. They came from all over Lake County and in time, from all parts of the United States.

Young swains in stiff straw cadies, checked those hats at the door, paid 25 cents to enter, and selected dance for dance, young ladies who in that day were attired in long bouffant dresses and hair do's equal to any of today's television spectaculars.

Let any young rascals misbehave and that was handled swiftly by a bouncer who most often was Christ Lassen himself.

It is recalled that one night two lads from Crown Point came, intending to start a brawl. Their first move was to stage a skirmish on the long porch outside the hall. When Christ Lassen came on the scene the lads threw him into the lake! Well, that wasn't the end of that.

Back-up support came when two big men, Lassen's caretakers, namely Fred Snell and Charles Fuller, cornered the rowdies on the north porch pier. While a curious crowd of

onlookers enjoyed the excitement, a good show was really put on.

The trouble-makers were hauled back to Crown Point with their clothes torn to shreds.

Brawls were the exception, but when problems did occur they were usually handled by a deputized local citizen.

The strictly managed summer place was run so socially correct as to call to its doors not only local respected citizens but celebrities who considered Lassens the place to go.

HARRY, TOM LASSEN RAN SALOON

The saloon was run by Harry or Thomas Lassen Jr. An artifact given to us by Richard Nichols, Crown Point, in 1975, is a token coin with lettering: good for 5 cents at the bar, Thomas Lassen.

Here again, when men came along and carelessly sat on the serving tables along the porch pier, they had to deal with Chris Lassen as he poetically boomed "Get off! these tables were made for glasses, not for _____"!

On a tree was nailed a sign: Dressing not allowed in cars; use the Bathhouse."

An arrow pointed toward the long beach area where more than 700 feet of frontage was used by crowds all summer long.

In 1915 one of the Lassen business sites was at North Cedar Lake, where they established a saw mill. No on-site trees were felled here. People hauled their own logs and after the lumber was sawed, it was again hauled away by it's owner. "Firewood, three cords at $5. to be hauled by purchaser" can be seen on a 1915 bill to a customer.

Lassens used very little of this sawed lumber for their own ventures on the resort site so busy at that time.

The dance hall and saloon drew all lake launches to it's lake frontage and then Lassens themselves tried for a piece of that action, as they entered the boat business.

Strongest of any of Lassen's undertakings was his Dewey Line of boats that advertised meeting all trains. That fleet included launches that could be chartered anytime night or day.

Captain of the spectacular fleet was without a doubt, Chris Lassen. He wore a white commodores cap, black sun shielded and bearing a gold emblem.

The Dewey Line, named for the famous hero of the Spanish American War, was busy constantly contesting for passengers over at the mid-west Cedar Lake railroad pier. Boat drivers walked the Monon pier, using megaphones to call; "Take the Dewey Line"- and there crowding the same site was the competition.

In the years of late 1920's George Hetzler wanted for his boat trade a piece of the action. So heated became the situation in one instance that a fist fight ensued between Lassen and Hetzler over some disputed principle pertaining to their lucrative boat business.

HOTEL BUILT IN 1920

Each Cedar Lake businessman wanted excursion visitors to take their vacation money in their direction. Hetzler by 1932 was rooting for his own newly purchased on-the-water-dance floor, and Lassen was hustling people to his vested interests.

Those interests had expanded in 1920. That was the year the big 65 room Lassen hotel came to be.

This, the year of the automobile replacing horses, now gave the mechanical-minded Lassen men a chance to own powerful trucking equipment. They owned a bulky, big Pierce Arrow truck and another called a "Republic."

The first deal was made with owners of the old Armour Town "Armour Brothers Hotel" on the northwestern shores, where once existed a village whose years were from 1870 to 1970.

That working man's hotel, abandoned by the Armour Ice Company, was now to take a ride. For the hotel soon again the echo of voices, this time came from happy vacationers who needed a place to sleep after spending sprees on the water or at concessions dotting the shores and roadsides.

The Pierce Arrow truck was used to pull the wood framed hotel across the ice in mid-winter. Men stood on the car's fenders, the driver outside, as he steered, was ready for a quick jump to safety should the ice crack to swallow up the truck.

The Armour hotel on a sled-like raft, arrived safely to be set up inland just northeast of the Lassen dance hall and homesite. Armour Ice Barn lumber was hauled eastward also.

Many hands helped with this big undertaking. Raymond Mager, in 1976, remembered a truckload of ice-barn lumber moving eastward, after pulling out of Armour Town. It was necessary to cross the Monon Railroad track that had no underpass in 1920. The heavy truck-load stalled on the tracks, and the men realized that a train was soon due.

Taking up a large crow-bar, one man ran up the tracks to place the rod across the rails, activating the signals, thus averting an accident.

Some remembered carpenters were Howard Meyer, Fred Schmal, Fred Turner, Ray Powell and Anthony Genzler who was the last tenant in the old Armour Hotel.

Nicholas Mager of Armour supervised the entire project.

A comparable addition of rooms, a new lobby and grand open porches made this building a well built hostelry of extreme attraction.

No food was served in this hotel. The kitchen and dining area of the dance hall took care of that. No heat was necessary, since this was for summer use only.

Plumbing was installed with a bath for every two bedrooms

in the newly-built wing. The old Armour hotel rooms were made accomodating by the addition of a wash bowl to each room.

No sewers existed at Cedar Lake, so common tile became the drains and chemical toilets were earliest used. Quaint four-legged bathtubs, used in that day still stand to be seen.

Bannistered porches and stairs made this hotel appear inviting and swings and rocking chairs, as well as hammocks between the trees gives one a nostalgic back look to days of fun and rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Lassen lived in the hotel in summer and Mrs. Lassen managed it well. Her favorite hired girl was Emma Fronek. Living today, Emma Fronek Kaper Jones tells us of her years in the big hotel.

She said she was so well treated by her boss and they, being proud of her, called her their daughter when speaking of her.

During the 16 years that Emma was in their employ she enjoyed going east to the home of her aunt Emma Novak Stillson, who was then

One of the many launches traveling on Cedar Lake around 1920.

renting the earliest Lassen home. That place by then was jokingly called the shack.

On the trip Emma could pick up apples from the orchard located near that old home.

The older Thomas Lassens, living with their son Harry, were now in top years. Thomas Sr. passed away first and the elderly mother lived on.

Mrs. Lassen Sr. had a traumatic experience in her autumn years. Her son Harry had taken her for an automobile ride to Lowell. They turned their touring car away to avoid a head on collision with a motorcycle.

The car went into a ditch and grandma Lassen suffered a broken arm and bruises. This caused her to fail and never fully recover.

(To be continued next week)

PART II
by BEATRICE EWER HORNER
Cedar Lake Historian

Things were really swinging now throughout the Lassen complex. These are the years today's folks have fun remembering.

Harriett Lassen, daughter of Harry (1886-1935) and Lena Lassen, grew up at Cedar Lake and went to the Binyon School. She danced in her teens on the famous dance floor in those years when the dough-boys were home from World War I and she was pretty and popular.

Teenagers of those years went around in groups, were well chaperoned by the management. In those guarded times teenagers did not flaunt nor assume boldness that came later after the war years of the 1940's and 50's.

Lucille Gard Sheaks today remembers enjoying her younger years at the dance pavilion. She says only the more affluent could afford chicken dinners at Lassen's Resort.

"They kept the place high class, and there was always a lot of good clean fun. Anything improper was treated immediately with an invitation to leave the premises," she said.

Lucille became Mrs. Roy Sheaks and it was Roy who worked at the boathouse as well as other general work.

John Leathers tended bar, Mrs. William Brannon and Genevieve Cole were ticket takers, Mrs. Cooper on pastry, Anna and Joseph Cernerhorsky Ida Brooks and Laura Glover, cooks - the list is endless.

In white uniforms were also Norman and Kathleen Kaper, Madeline Cernerhorsky, waiting tables.

Mel McMahon washed dishes and outside George Genzler was handyman. Many were employed from outside the community.

All help speaks today of how it was to work for the Lassens and they agree about the kindness and honesty of those good resort owners of the east shore.

Elmer Stillson set up his first barber shop in the Lassen hotel, before moving to the west side depot area.

Also a separate food buffet concession was built on the grounds south of the hotel. Here they served lighter foods for the sandwich trade.

By 1925, a problem arose when cars needed repair, boat motors had to be rebuilt or vehicles needed to be sheltered from vandalism. This resulted in a big garage being built along the road east of Harry Lassen's homestead.

Still in business in 1933, the proprietor Lois Vick, advertises "Towing day or night" phone Crown Point

To the older generation, the years of the flapper of 1925 did seem bad enough. Ladies had taken the puffs from their hair, cutting those locks into the boyish-bob and skirts got as high as the knees.

"Roll 'em, girlies, roll 'em" was a popular song as hose were being rolled below the knee as the latest fashion.

Men were discarding their suspenders, stiff collars and spats and came in pin-striped, vested suits to spend their money at Lassens.

Big name bands contracted for the entire season, and their captivating tunes floated on into the years ahead.

In 1928, a group of college boys from Indiana University, Bloomington, came to spend a weekend at the famous on-the-water dance pavillion.

They stayed in the big hotel, ate in the Lassen kitchen and flattered their way through the evening dancing with all the lucky girls to tunes like "Tip toe Through the Tulips" and "Am I Blue."

Expressions of the day

Adventure

begins on

REGISTER NEWSPAPERS Wednesday, March 2, 1977

lake's

Resort to town complex

east shore

would have described this occasion as "The cat's meow" and the enjoinder would have been "You said a mouthful" -- and it was and they did!

Adolph Von Borstel, born in Armour Town in 1898, tells us today of having for five years driven a passenger boat for the Lassen-Dewey line. They worked long hours and handled their craft expertly. They were dealing with people from all walks of life. Responsibility and expertise were called for to work daily on the challenging waters of Cedar Lake.

In those years that lighter side of life was not for the hired help, only the vacationer. Lassens was a serious business and handled as such.

8000L2 or Lowell 199R1. Leonard Barman, Cedar Lake's man for all seasons, says he had his school bus clutch replaced by Louis Vick - as the memories linger on . . .

In 1930, a miniature golf course was placed out on the open land east nearer to the main road. It was called the "Pee Wee" Course, managed by Am Rascher who was earning his way through college by working at summer jobs.

That grassy spot had once known the grazing of cows kept only in summer for milk used at the restaurant.

Roger Schnurlein, Crown Point, tells us that they hauled farm produce fresh daily to meet the demand at the Lassen Restaurant.

The Schnurlein family lived on a farm east of Cedar Lake, off Reeder Road north, where once in history was the Foley Mill and Mill pond, and that site was also the birth place of Major General William G. Hahn, born 1863, a Lake County War Hero.

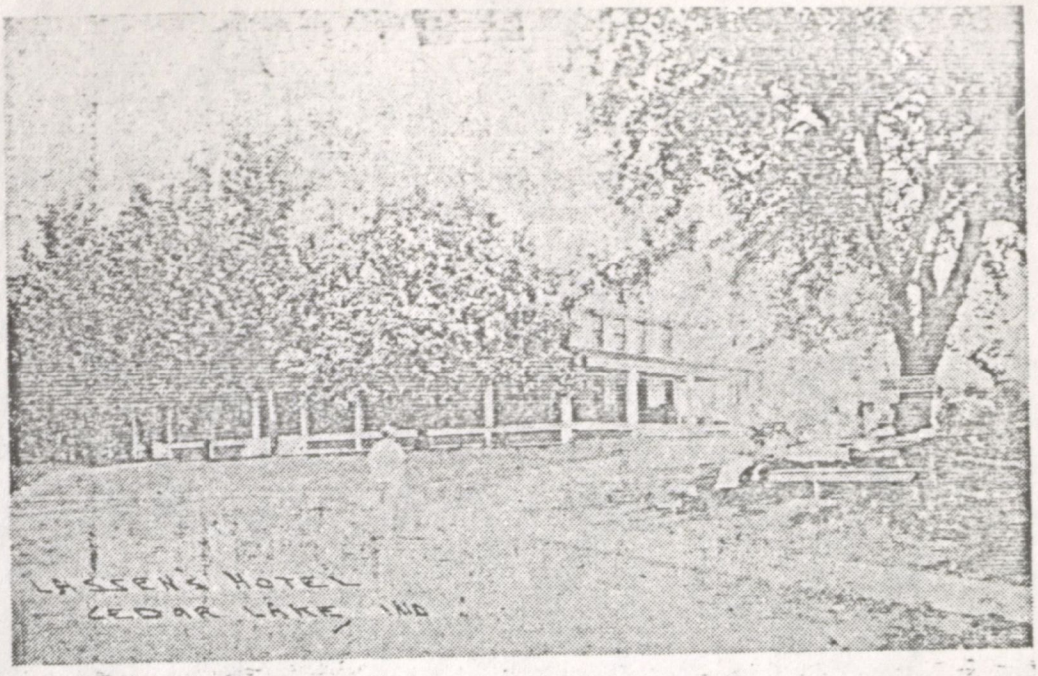
Produce, including chickens was entirely purchased from farmers of south county.

A table set at Lassen's dining room would, in earliest years include homemade bread, biscuits and pastries. It was not until later, perhaps 1916, that bakery bread started being shipped, unwrapped and still warm, on the Monon and unloaded daily at the depot along with other store merchandise. Lassen's still did their own baking for years to come.

sp. BORSTEL

Hotel competition was keen over the years from 1890 to 1930 at Cedar Lake. Hotel names known were: Hein (2), Sigler, Spanier, Mitch, Webber, Olson, Straights, Cedar Point, Victor's, San Souci, Top Flight, Russell's, Bartell's, Capitol, Hunter, Big 3 Inn, Du Bruille, Lassen Kennedy, Lake View Ploetz, Von Borstel's Lake View McCarthy, Turner, with the big Einsele golf course Hotel built in 1926.

Of that list 14 hotels were operating when Lassen built in 1920.



Lassen's Resort included a picnic area (right) and a wide sunporch around the perimeter of the hotel building.

Automobiles had completely replaced the horse and buggy by 1925 and Lassen's garage was kept busy for about 10 years.

The nationally experienced Depression took a heavier toll on Cedar Lake due to the diminished supply of resort people, and Lassen's dance hall had to meet his competition.

The problem is reflected in advertising seen today in an old 1933 issue of the "Cedar Lake Booster," a small publication put out by Robert Brown and Vernon Stillson. In a box ad, Lassen's competition, the Midway Gardens was giving free orange aide to dancers on Wednesday and Friday nights. Free admission was offered on Tuesday and Thursday nights.

This was a come-down from the year before (1932) when it cost 5 cents a dance and Midway said the new price "will fit everyone's pocketbook." Musicmakers were Norman Care and his boys who played over radio station W.J.K.S. at Gary.

Lassen, too, lowered his prices and struggled on. The big band of Mickey Isley's was here in 1934 and they had three saxophones, two trumpets trombone, bass, drummer and piano, good music at give-away prices.

Similar bands played on until World War II split up their numbers. Jobs for bands were around until crowds faded and a lack of patronage closed the doors of the big on-the-water dance hall of eastern Cedar Lake.

The last use of the Lassen dance floor were the years in the early 1940's when Cedar Lake's Fire Department held its annual fundraising ball there, entertaining crowds that proved too much weight for a slowly decaying structure, then over 40 years old.

Battering big winter ice and sloshing water caused final disuse of the hall and the hotel was no longer a paying proposition, so the Lassen business closed. Boats had been failing as a business already for some time.

Over all these eventful years, there seemed never a time when the sounds of saw and hammer ceased. There had been two small homes built, as well as livery's and sheds, some gone, some still here.

The 1930's brought a changing Cedar Lake and Lassen's changed with it. Now all was still, except for the lapping of the waves along the shore, but that didn't last long.

No one now went to Lassen's dance hall anymore, but don't feel bad. The floor would have caved in anyway if it stayed to serve the next generation after the war.

The Waltz, fox trot and two step were no strain between 1904 and 1920. The Charleston and Finale Hop were a bit reckless by 1927. But by the time the Rock and Roll or the twist came in, no way could Lassen's dance floor have withstood that!

A problem arose when local businessmen had to think up another scheme to draw people back to our vicinity. A big try was when the Cedar Lake Commercial Club was organized. They sponsored amateur boxing shows, holding their bouts in the old Lassen Garage, no longer in use at the time.

In October 1935, 1,000 people packed the place, promoting a program that consisted of eight bouts, two juvenile events, with a battle royal to close the show.

Official announcers were Will J. Davis and Glen Surprise. Jack West was official referee. Victor Nadison was chief ticket taker and George Hitzler was in charge of ticket sales.

sp. Hetzler

All was quiet again until another season passed and then Crist Lassen and Glen Surprise went to Klaasville and payed a visit to Ambrose Rascher.

In 1937 another sports program was set up, this time with professional football player and wrestler Ambrose Rascher heading an athletic commission, organizing bouts scheduled to be held in the big Lassen garage.

Local citizens, over the years have had many a brush with fame, and this time famous guest athletes were the big attraction.

While noted wrestler Rascher fought to keep himself in shape, other champs lured the crowds peatedly.

Walter F. Raubolt and family (pictured) was one of the many families who spent summers in the 1920's at Lassen's Resort on Cedar Lake's eastern shore.

Bathing attire has changed much since tourists swarmed to Cedar Lake's Lassen's Resort during the 1920's.

The endless list contained such notables as Notre Dame's Moose Kraus, Football Captain; Frank Patrick, Chicago all-stars; All American Hall of Fame football star Corbie Davis, Lowell; National Wrestling Champ Hall of Fame Dale Goings of Lowell, and Battling Nelson who spent many training years at Cedar Lake.

Young local lads wrestled and proud parents and friends cheered, and the whole town was turning out for the Rascher sports events being held in Lassen's garage.

We were not the only ones looking to the east, as reports show 14 reservations sold to the Morrison Hotel in Chicago for sports celebrity followers.

Visitors to Lassen's Resort were mostly businessmen with their families from Chicago. They rode the Monon train into Cedar Lake from downtown.

Crowds like this are yet to be repeated for such an activity at Cedar Lake.

The Rascher events were curtailed by 1942 when war enlistments cut the ranks in the sports field.

In those same years of lingering, but slower business, Cris Lassen ran for public office and became an Indiana State Representative. At that time he considered selling his property.

In October of 1944 the Lassen Complex was sold to the Calumet District Evangelistic Association of Christian Churches. The Church used the 19.5 acres and its empty buildings as a summer camp and spent a very active 32 years entertaining and educating its followers both young and old at healthy, sunny and restful Cedar Lake.

Now as the war years were of chief concern, with young men away and many a young woman became Rosie the Riveter, Cedar Lake had gone from the extremes of good times to a serious, quiet standstill and the Lassen family left the area.

They, Chris and Hazel, took up residence in Florida.

A chunk of Lassen land was set apart on the south west when a boathouse was built on the shoreline and run by Louis Unger. The northwest piece of shoreline became the Cedar Lake Yacht Club.

Looking backward, we know that the exiting Lassen years will never be matched again. They're gone now like a steam whistle in the distance, but many conditions that shaped past years still exist.

They will be ours to utilize, starting with the new town property.

The Town of Cedar Lake takes over the eastern shoreline property beginning in 1977, to work toward a new future.

May this worn trinket of yesteryear, through strong incantation, continue to fascinate, please and attract.

May it produce strong community support for the better government and better alliance for all the people of Cedar Lake.

Hotel on historic listing

CEDAR LAKE — The Lassen Hotel is now listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

The Cedar Lake Historical Association, which plans to use the hotel as the Lake of the Red Cedars Museum, was notified of the listing last week.

The original section of the hotel was once a bunkhouse for ice cutters before mechanical refrigeration. It was located on the west shore of the lake.

The Lassens bought the building and had it moved across the lake ice one winter. The front section was added to it and for many years guests at the Lassen resort were housed there.

The Lake Region Christian Assembly later bought the property and used the old hotel for campers.

After the town purchased the property several years ago for use as a town complex, the hotel was leased to the Historical Association.

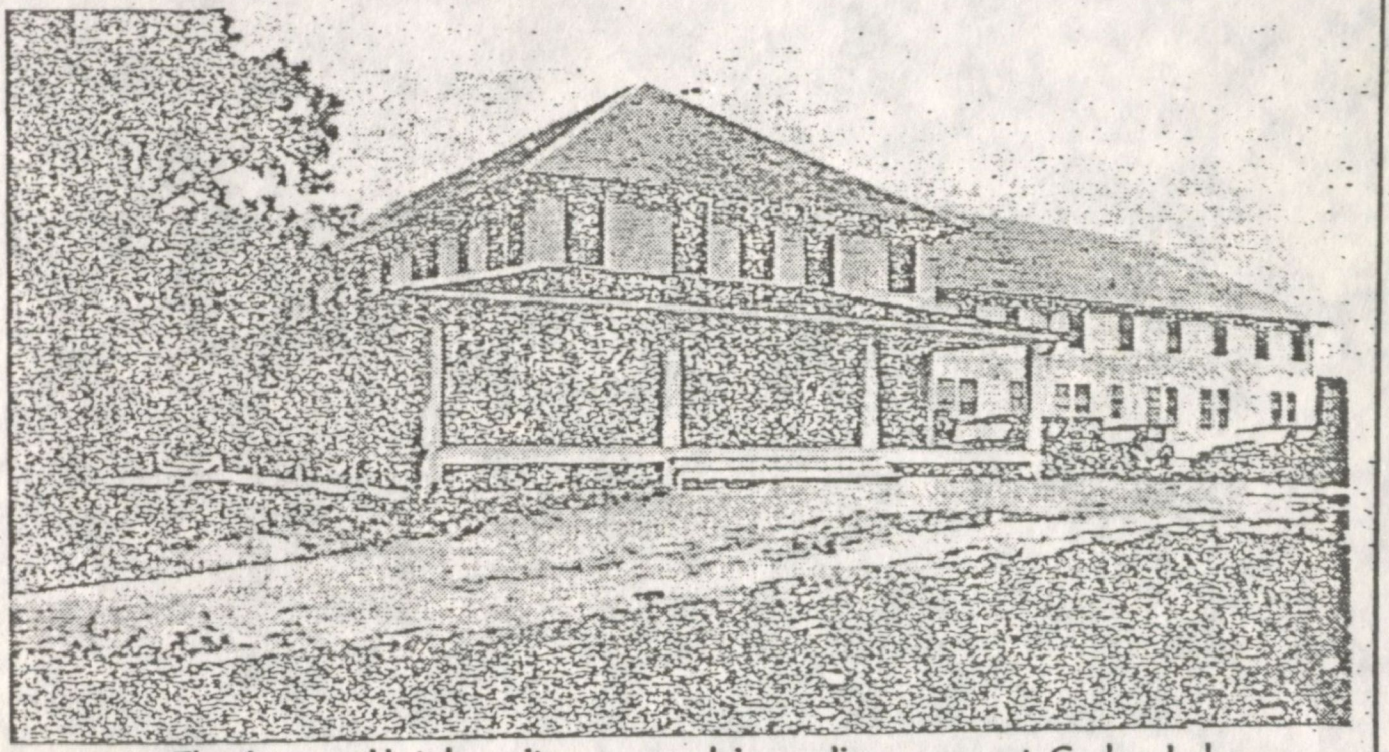
The association, which is raising money for badly needed roof repairs, has planned several fund-raisers at the annual town picnic Aug. 26 at the town complex park. Included will be the annual ice cream social on the porch of the hotel.

The hotel first had to be accepted on the State Register of Historic Sites and Structures before the federal designation could be obtained.

Among association members who worked for the state designation were chairman Richard Falkiner, who completed the building evaluation and served as liaison to state officials; Wilma Kallies, secretary, and Bea Horner, town historian, who handled the historical interpretation.

Being listed on the National Register of Historic Places means the Historical Association is eligible to apply for federal matching grants for restoration or preservation work.

20 July 1981 Post-Tribune



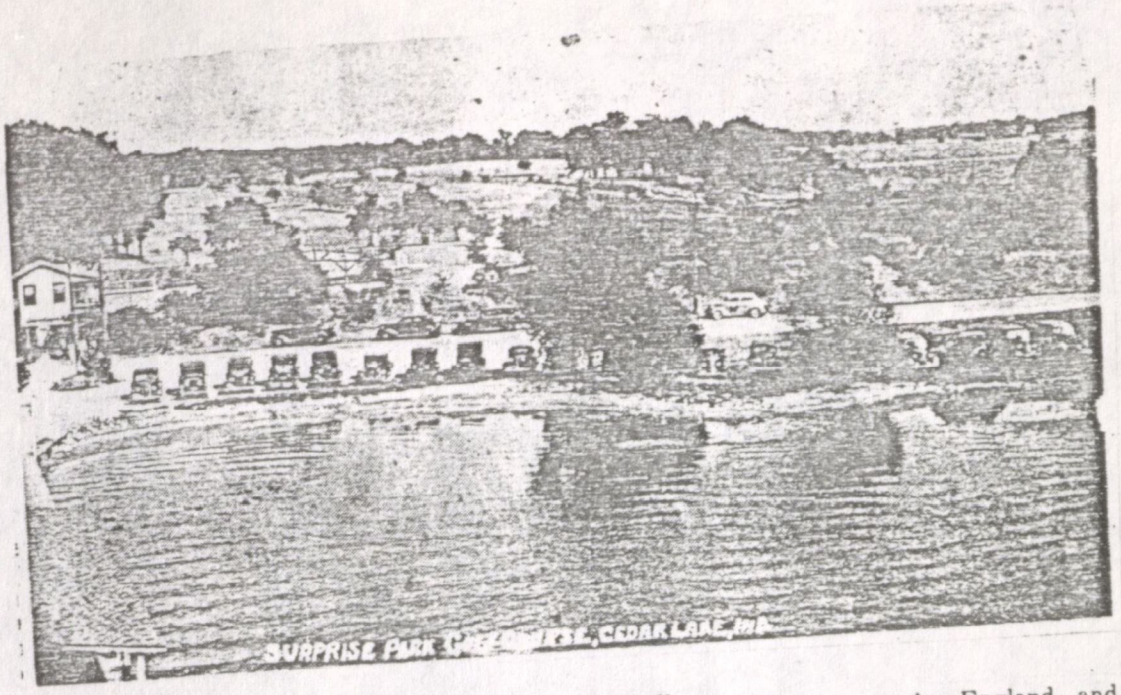
The Lassen Hotel as it appeared in earlier years at Cedar Lake.

Pilcher Publishing Co.

A Saga Of Cedar Lake's Earliest Pioneer Family

Cedar Lake Journal - South Lake County Advertiser - Lowell Tribune - Thursday - September 19, 1974

This photo was taken about 1910 of the Billy Surprise family. Left to right, back row are: Guy Surprise, unknown, Glen Surprise. Front row Cassy Surprise, Anna (Ribbentrap) Surprise, Celista Surprise and William Surprise.



by Beatrice Ewer-Horner

At the corner of 145th and Morse St., an intersection located at South Eastern Cedar Lake, we see as we drive in 1974, a stop loght that clocks the traffic to keep in moving smoothly on.

The traffic signal to me, gives pause as I reflect upon the past. Reminded of the history of my family, through the bloodlines of my mother, I am sure we must be rooted to this region as far back in time as America itself.

Julius Surprise is busy serving customers at his neat ice-cream concession and his brother Roy is equally busy managing the Surprise Hardware Store and Garden Center. Their childhood days were spent at this same area and they recall the time in 1928 when their Uncle Glen placed a wooden archway over the entrance of the Surprise Park subdivi ion, located north of the old William Surprise Homestead.

The sign read: "Indian Reservation" but it was not there for long. Quiet protest from earlier generations caused the sign to be removed.

Problems of the Indians were too real, acutely felt and sorely remembered to be taken lightly.

Glen was proud of his heritage through his Cadi-Mohican grandmother. His strong Indian Countenance possessed by himself and his many Lake County cousins could not be denied. But in deference to the feelings of older family members he removed the sign. (at this same time the big Surprise Park golf course was established and this deserves a separate feature story.)

It all started back in time, in the year 1608 when a boat-load of Frenchmen, with Champlain as their leader, landed at L'Acadie and set up the very earliest Port Royal Fortress on the island known today an Nova Scotia.

Prior to that era in history the Cadi-Indian tribe of the Mohican regions occupied land reaching from the St. Lawrence River to the eastern coast lines of America and southward to include todays Delaware, a name belonging to another Mohican family in Pre-American times.

These native inhabitants and their coastal island was called L'Acadie by the incoming Frenchmen.

As England and Scotland fought the French, pushing them into Canadian Quebec, the island became Nova Scotia. Those native Indians were exiled into what was later called Louisiana Territory, as well as other regions of the wild westward lands of the United States. These people were to become known as "Cajuns" a corrupt word derived from the combined Cadi-Injun mixture of blood when the French married Indians in the early years of 1650.

The original Indian word "Cadi" meant "a bounding in life's provisions" and it originated in the lands of the Mohicans.

Enough Frenchmen had been getting off the boat for over fifty years to accumulate a population strong enough to establish a government of Canada by 1663. To offset the need for women in this pioneering region of explorers fur traders and woodsmen, the government of France sent over a boat load of girls, some who were called the "daughters of the King". These were poor good girls raised in France, in an institution subsidized by the King. They were sent to Canada, there to wed some deserving Colonist. This proce-

by Beatrice Ewer-Horner

dure was handled by Church Authorities, adhering to strong Christian principles, to build strong French family life in the earliest villages of Three Rivers and Quebec.

In 1675 word was reaching established French colonies of a man named Cavalier de LaSalle who intended to voyage into the western great lake regions. By 1679 the discovery of Lake County and the Kankakee regions had been accomplished.

And Then Came Surprenant

In the year of 1675, on the coast of L'Acadie Jacques Surprenant (1650-1710) was stepping off a French sailing ship. He had left his parents Jacques and Louise Boquet Surprenant in Perche, France, where they lived their entire lifetime. Perche was a town on the Normandy Coast whose people were called "Percherons" (This area is known also for world famous Percheron Horses)

Jacques Surprenant met and married Jeanne Denote in 1678 at LaPrairie P.Q.

In 1667 she had, at Quebec, married a Spaniard named Andre' Robidou and became the mother of six children, when she was widowed. She then married Jacques Surprenant and they had four sons and four daughters. A son Laurent (1685-1752) married Jeanne Beauvais and they had two sons and eleven daughters. Their second son Jean Baptiste (1725-?) married Mary Anne Perras in 1749 and they had six boys and six girls.

This family of Jean Baptiste gave impetus to the name Surprenant and from here these children caused decendents to filter into the regions from Quebec, Montreal, LaPrairie, Iberville, St. Jeans to Henryville of the Lake Champlain regions.

With the changing years ahead there came variations of the original French family name of Suprenant. By 1700 it was listed in marriage records as Surprenant, Supernon, San Soucy and St. Louis.

Sr. Peter Surprenant (1760-1837) one of the six sons of Jean Baptiste and Mary Anne Perras Surprenant married Lacouse Salebacas and they had one son Peter, born to them in 1794.

At the age of 22 this young Frenchman of Pioneer American lineage, met and married LaRose Taylor whose bloodlines show that her mother was a full blood Acadi-Indian of the Mohaquan. region now called Nova Scotia. L'Acadie.

Peter was of the Catholic faith and LaRose was outside the church. In 1816 the young couple slipped over the New York line to Cooperville to be married by Civil Authorities, thus avoiding the strict requirements of his church.

They lived for a few years in St. Jeans, and for five years they farmed land at Chestertown. Peter's many Surprenant cousins were living at the same time in the Henryville and LaPrairie region. Peter and LaRose suffered extreme misfortune when through illness they lost their first born children and then their home burned, destroying all of their worldly goods.

In 1832 little Henry was born. Peter traded his land for a stock of boots and shoes and some money. Leaving the area, he followed a party of French relatives and neighbors and they started their trek to a place called the Kankakee Valley in lower Lake County.

(to be continued next week)

by Beatrice Ewer-Horner

The Kankakee Region

From the year LaSalle discovered the Kankakee River region until the year 1800 the only white people visiting the valley were hunters, trappers and fur traders. They dealt with the Potawattomi (Algonquin) Indians who were very hospitable and permitted the whites to go about as they pleased.

Then by Oct. 2, 1832 the Kankakee Valley territory was open for public entry and it was at that time that the French families came in rapid succession.

In 1834 Peter and his relatives, also trappers and fur traders, found the wild prairie and it's acres of marshlands inhabited by buffalo, deer, beaver, fox, wolf and muskrats as well as other fur bearing animals.

For food they hunted Prairie Chicken, Quail, Grouse and Pheasants in the up-lands. The marshlands at that time reached into the regions of South Lake County as far as what we know today as Route 2 and Lowell.

In the spring of 1835 Peter and LaRose Surprenant brought their infant Henry, wrapped in a coarse woven blanket to live in a log cabin built in a thick wooded area located south east of Cedar Lake where now we speak of the Lake Dale Carlia settlement. It was earlier known as Pleasant Grove.

As a squatter on the Indiana and Lake County 200 acres government claim, he separated his family from the regions of his relatives who had settled at St. George, Momence and southward. He then was known by the revised name of Surprise.

And again their cabin burned! So, like the testy, bold pioneer family they were, undaunted they built again.

This early American combined French and Indian family who had come a long way would not turn back now. They had withstood the hardship of a long voyage and came into Chicago, the port of entry from Canada via the Great Lakes. From Chicago they proceeded south over trails and traces, some over the Vincennes Trail, though nost of their party of migrants came through Bourbonnair by way of Blue Island over that Portage trail.

These trails and traces in the Kankakee Valley, in most cases were paths made by the deer and buffalo in their search for better feeding grounds or water. The Indians used these paths, and later white man, both profiting by the instinct of wild animals.

F-Boy

The trip was long and the toll was heavy. Much sickness and hunger was experienced.

Before Peter and LaRose came northward they attended the funeral of an uncle Emilian Surprenant. He was buried at St. George in 1834, this recorded as a first burial on the family's arrival. (In 1960 Amidie and Roselda Surprenant passed away and they were buried atop the grave of Emilian,. their early ancestor.)

After the second fire there was no time to lose at Pleasant Grove in the Surprise baliwick. Another child was on the way and the family needed shelter. Another log home replaced the first, and it was here that the rest of their fourteen children were born.

Their home was patterned after the homes left behind in St. Jean's Province of Canada. All of the furniture was hand made to fit spaces in the rooms. The table for all purposes was long with a bench on each side for the children and a wooden rocking cradle was in a corner. The rooms were lighted with hand made candles and light came through openings covered with greased or oiled paper. Crude ladders served as a stairway to the loft above, where the older children slept. The Surprise family eventually numbered eight children, six having been lost in infancy.

America owes it's progress in primitive years to the strength of it's women and the womenfolk of the Surprise family are deserving this acclaim.

Mid-wives delivered babies and all sickness was administered to by friendly neighbors who cured with herbal potions, superstition, love and kindness.

In the small cabin quarters there was always another quilt on the frame or a braided rug near completion.

Great Grandma Peter and Great Grandmother LaRose knew the rigors of an Indiana winter. The wind howled through the chinks in the log walls and snow filtered in on the patched coverlet on the rickety beds. Sometimes food was limited to sidemeat and beans in the winter, sidemeat and greens in the spring and the eternal fear of consumption hovered over until the summer sun came round again.

The material things as we know them today were mostly unknown, so this poverty of material things was not a poverty of the soul, so these strong people perservered.

Clothing for these early families had to be home spun and Peter Surprise was skilled at making shoes. In fact he became a boot and shoe merchant along with his many other means of making a livehood.

He was a charcoal runner, bedding the hugh burning logs into a pit located deep into the woods. The exact location of his primitive enterprise was across from the old Henry Surprise farm house about 2 miles north of Route 2 on the Holtz road as we know it today. This woods was full of Hickory trees and was always a favorite place to gather a winter store of nuts when autumn came.

Land had to be cleared, farmed and gardened to support the fast growing Surprise family. The sharp-eyed, black tressed, tall then Indian maiden who became Mrs. Peter Surprise fit well into her role as a wife and mother. Her natural ways allowed her children easy identification with their peaceful Indian neighbors who lived in the Cedar Lake-Lowell regions and Pleasant Grove known later as the Jones School area.

Sometimes problems came up in dealing as neighbors with the Indians. The Surprise family raised hogs. They made tall forts to contain the animals protecting them from hunters in the woods. The fences were made by cutting 15 foot saplings for sides. The height was necessary to keep the hogs in and the Indians out.

The family ate fresh game daily, but in winter they often had to be content with a lot of "lard salet" and home baked bread. Baking was done in the French way with built up ovens in the house and some was done with baking ovens outside. This manner of baking was done in a similar way in Quebec. A batch of ten to fifteen loaves of bread were baked at one time in these ovens.

For fruit they picked wild plums and cherries, grapes, elderberry's, blueberries, raspberries, black and huckleberries. Before containers were used as a means of storing winter foods, wild fruits had to be dried for winter use.

One by one the sturdy Surprise children grew up and came to know as friends their Indian neighbors. There were no schools but the children of these families learned from their parents and from their natural surroundings as they toiled in the fields or romped in the Pleasant Groves. They learned to trap, hunt and fish. They fished often in the waters of Cedar Creek and along the shores of the big blue sheet of water called The Lake of The Red Cedars by the native red man of the vicinity.

It was but a few years after settling that Peter Surprise had to apply for naturalization papers in the newly set up County Seat at Crown Point. He became a Citizen in 1837.

(to be continued next week)

by Beatrice Ewer-Horner

The Indians were being moved westward to Kansas. Peter and his native American wife could stay as long as they lived quietly so for years the Surprise family kept their Indian heritage surpressed.

The famous Potawattomi half-breed Indian Chief Chee-chee-bing-way met with his tribe in Chicago. They signed a pact with the government that started their movement to the west of the Mississippi river.

Indian neighbors at southern Cedar Lake were packing covered wagons to go westward. Harvey Surprise, a boy about 10 years old, helped them load up their belongings. Sadness, the weeping of men, women and children, and a deep feeling of loss came over the Indian families who had to leave forever their homes, their region and most of all the graves of their forebears.

Night came in that year of about 1846, and the covered wagons lumbered quietly away into the western darkness.

By morning one boy was missing in the Surprise household. Harvey had gone westward to help shoulder the burdens of his friends with whom he had identified so closely in the woods and fields of Pleasant Grove, Indiana.

News From Cousin Rebecca

In the passing of 1855 Mose and Rebecca Suprenant Gervais left Canada with a movement of French friends and relatives to join the pioneer families who had previously settled along the marsh regions of the Kankakee River of St. George and Momence, Ill.

They were married but a year and Rebecca (1829-1898) was expecting their first child. Members of their party aboard ship included brothers Mose and Isaac Gervais and their father Bartholomew. On board also was all of their chattel which included horses, cows, covered wagons, home and farm supplies. Many family members of all ages including children were aboard this heavily laden boat. They had started at Henryville P.Q., went through the portage at Niagara Falls, enroute to Chicago, Ill. via the Great Lakes.

A storm came up on Lake Erie lasting 3 days and 3 nights, causing the old gentleman much difficulty and fatigue as he cared for his horses and cattle. The two sons of Bartholomew persuaded him to get some sleep, promising to look after the animals.

In his slumber the father had a nightmare. He walked on the deck and was washed overboard. The sons Mose and Isaac recovered his body and stopped along the Ohio shoreline to bury it somewhere at a port no one seems to remember.

When the traveling French pioneers came into and located their settlement at L'Erable, Illinois it was none too soon. Rebecca's time had come. Baby Lucian was born on that chilly day of 11 October in 1855. It had taken them eight months to make the rugged journey to these new lands that were being homesteaded along the Kankakee. Many Surprenant families had already come to that region as early as 1834 and the ensuing years between 1835 and 1865 were challenging beyond belief.

Rebecca re-lived those years in memory again on her son Lucian's wedding day on August 4, 1878 when in Momence, Illinois he married Ida Comtois. Rebecca learned that her daughter-in-law was born in a covered wagon on the banks of the Fox River on July 13, 1862.

(Rebecca Surprenant Gervais was buried in the St. George, Ill. Cemetery in 1898, at age 69.)

This news coming from relatives had a familiar ring when heard by the Surprise family who were cousins of Rebecca and Mose Gervais.

At Pleasant Grove, north of the Kankakee River, in the year ahead the Potawattomi Indians had returned periodically to visit the region. Their trail could be followed, plainly seen from north to south along the "ridge" through the woods that was then owned by Oliver Surprise.

As the Surprise children became adults they had communications with their brother Harvey and their old neighbors in Buffalo, Kansas.

When daughter Lovina Surprise married she became Mrs. Cohoe of Buffalo, Kansas, thus joining her old acquaintances of these Pleasant Grove and Cedar Lake regions who had been removed from Northern Indiana. In resigned quiet dignity LaRose watched her children solve their social problems by joining their kind and was unmoved when her third child followed the path of the Potawattomi westward.

Daughter Elizabeth married one of the Hardinson's of Eastern Cedar Lake and they too, went to live in Oklahoma Territory, another Indian exile.

Lovina and Alvina Surprise were twins. On our research of old family records we find many twins. At fifteen years of age Alvina (1842-1926) Surprise married William Wheeler (1816-1890) a veterinary from England. He had come through Canada and migrated with the French into the marsh regions of the Kankakee Valley at Momence. Alvina and William Wheeler homesteaded land from the government (now known as the Metz farm, Southwest of Creston on 173 Ave. in 1974)

They built a log home and here their eleven children were born. They were replacing the log home in 1890 with a more modern home when the father of this family passed away. This little widow stayed on in the home, caring for her brood, and lonely in her new, but fatherless home. She and her twin sister lived to be the oldest known living twins in the United States by 1926. My memory of this grandmother of mine is her "cookie-jar".

Armenia Surprise (1848-1901) married a neighbor John Rosenbaur (1844-1931) and they spent their married years at Southern Cedar Lake Shores. As citizens of the 1882 established village of Paisley, they raised three sons and two daughters. In 1974 Rosenbaur descendents still live in the area where John and Armenia settled in 1870. (They are buried in the Creston Cemetery).

Oliver Surprise (1839-1931) farmed land and built his home at what is now 5009 Main St., south east of Lake Dale Carlia. Oliver had married Carlinda Thompson in 1866 and they raised six children. Full of wit and wisdom this Civil War Veteran rode before cheering crowds down the streets of Lowell in Labor Day parades long after his marching days were over. He was a grand old man, tall, astute and posessed great strength of character, truly his mother's son. Their children lived prominent lives in Lake County.

When son Henry (1832-1922) grew to manhood he had replaced the original pioneer log home with a new, more comfortable dwelling. It was located about a mile farther east of the pioneer homesite. The ageing parents lived with the Henry and Elizabeth (Hill) Surprise family as the younger couples four children were born and raised.

Henry became adept with financial dealing and amassed a fortune by becoming the owner of over 1000 acres of land by 1925. He was an honest man, held in high regard by his fellow-man. When Henry was young he was a poor man but didn't "know it" and in his declining years he was a rich man but didn't "show-it".

Henry's eyesight failed in his older years. I recall as a child, when, on our farm three miles east of Lowell, we visited our great Uncle Hank in about 1920. He reached into his pockets, pulling out a handful of change. We lined up like birds on a fence, waiting for this blind man to give us each a coin. Secretly we hoped he'd make a mistake and give one of us a bigger coin. He never "goofed" - each of us found the same carefully fingered coin in our palm - a thin dime!

Cousin Albert Surprise had one of the areas first automobiles, a new Ford touring car. He came to our house, loaded in my mother, five kids and a great big watermelon. We went chugging down that dirt road, the cars top folded down, the dust flying, everyone so excited! We were going to visit our Aunt Martha Bryant who lived at Dinwiddie, a few miles eastward. The road past Orchard Grove was narrow and graveled. The car wheels came too close to the edge and the deep loose stone caused our car to go into the shallow ditch where it laid over to one side. We were all dumped out into the weeds, but at the speed of about 15 miles per hour, no one was hurt. Cousin Albert gave a heave-ho and lifted the car back on it's four thin wheels and we were soon on our way again. But we weren't so happy and gay anymore. Our watermelon had busted!

I could go on forever with tales of life with our aunts and cousins in the Surprise related half of our family. Like how Ella Surprise Robinson helped out when our babies were born and how she played our Kimball piano and sang church hymns to us in the evenings. How Aunt Eunice McCarty gave me good advice as she combed and braided my hair when I started my freshman year in Lowell High school, and the McCarty brothers who gave my brother, Bert, free haircuts as he worked his way through college to become a lawyer. Everyone was so good and kind that I recognized it all when one day years later a friend said "the Surprises were a kind and gentle people".

By 1876 the dear little grandmother, LaRose had passed away at the age of 75 years. She was greatly missed in the Henry Surprise household that carried so strongly the Indian heritage brought to them.

Grandfather Peter Surprise, the strong little Frenchman who was then 82 years old lived on in good health, taking long walks as he went to visit his son William, who lived at Cedar Lake. At the age of 100 years he still continued to walk long distances, but his pace was slowing.

Our Cedar Lake Family

Peter and LaRose Surprise's son William (1840-1918) had married Celeste Thomas, a neighbor girl, and they built a log home where now is the second green of the South Shore Country Club at Southeastern Cedar Lake. The William Surprise children, Cass, Guy, Cora and Glen were burned out of their primitive home and by 1900 another home was built closer to the lake. (The carpenter was Charles Wheeler, a nephew of William). All of this land was farmed and grazed for years before it became the Surprise Park and Golf Course in 1928.

by Beatrice Ewer-Horner

In early 1900 the family Collie dog could be heard barking as he rounded up the cows at eventide heading them to the big red barn. In 1907 a big "Surprise" family re-union was held on this Billy Surprise place on close range of the house and barnyard and but a five minute walk from the shores of Cedar Lake.

A lively turnout of relatives were re-united as they gathered to enjoy baskets of home prepared food and swap tales of the years gone by. Grandpa Peter Surprise had passed away in 1903, and this event was one of the stories re-lated at the re-union.

It seemed that it was only yesterday, he had been laid to rest beside the wife of his youth in the old cemetery of Creston. The Rev. Timothy H. Ball, (Lake County's famed historian) had conducted the funeral services at the little white 1875 built Methodist Church located just west of the graveyard. The Rev. Ball gingerly lifted each child of the congregation high enough to allow a better look as he said to them, "You may never in your lifetime look upon such an aged man again". So when you see dates 1794-1903 - age 109 - it is not a misprint.

Surprenant, literally translated meant "people who do surprising things" so Peter Surprise surely lived up to the name.

Time flew on and the Surprise members increased and multiplied. Their lives touched so many other of this region that it would be a Hurculean task for a geneologist to work up a complete family record that would include the years since these French Fur traders came into the Indiana and Illinois river region.

An existing compilation of the Surprenant and related families was published by Eugene Francis Gervais (Brother Bernard C.S.C.) in 1956. This man diligently traveled and corresponded in France and Canada and the United States to research the old French families that include the members of all his ancestry. We should appreciate and be grateful for this treasured gift.

Kenneth and Ida Surprise (living at S. East Lake Dale Carlia in 1974) keep quiet vigil on the lands of the Oliver Surprise homestead as they garden the lawn and orchard, giving expert care to the Walnut trees planted by his grandfather. Visiting their homeplace is like a walk in the park. It can only be described as beautiful and comforting.

Many events and accomplishments of the Surprise family deserve to be heralded and as I send forth this saga there is hope that its incompletness exasperates family members to further study and record keeping.

Of immediate concern was the news of the death of Hermine Surprise Thompson Tilman. She was born September 29, 1869, the daughter of Civil War Soldier Oliver Surprise and Carlinda Thomp-

by Beatrice Ewer-Horner

THE SURPRISE TWINS born in 1842 were the oldest known living twins in the United States in 1926.

son Surprise. Her childhood home was located at Pleasant Grove. She passed away June 29, 1974 and was laid to rest in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Los Angeles, California. She was 104 years and nine months old!

The (Surprenant) Surprise family that is today represented at Cedar Lake, has its blood lines hidden behind such old pioneer families as Edgerton, Taylor, Ewer, Wheeler, McCarty, Love, Thompson, Robinson, Latta, Hayden, Nichols, Rosenbaur, as the many female members of each generation married and raised large families.

Up unto this time these people have been too busy to look back. It's time they do, for by the year 1975 they can see back for an imminse span of 300 years since one Frenchman from Perche Normandy came to America's shores.

Also through their Cadi-Mohican lineage the Surprise family of Lake County can claim true Native American heritage and proudly say: "Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadowed livery of the burnished sun", and then wonder - are we the "Last of The Mohaquans"

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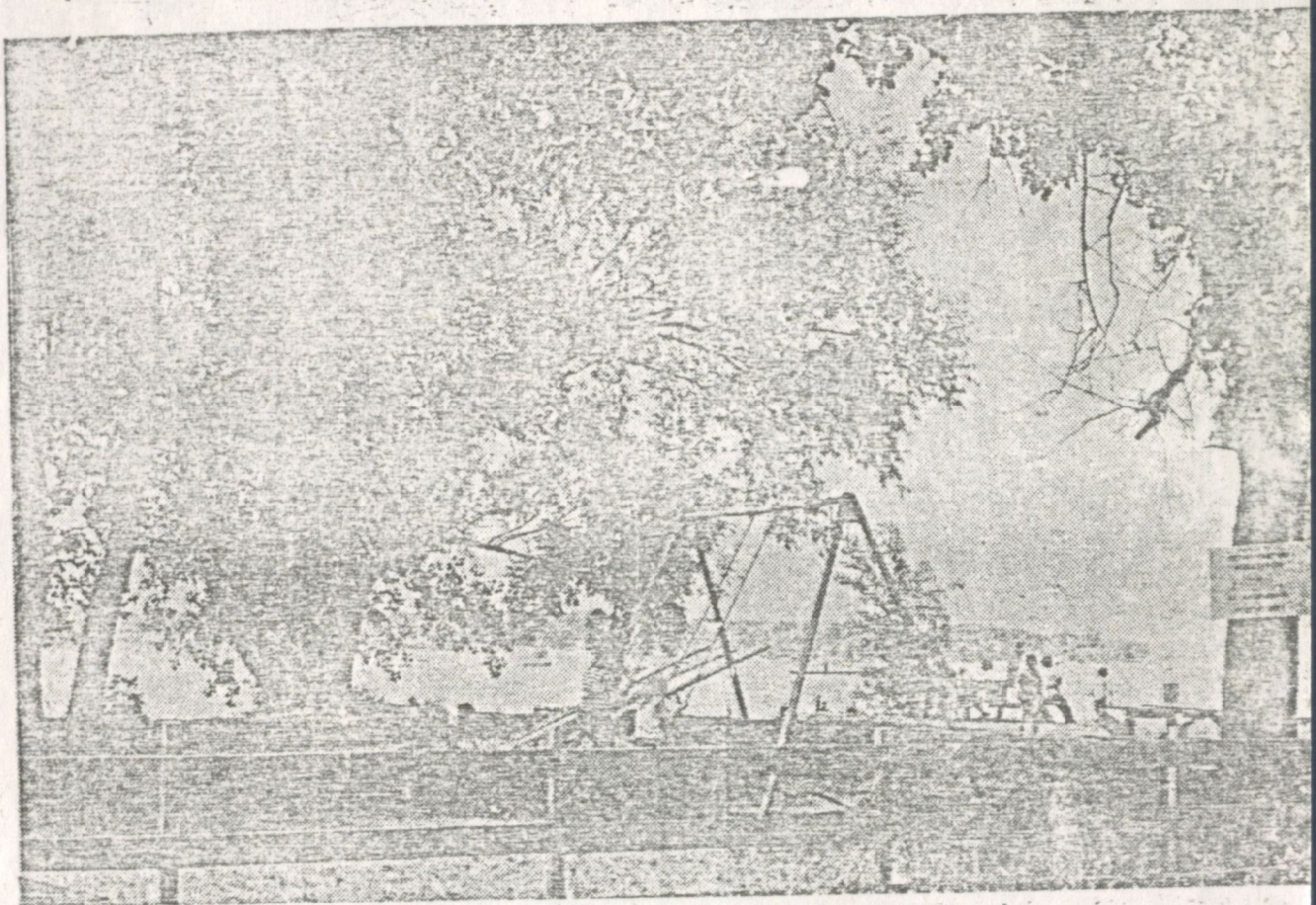
Life along Cedar Lake's South Shore described

by Beatrice Crews Hornaday

by Beatrice Crews-Hornaday



This is South Shore Park (Lot A) on the southeastern shoreline of Cedar Lake.

by BEATRICE HORNER

Question: What do many, many Cedar Lake citizens have in common?

Answer: A desire to have unlimited access to some of Cedar Lake's shoreline for recreational purposes.

The beach area along southeastern Cedar Lake's shore between 145 and 147 Avenue provides this for some lucky people. But this is not a gift, and it needs explanation.

In summer, children can be seen enjoying playground equipment or paddling in water around a pier while adults in beach-wear sit in sun or shade on benches alongshore. This irregular multi-dimensional property is known by residents as lot A.

Lot B is across the street to the southeast. So are Lots C, D and E, moving eastward.

This quiet subdivided region narrowly escaped a history that, had it been used as planned, would have been a far cry from what we see today.

The first landowner homesteaded the land in 1848. He was Fayette McCarty. Acreage reached southward to The Creston region, and included, on the north, land reaching the southeastern shore of Cedar Lake.

The first heir was Benjamin McCarty, a widower who had, on March 28, 1848, buried his wife in a family burial ground on this McCarty land.

The land was sold to James Hill in 1853, and in time heirs signed a quit claim that left the daughter Elizabeth Hill (Mrs. Henry Surprise) the 35.92 acres we today call the South Shore Subdivision.

The Surprise heritage was then sold to Thomas E. Laws, and a Morrison, and Ida Hunter.

Next owner was John H. Donnelly. By 1890, it was sold to Nelson Morris, Ed. Morris and Frank E. Vogel. Vogel signed off leaving the property to the Morris family in 1900.

This new Cedar Lake ownership (1900) was obtained by a man who was a millionaire. Nelson Morris lived at 2435 Indiana Ave. in Chicago, Ill. His home, a mansion, had connecting "stables, horses, wagons, carriages and harnesses" befitting such a prestigious way of life in his time.

Ed Morris was the son of Nelson Morris. The Morris family had come east from an area where their investments were already in Morris and Company of Maine and New Jersey with total authorized capital stock of $3 million.

Names in New Jersey listed as stockholders and in corporators were Opdyke, Lyon, Curran, Bromberg, Smith, Morris, and Davis.

This above Morris and Company was a general mercantile and general manufacturing business to buy, sell and deal in cattle, hogs and sheep and other livestock. Also, such products as poultry, grain, agriculture and dairy products, whatsoever, with factories, mills, stockyards necessary for carrying on related to aforesaid enterprises.

Men of the above corporation came to set up the same venture in Chicago to become the Morris and Co. whose offices were of the Union Stockyards of Chicago, with Nelson Morris Jr. as president after 1913.

Nelson Morris and Co. of Chicago and the east, owned real estate all over the United States and some foreign countries. One example was the 35.92 acre landsite at southeast Cedar Lake that included riparian rights on the lake.

In 1898, when the Cedar Lake site was purchased it was used as a possible source of ice off the lake for meat-packing, with land that could be used as an ice barn storage building area.

Sr. Nelson Morris son Edward married Helen Swift, and the name Swift was already connected with the Armour and Swift Ice business at north west Cedar Lake in early years.

The senior Morris died 26 Aug. 1907, leaving a fortune to his wife, Sara Morris.

By 1909, she passed away. Her estate was dealing with the sum of $4,591,700, and we note that Michael Reese Hospital was a recipient of $300,000 in her will.

Following the Cedar Lake land purchased by Morris, no industrial activity occurred there but riparian rights allowed ice farming should it become necessary.

To the west, there was already a Monon Railroad sidetrack that serviced a row of ice barns and a big boarding house to accommodate ice workers.

Our firing line of questions brought to light the name of Morris years ago.

It seems Edward Morris came personally to this region and was well known by area people. But by 1913, he passed away. His son Nelson Morris II carried on, heir to stock in many corporations.

He had been raised at Southwest Drexel Boulevard and 18th St. in Chicago, and the family had enjoyed a country home, stables, garages, boats and yachts.

In our name dropping game, Morris the Millionaire sounds good. But little of that money found its way to Cedar Lake, outside of the admitted importance of creating jobs in this locality. The one tangible investment here was a summer home, standing at the time they bought the land.

The Morris land was rented by the neighbors, John Nelson, Charles Nauman and Louis Rebbenthrap. They used it for a cow pasture. There were two ponds lying amid the slopes and trees of the land east of Cline and south of 145th Avenue. Also of early and lasting interest were two mounds that were once the property of Potawatomi Indians whose settlement there was seen and remembered by pioneers of early 1800, when whites were the minority race in Lake County.

Those mounds, one along today's Dewey Street about one block south and to the left of the road have now and then allowed an artifact to surface as proof of their Indian history. A South Shore homeowner, Mrs. William Martin, had the good luck of finding an arrowhead along the golf course area of the mounded region, and certainly many another has been equally lucky in finding a similar momento of the historic site.

Ethel Nelson Ploetz and Maurice Curran, two of Cedar Lake's older citizens, will tell you today of the area and it's history and their words bear out the earlier written history of Timothy Ball, as we are reminded of the existence of those true Americans, the Indians, who were forced to be moved to Kansas by 1838.

A fence to the east kept apart the herd of cows belonging to William Surprise.

That fence was no barrier to a neighbor in trouble in the year 1900.

The Billy Surprise family was living in a log home built in 1877 on the site where now we see the second green of today's popular South Shore Golf Course. A chimney fire consumed the entire home and the family of William and wife Sulista (Thomas), with their children Cora, Guy, Glen and Cass fled to safety.

A neighbor living (in the region of the South Shore) to the west, took in the Surprise family for awhile. Then a nephew, Charles Wheeler, a local carpenter, helped sustain the family as they built a new two-story home. That new house was built on land north of 145th Avenue and nearer the lake.

On the earlier Surprise homesite had been a 20 foot well tapping a spring on a hill, and it had always supplied clear, sparkling drinking water.

That 80-acre site, a part of today's South Shore Golf Course, had cost William Surprise $2.50 an acre.

Billy, whose father had been a 1835 Cedar Creek Township squatter, had payed no heed to the advice of many when he made the purchase. He had been told not to buy that land because it would never amount to much!

To the south, along Cline Avenue, was the home of Louis Ribbenthrop, and that family made a living off a bountiful marshland truck-patch, as they specialized in home grown produce delivered around the community in a well organized display on a tiered rack farm wagon.

In 1916, Louis Ribbenthrop sold his 40 acres to the Curran family, who were once stockholders in the Morris enterprises. The Curran's built summer homes here and descendants eventually became year round citizens.

A road once came off Morse Street to run east to west along Curran's land, then to the south. But that road has been closed for many years. The road entered the farmsite south east of the end of Cline Avenue, where a big two-story homestead contained the family of Mr. and Mrs. Tews and their eight sons. One son Emil became a skilled bricklayer and is said to have built the entrance pillars at the Northeast corner of the Lake County Fairgrounds in Crown Point.

Just west of the Ribbenthrops and Tews, spanning the marsh a plank road connected Cline Avenue to Creston, a village one mile south of Cedar Lake. That road was a main traveled road in those early years when direct routes cut travel time for the slow movement of horse and wagon or someone a foot.

Coming up off the plank road and entering Cline there was a small home to the west owned by Charles and Ella Rosenbaur Nauman. Mr. Nauman is remembered as having worked all year round, year after year, for the ice industries.

The early built (1899) John Rosenbaur home, and the home of John and Nanette Nelson were located nearer the lake, southwest of the beach site that came to be known as lot A by 1922.

As we note, there were only about seven homes concerned with this south-shore region until the new subdivision movement came about.

Along shore the ice business was still a booming industry, not to fade until the coming of refrigeration.

Nanette Nelson was the lovely lady who supervised the big boarding house for ice workers, as her husband John supervised the lake's ice industries. Work was hard in those deep, cold winters, but all looked forward to the long winter evenings when the neighbors would all drop in to the Boarding Hotel for a game of pinochle played near the old heating stoves of that era.

As we entered the 1920's, the days of Chicago vacationers were heavily upon us. One by one, people built cottages as they fell in love with this country place and chose to come again and again.

Four enterprising local residents approached Morris and Co. in 1922 asking to purchase the 35.92 acre site when that land was up for sale. Those subdividers purchased the acreage for $6,000 from Nelson Morris, Jr.

Money came from the pockets of Carl Gragg and Dr. J. Iddings, who were summer home owners at Eastern Cedar Lake Shores. Also from John Nelson, a regional homeowner and Emil Ruge whose business and home was a lumberyard in Cook, where now we see the same business along the N.Y.C. Railroad.

The 194 layed out lots were separated by north to south egress lanes that all came to a dead end at the Curran property. The lanes bore the na es of Nelson, Ruge, Gragg and Iddings.

Valentine Ploetz and Leonard Barman were hired to prune and clear trees and underbrush to make the area inviting and therefore quickly saleable.

The beautiful natural subdivided settlement had much to offer its potential residents. A contract set up guaranteed cottage owners a lakefront free of un-clean conditions and outside intrusion for their families and friends from year to year.

An organized Improvement Association, Incorporated, made up of homeowners of the South Shore subdivision, was empowered to regulate the beachsite (Lot A) with all having a voice in the management.

By 1926-27 the corporate investors signed quit claims on all lots, now sold and privately owned. Quickly small cottages covered the region that knew only the voices of the indigenous Potowatomi less than 100 years before.

The marshland to the south was troublesome in dry weather and needed to be burned off lest sparks from the Monon train to the west would start a fire that would endanger area homes. Those

Peter Neiner four generations living in marshlands on a mound south of Paisley.

fires, a threat to the surrounding community, caused furry animals, birds and reptiles to flock across the Cedar Lake-Lowell Road to find shelter back of the homesites of Jesse Matthews and the Stillson and Wagoner homes of early years.

The marshy site with its ponding in wet seasons didn't seem to discourage lovers of the south shore. Folks just built stilted houses, re-routed the water and clung to the restful places they eventually called their permanent homes.

Earliest residents knew the joy of watching butterflys flit over the marshlands and Spanish Needles sail and light on the rustic barbed wire fences.

Bees could hold string ensembles undisturbed by todays pesticides and pollutants. Winter skating was fun on the ponds, but we must admit that when receding spring rains left smelly dead fish laying here and there, cleaning up was everybody's job.

Now and then unwelcome bull snakes found their way up from the marsh, frightening the unwary new comers, but seemed commonplace to the old-timers.

First owners have had time to be re-placed over and over in these past fifty years of life in the South Shore, and only a few are here in 1977.

When the subdivision was established there was a Morris family living on the site but the exact place is unknown. A local grocery boy remembered delivering daily to the home of the Morris' at a time when the area was sparsely settled. But that home has been lost in the shuffle.

A family who was here since the earliest subdivision were the Dixons who have stayed through a third generation at the Southeast corner of Lane D.

With so many changing homes over the years, one could not expect today's people to know and remember others gone before.

Still there must be those who remember the Mansels. Their home was a stone pillar and iron fence enclosed, containing trees; shrubs founts and flowers, all as beautiful as a city park.

The house, however small, was patterned like a castle. Original art work decorated interior walls showing the unlimited talent of its residents.

(continued on page 11)

BEATRICE HORNER

This load of vegetables was grown from Burpee's seed and were delivered door to door. Louis Ribbentrop was the proprietor.

Surprise Clubhouse was on the water on Cedar Lake's South Shore. It was a restaurant with a bathhouse and the area's largest toboggan slide when this picture was taken in 1928.

They drove a Maxwell of the year 1918. This couple came and went, he driving and she in the back-seat, years after others had updated their automobiles.

The Mansels lived reclusive lives with all eyes upon them - quiet and refined, to their last days.

Most homes started as a summer home venture and small cottages were built. Others bought two or three lots for a better spread that came into use as people added rooms and garages for year round living.

Life was not always easy and certainly not one long vacation as most were a working class of people and like all of us, experienced their share of hardship over the years.

Annual dues are paid by South Shore residents into the coffers of the corporation and that money is used for street lights and beach upkeep. They kept up their own roads until the Lake region became a town, and the roads became the town's responsibility.

Fund raising dances were once given at the Surprise Park pavillion and big crowds attended. That co-operative affair was great fun and the subdivision profited by it.

Homes eventually winterized became permanent and made sewers an absolute necessity in that low region.

Many swamp problems have been alleviated since their installation in 1975.

That is now encouraging South Shore people to invest more in their property, knowing it will appreciate in time. Today we see the building of duplex and two story structures that seem to paint the way for future homeowners who choose to live in that region.

The shore area has lived up to its committment, that of being subdivision managed, and has for years been a credit to this town.

Of course times have changed. Store purchased life savers have replaced the old blown-up rubber tire tubes and bathing suits '77 fashions use less material. Picnic baskets are filled with "fast foods" while some children trot to a popular ice cream concession to the east. There Julius Surprise greets them all summer long.

Only one business place has occupied a lot in the land of the lanes. At the road bend of 146th and Cline, John Nelson built a small grocery store in 1922 and that business continued until 1940.

In the years of the 1920's, small stores could make a good living by locating near a thriving subdivision and South Shore was no exception. Depression and war years caused many changes. The store became a tavern and years later, after lots of indecision it is now a combined restaurant and tavern.

Also in the 1920's all around the Lake public signs screamed their advertising of fish breakfasts or chicken dinners and sandwiches and turtle soup. South Shore folks in 1928 slipped over to Surprise's over the water restaurant where hungry men appreciated Aunt Sulista's

plate size homemade pancakes. There also one could enjoy big Sunday dinners or just an ice cream soda on a screened porch. It was all there in very immaculate surroundings.

Approximately 95 homes are in the South Shore in 1977. Many of Cedar Lake's highly respected families live in that subdivision, and continued concerted effort makes the future look good.

For proof of this let's look to the shore. The pier is being rebuilt to replace one of the same size that was built by the earliest people of the lanes and their subdividers.

That pier with its new strong cement pillars and steel crossbeam supports will be one of Cedar Lake's longest and sturdiest. It's being built by volunteers, men, women and children all giving of time, muscle talent and dollars.

When the Lake region received town status the lanes lost their alphabetical identification and were assigned the county names Lee, Dewey, Bryan and Blaine. A new traffic pattern opened up the dead ended lanes, making way for better fire and ambulance service.

Symbolically one era ended abruptly in 1976, when the oldest house in the subdivision, located on end lots 99, 100 and 101 on the west side of Bryan (Lane D) was seen upside down!

It had been last occupied by the Seehase family for many years, used as a summer home, and because of it's age and vague history it was locally called "The Haunted House."

A new owner was going to remove the large two story building but the structure had its own way and took a roll, landing on its roof. That old house of 1890 vintage, had no central heat nor plumbing. A hand pump was atop a well outside the kitchen door. No septic system ever replaced the outhouse. As long as people remember the house was used as a summer home, but it seems likely it began as a pioneer home of families of early Cedar Lake and Creston history.

One last tree fortified bastion remains today forming a corner on 147th and Cline Ave.

The only mankind ever to actually use that 5 acres to its fullest potential were the nature loving Potawatomi.

They also occupied and roamed the entire marsh regions of southern Cedar Lake. That marsh land, productive with wild life and wild cranberries, was fertile and eventually cultivated by pioneer white settlers.

Early owners Obadiah Taylor and his family lived westward when the aboriginals and the marshlands and its mounds were very real history being passed down the generations in the telling. I will quote Ethel A. Vinnedge, Crestons' noted historian in her paper submitted to The Lake County Historical Society and published in History of Lake Co. Vol XI in 1934, as follows: "In those earliest days, some of the Potawatomi Indians were still camped near Cedar Lake, and trapped fur bearing animals. Julia Ann Taylor, wife of Obadiah III, used to tell her grandchildren how the Indian braves would come into their cabin, unbidden, and wash their muskrat pelts in the water pail. They did not dare offer any objections, as the white settlers were in the minority, and the nearest troops were at Chicago."

Later when white men of south Cedar Lake began farming, cows were seen roaming that area, as it was a part of Peter Neiner's (later Souhrada) 53 acre farm in 1888, all lying west of Cline Ave. and south of 146th Avenue.

Within the perimeter of this farm stood the family homestead, high and dry on a picturesque mound.

Surrounding lowlands were expertly gardened and the produce was hauled by the wagon load to stores locally and to nearby towns.

The Neiners sold to the Souhradas in the early years of 1900, and the new owners continued farming productively.

With the possession of the land, the Souhrada family inherited the lore. Folks were telling tales of the early Indians, and those tales spoke of all mounded areas of the marsh. So naturally, the big Neiner-Souhrada hill was included in the telling.

Mrs. Souhrada heard these tales and became fearful. She tried to protect her children in her own way by placing her open purse on her dresser along with instructions to "take her money" but begged them not to harm her children.

Her fears were unfounded as by those years the local Potawatomi had all gone the way of Osage Territory in Kansas, and upper Oklahoma, never to be seen again.

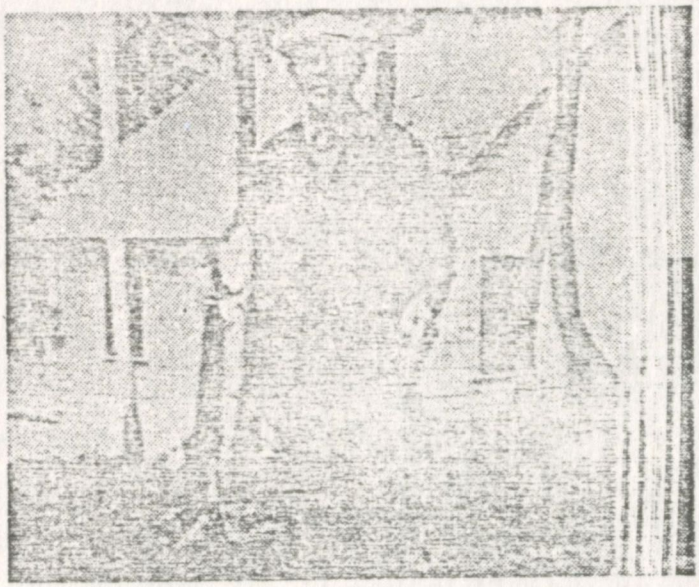
The untouched northeast corner (147th and Cline) is a quiet example of an Indiana Woods, but as you drive by, look fast, tomorrow it may be gone.

Winston Churchill once said "The farther backward you can look, the farther forward you are likely to see."

Looking ahead we should keep an eye on South Shore because, like all areas of Cedar Lake, things are changing swiftly now.

The movement is encouraging.

Pictured in 1928 are (left to right) Glen Surprise, Anna Ribbentrop Surprise and Cass Surprise. Anna Ribben rop was the granddaughter of John Hoffman of Armour.



John Nelson with a fish he caught.

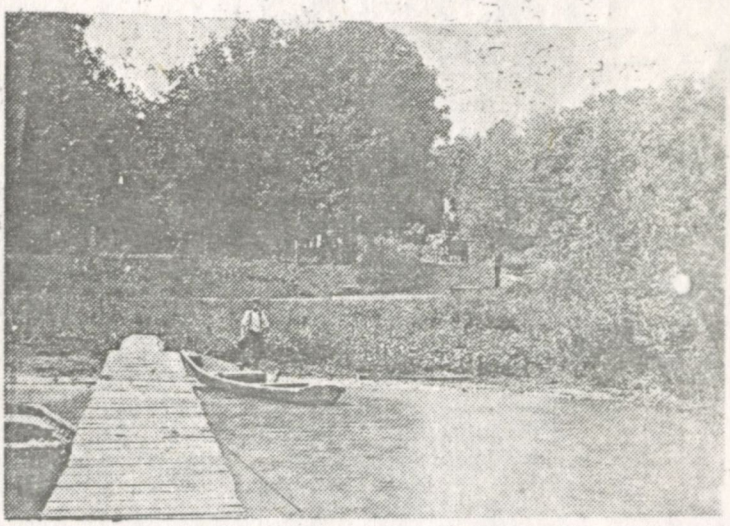
by Beatrice Horner

Cedar Lake Journal - South Lake County Advertiser - Thursday - March 18, 1976

Pilcher Publishing Co.

Memories Of Old Plank Road

A road looking west into early Creston about 1909. The old plank road entered from the north near the Methodist Episcopal Church, built in 1875.



At the intersection of 147th Ave. and Cline, the Ribbentrop Vegetable Wagon enters Cline Road to the south, which comes to the Plank Road to Creston. Mr. John Nelson is seen at a Cedar Lake pier. The year is 1911.

By Beatrice Horner

Where could there ever be a 3/4 mile road that would be worth continually talking about? One that would command our attention and hold it though it had but 40 years of existence until it weathered and collapsed.

As memories linger, everyone talks about it or continues to ask about it as the history travels on.

That road was made of planking. It went straight north to south, beginning at the south end of Cedar Lake's Cline avenue and ended in the town of Creston.

Creston and South Cedar Lake have undergone a complete change of character today but once needed a road link over one hundred years ago.

The history of early roads began as Indian trails and waterways and then came wider wagon trails. Sink holes and washouts were overlayed by tree trunks, making sections of "Corduroy road."Riding these in a surrey or coach must have been a unique experience. Imagine bodies being flung back and forth or thrown to the rig's floor as the ponderous carriage wheels fell from log to log!

It was enough to dislocate all of the bones of the human body.

In pioneer years traveling problems were always serious, immediate and to be individually contended with.

In this vicinity, road building was purely a local and usually a private affair, with no public funds available.

The first government road for Indiana was "the Cumberland road." It was financed by Congress in 1806 at a cost of $7,000,000. This 800 mile highway was constructed from Cumberland Md. to Indianapolis, Ind. Prairie schooners now traveled it as the west was opened.

Then railroads took all of the country's attention and other roads were financially neglected by the government for over fifty years.

Locally the big marshes of south Cedar Lake hampered travel for it's fast growing communities in the years of the 1860 and 70's. A plank road was the only solution.

In the unknown year that the road was built, pioneering carpenters set up tree-log pillars into the marshland when it was frozen over. This enabled them to stand safely on the ice while at work.

They used thick 3" planking layed crossways over stringers that went from post to post. Square boat spikes 12" long, made by local blacksmiths, were driven in the planks to keep them in place.

A rig could cross the marsh now, coming onto the road west of Creston's Methodist Episcapal Church (built in 1875) and move directly north. Overlooking the marsh one would pass a hill where once existed a Pottawatomi Indian settlement.

This hill and other bogged watery areas rose to meet the level of the plank road. In the spring, often the surface of the bridge would, in some places, go underwater.

Traveling on north, folks came to a bridge at the roads end that lead east to the home of Emil Tews. Here they left the planking, still going north, to enter a dirt wagon road past the Ribbentrop Truck farm, the Charles Naumans home and meeting the intersection known as 147th and Cline ave. at south Cedar Lake.

A large spike was centered out on that plank road for an important reason. It was said that if you leaned over and placed your hands and feet in four positions around the spike, you would be in four townships, Center, Hanover, Cedar Creek and West Creek.

All of the boys tried it to see how it would feel and it felt just great out there in the middle of nowhere.

There also were lots of other things to do in that wild life world of the Old Plank Road.

Cedar Lake and Creston boys dressed in overalls and straw hats and whistling as they went, captured frogs out there the grew hopping thick among the marsh grass, bushes and cat-tails.

Ernie and Ed Rosenbaur of Paisley Town, carried a washtub along and lugged it back home again full of frogs in 1908.

Their mother skinned the frogs, rolled them in eggs and bread-crumbs, frying them in crackling lard for a hearty meal. Ed, then a ten year old, says that frog legs jump in the pan as they are being fried (and we believe him) so he stood by and watched as his appetite grew.

Hidden in the tall marsh growth on each side of the plank road were rusty nails found all along the plank ends. These were to anchor stringers of fish or to hold the chains of traps hanging below in the swamp water.

Fishermen could catch unlimited numbers of pickerel and carp in those early years.

To make a dollar they trapped, in deep winter when fur bearing animals were plentiful.

There was always a fur trader somewhere who would buy those pelts for market price, helping a lad buy himself warm clothes for school.

Bull snakes found their way from the marsh into the sheds owned by the people living along the roadways of south Cedar Lake.

They came looking for mice and hen's eggs. Often one was startled as they came upon a bullsnake 2-1/2" around and 5 feet long, sunning on the warm board walk in the sun, near the kitchen door.

Those snakes layed eggs in unexpected places. Ed Rosenbaur, a lifetime Monon railroad man once found a row of snake's eggs tucked neatly between the ties of the railroad where that track entered the marshlands to the west.

Hazards of the marsh were many. John Rosenbaur, a Civil War Veteran, almost lost his life by slipping into a sink-hole area near the railroad, spanning the marsh.

The train sent fiery sparks into the peat beds of the marsh and caused a lot of trouble, and smouldering turf would burn for weeks at a time west of Nauman's and along pickerel

creek. This hazardous heat never quite reached the old plank road.

Freight was hauled from the Creston depot to Paisley's stores when the train so regulated their stops.

The plank road was not quite wide enough for two horse drawn rigs to safely pass one another. Because of the caution necessary to stay on the road, no serious accidents ever occured along the 3/4 mile span.

John Scrieber, says that as a 6 year old he had a ride to remember as the memories of the old plank road linger on.

His parents Peter and Barbara (Miller)Schrieber, had in 1897 taken their children along as they made a trip to Lowell in a team pulled farm lumber wagon.

On the way home Peter decided to return to the lake from Creston via the old plank road. The frightfully rugged ride was one big mistake that John has never forgotten.

The wagon lunged and plunged, taxing it's spring to the upmost, as horse's hoofs tipped planks only to be met by wheel rims to rock them back again.

While Peter held the reins so tight the horses strained and chewed their bridle bits, Mother Barbara was holding her children tightly lest they crack their little heads together or topple from the wagon. For them it was a wild, wild ride.

Despite the roads condition it was not replanked until several years later.

We were talking to the late Henry Henn in about 1971 and he said that he was one of the carpenters who repaired the old road in early 1900. He said it was the third time it was planked. This last time it was worked over, a box-like newer layer made the road hollow inside, so now there was a different sound as wheels passed over the surface.

Men came daily along the plank road from Creston in the years of Ice Farming at the Knickerbocker Ice Industry site along the southern shore of the lake.

In the deep cold of winter of the years around 1910 the racket of horses hoofs at an even gallop could be heard coming over the road.

The skilled rider was Rufus McCusky who lived west of town in Creston. That energetic fellow dismounted his handsomely groomed bay horse in his own fashion, as he put the animal to rest in John Nelson's barn next to the Knickerbocker boarding hotel.

Rufus moved slowly, sure of each step, as he strode to his position about fifty feet from the Ice barn's engine room. Here he sat on a nail keg, held a needle bar firmly in his strong hands and spent a ten hour day splitting double ice cakes in two as they floated past down a water channel.

While others of the ice labor force stopped now and then, entering the engine room to warm their feet at a pot bellied stove, Rufus McCusky stayed on his seat.

He said his feet weren't cold, and his friends could see why.

As a child the boy's father, driving a haymower in the fields, did not see his son in the hay. He faced the tragedy of cutting off the lad's legs with the mower's sickle.

From then on Rufus was a hero who handled his own life in a unique way. He wore boots - backwards.

His understanding horse gently lowered it's head as his master could conveniently bridle or mount. There was perfect communication and the two were inseperable. So each day at sun-up came Rufus at full gallop over the old plank road, returning at nightfall with equal assurance, as he earned his own way through the world.

A history of sink-holes affected both the plank road and the Monon rails that spanned the marsh south of the town of Paisley of southwest Cedar Lake. Truthful tales were told of a possibility of the road sinking, so a ride over the road was made more fearful as children used their young imaginations.

Little Sheila Ruble had been listening to those stories and she was afraid. As Sheila Henry of Lowell in 1976, she tells us that she came as one of 7 children, with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Bryon Ruble, from Shelbyville to live in Creston. They came over the marsh from the south on the Monon train to get off at the little Paisley depot.

Sheila, then twelve years old, remembers being met at the depot by George Taylor and Arthur Ross of Creston. These men were driving a team-pulled bob-sled. They bedded the Ruble family down in the wagon box filled with straw and covered them with several heavy wool blankets.

It was bitter cold, and despite the new-comer's fear of the plank road sinking, the sled runners kept a straight line back again south to the little town of Creston. There they settled to become citizens of South Lake County.

Standing at the onset of the Plank Road, looking south, one could see the little white Creston Church at the other end of the road.

Mrs. Harrison Ford dressed little daughter Hazel in her Sunday best. Mrs. Ford then took the youngster over to the edge of the marsh and started the child out walking on the plank road, waved goodbye, and watched, lingering until the little girl could be seen entering the churchyard. At the correct time mother met daughter on a return trek back from Sunday school.

Happy were the carefree children that could go on a picnic in the summers of those early years. They clamoured over the plank road and went into Monon Park at Midwest Cedar Lake's shores. They carried baskets of home prepared food, none to compare in our supermarkets of today. Routinely the Tews, Nelsons, Suprises, Coffins and Naumans used the plank road as their direct route as they attended the church that celebrated it's 100 years of exiting history in 1975.

TOWN OF CEDAR LAKE

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In 1912 William Govert sat high on the seat of the loaded Seipp's beer wagon, with little Peter Horner, Jr. at his side. They drove south over the plank road, made it to the other side of the marsh and vowed never to try that again!

Leonard Barman was always looking for a job because in his youth he had lost his father and the family of 5 children needed his support money. When he was seventeen the men of the south region were repairing the old road. Leonard hauled wagonloads of planking from the boxcar that stood on the side track belonging to the Monon and the ice industries. That planking had been shipped in from an unknown lumber mill.

A few years later Leonard had another job. John Schubert told him to haul a wagon load of cord wood to a friend who lived in Lowell. Schubert instructed Leonard to save miles by taking the old plank road.

As Leonard proceeded along the span he encountered many rotted or open areas where planks were missing. He took logs from his load to lay across the gaps, went over the corduroy improvised spot, re-loaded his logs again and went on. Many times he repeated this performance before he came out into the Creston road.

Leonard, at age 85 today, says he at the time thanked the Lord and has never forgotten the experience.

The word got around that a rig traveled the plank road at great risk in those years before World War I.

The planks were rotting with spring icejams and lack of repair but it was still a place for barefoot little boys to fish as they cautiously hopped the planks to avoid slivers and stubbed toes.

This 3/4 mile road was leaving the scene at the same time that the 4000 mile Dixie highway was linking the wintry north to the everglades eternal summer. Our Creston to Cedar Lake link was now useless.

The automobile soon gave impetus to good road building, and taxpayers' money was making it possible.

Our old wooden road dissapeared when, few at a time, planks were carried away, some to be layed as sidewalks, while one home on lane E lined it's cellar walls with the thick old boards.

Robert Smith flys a plane over Cedar Lake now and then. He has taken a birds-eye view of the marches of the Lake's southern area. He says that the piling can still be seen standing along the old road's path.

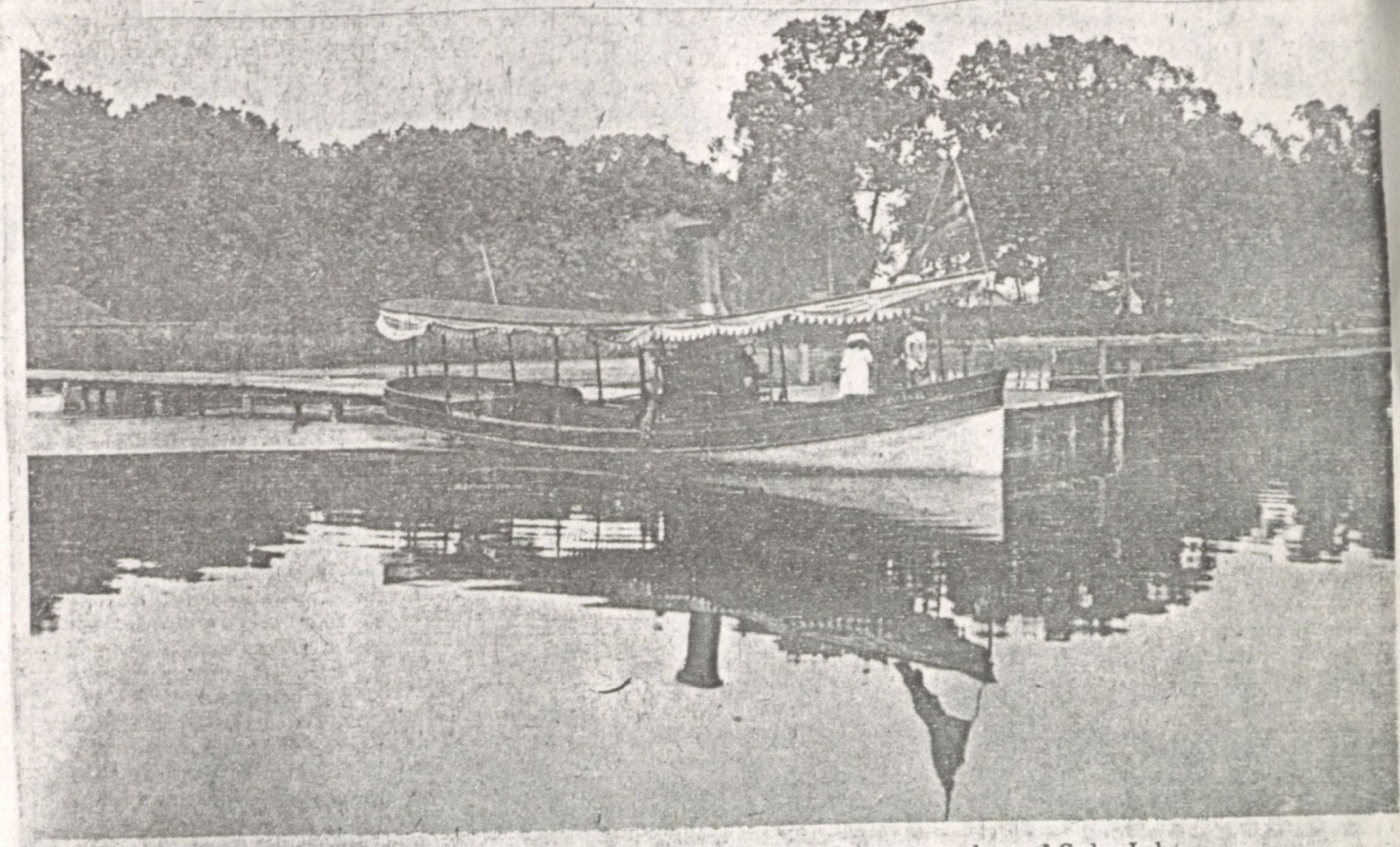
Tales still loom up as old timers become fewer but their children continue to remind grandchildren that once there was an old plank road that linked the lake to south Lake County.

We cannot claim to have had an old covered bridge, but pardon us if we seem a bit boastful about our Old Plank Road as we continue remembering.

Pilcher Publishing Co.

The Old Monon Park

Cedar Lake Journal - South Lake County Advertiser - Lowell Tribune - Thursday - January 9, 1975



The "Dispatch" an early model Steamboat docked on the western shore of Cedar Lake.

by Beatrice Horner

This story has been told so many times before. Such elaborate tales, conjured up and embellished to be more entertaining in the telling, and some were downright true.

Results from this re-telling caused the ears of early newshawks to be on the alert. They needed spicy stories to pep-up their dull and picture-less columns in those old news-weeklys, prior to 1900.

The area of which we speak was once known as the Monon Picnic Grounds, located at the mid-western shores along the waters of Cedar Lake.

When researching early events of Monon Park we find all of life's good with it's joys, laughter and wholesomeness has manifested itself here. Also all that stems from human weaknesses sometimes occured here over the period of time that this 20 acre tract of land became a summer outing area late in 1800.

There was no direct route from Cedar Lake into Chicago by rail until 1882. The Monon, that train that had carried the funeral entourage of Abraham Lincoln, through Indiana to Michigan City, considered this more direct route and insisted on its rails being laid parallel to the Cedar Lake shores for reasons of affording it's passengers the scenic beauty of this large body of water.

At that same time it was mindful of the possibilities of added passenger service as they considered running special excursion trains daily to and from this vacation spot, then, to most, but a quiet fishing and tenting adventure.

After all lands were acquired by the new-coming Monon, in 1882, the railroad officials began dealing with local citizens in an effort to place hotels and a park, as well as two depots along it's Cedar Lake route.

Copied from old abstracts are these paragraphs:

John DuBreuil dealt with Robert Hunter in a deed to Hunter and his associates for the agreement of constructing a hotel and park for the entertainment of visitors" - The price $2500 at 8% interest.

"Dr. Hunter agreed to aid DuBreuil to secure a depot and all necessary Railroad offices at such point on DuBreuil land as DuBreuil may see fit" - - -

"Hunter to put a steamer on the lake and commence erection of a hotel and pleasure park expending $3000 thereon in 6 months".

Excepted from this was the railroad now running along the shore of Red Cedar Lake and a street alongside the Monon railroad. This was on June 27, 1882.

DuBreuil, a Frenchman from Dyer, had purchased the land once pioneered by Charles Ball in 1840. He was asked to set up

a picnic grounds, build a pier extending into the lake and maintain a fleet of 40 rowboats as well as a steam powered launch to be used to show the lake to passengers on tour. This was all to be maintained by the railroad company.

As a result of these transactions the 100 room Hunter Hotel was built at South eastern Armour Town and the DuBreuil Hotel was built at the Mid-Western shoreline adjoining what we now know as Noble Oaks Park.

The Paisley and Armour Depots were set up. The Paisley road at South-Western Cedar Lake, now removed, was built at this same time.

The first parksite selected was the acreage now known as Noble Oaks Park. It wasn't long before the small park was over crowded and there was no adjoining land on which to expand so they moved northward.

Now, on a 20 acre site just south of the teeming Village of Armour at North-Western Cedar Lake the railroad's park venture really got down to business.

Prior to this time this lake shoreline was in Virgin timber. Small tents could be seen along the waters edge where fishermen spent tranquil hours. The tiny villages of Armour and Paisley were in their infancy, populated by early pioneer families of yet earlier years. The ice industries had not yet entered this quiet spot, where in time they were to, after 1888, eventually wrap the Northwest and Southwest shores with giant ice barns.

Now the newer parksite that was once dense with wild berries, hazel bushes and wild life became a cleared open grassy picnic grounds.

Timothy Ball, early Lake County Historian, wrote proudly and profusely of this area of his boyhood years but when this new "modern" movement penetrated his homelands he must have layed down his quill pen. He touched on the event but said no more.

The Park

In the new park local carpenters were hired to build benches between the trees and to set up "Chic Sales" type comfort stations.

They built stands to be rented, along a midway, to hawkers who set up concessions of every description.

A tall overpass, held high by wooden piling and girded with steel framing furnished a safe walkway for passengers as they filed to and from the picnic grounds to meet the Monon train and lake boats. The train stopped directly in front of the grounds, near the Lake Pier and it also stopped on scheduled time at the two depots that were at Armour and Paisley prior to 1898.

By 1890 the place was mobbed and by 1898 crowds moved in such numbers that the first 100 room hotel set up by Hunter and the smaller DuBreuil Hotel was inadequate.

Then Charles Sigler, a hotel builder from the eastern shores, erected a big hotel at the south end of the park. At this same time in 1898, Mr. Sigler managed the Monon Park. The Sigler Hotel was followed by the big Glendenning Hotel just next door northward. Now all of this hotel service knew a terrific seasonal business all because of an excursion train selling an idea to city folks, an idea whose time had come.

As years went on, not only Chicago folk came to visit this beautiful lake and park. The earliest idea was to draw people here who would bring profit to the railroad through the purchase of excursion tickets. The pattern changed as many groups from nearby towns came also to picnic here, coming up from Lowell by train or arriving in horse and buggy or landing at Monon Pier via rowboats on the lake.

During the earliest years, trains taking people to Chicago would return on the same day. One could always depend on the 9:00 a.m. northbound milk train that stopped to pick up those big heavy milk cans awaiting them at an "open air" depot in front of the Sigler hotel. In 1893 trains taking people to Chicago's Columbian Exposition stopped for passengers only at Armour Town. Folks came to this village from Creston and Paisley parking their horses and rigs at hitching rails supplied at the Armour depot. But these were quiet years compared to what was to come.

The whole intention of the park was to entertain and attract people and the job was obviously well done. The crowds grew and the noise commenced. Today's Lake County Fair midway had nothing on this! Caliapes played as vendors hawked their wares, selling cold drinks, popcorn, crackerjack, ice cream and everything else imaginable. Dice rolled down long planks in concession stands and on blankets on the grounds.

In one concession stand was the canvas covered cubicle set up by Eastman Kodak of Chicago. It was here that Sam Smith, of Cedar Lake learned photography as he processed and sold tin-types to those who posed and waited awhile as Sam finished the pictures in his hastily set up dark room. Sam Smith later used these skills as he circled the lake photographing scenes that were made up on post-cards to be sold hereabouts.

Soon liquor began to be brought in by the case, and before a day was much underway the crowds got rougher and tougher. The Monon became so concerned that they had to assign constables to the area to quell the rowdiness. Most cops were from Chicago, but locally, Bob Mercer and Adam Schafer were tough enough to take on the almost hopeless task of keeping law and order in Monon Park.

Armour children were warned that the south fence was off limits and local people, the more conservative of the population, often tried to shut off the conviniality.

The Chicago bar tenders picnic held here was a challenging one to handle. The picnickers were so out-of-hand when they boarded the train for Chicago at eventide that the engineer had an aggravating problem. The men tormented trainmen by tooting the whistle, invading the coal car and being otherwise unsanitary and obnoxious. The solution was simple. They just pulled the passenger cars aside in Hammond and rolled the remaining cars on into Chicago, leaving their passengers to "dry-out" along the way.

From the offices of the transportation building in Chicago comes a list of groups that experienced outings at Monon Park. This includes the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and others listed among 40 to 50 picnics scheduled each season. In 1907 the largest of them all was Marshall Fields employee's picnic that numbered 7000 present. Bleachers were set up in this 20 acre play-ground as the Cubs played the Sox out here in their early years of baseball. Also the House of David ball team came from Minnesota to play our local baseball team consisting of boys from Cedar Lake, Hanover Center and Brunswick. Those bearded House of David men created quite a furore in those years due to their hirsute appearance.

In 1900 college students were offered 1/3 off on round trip tickets enticing these youth from seminaries and universities, hoping they'd ride the Monon and bring money into hotels over the Easter holidays, when business was slack.

[Continued From Last Week]

by Beatrice Horner

A newspaper account of a Lowell group enjoying a picnic at Monon Park was news in 1901. The color line was not drawn as we note a large group of Black picnickers enjoying the fresh air and sunshine of these western shores.

Some Sundays overworked the local constables as they used Billy Clubs to knock heads, tumbling drunks like nine pins. Errant guests were taken before a local Justice of the Peace, and should it be found necessary, the law breaker was taken in a horse drawn Paddy Wagon to the Crown Point jail. Henry Henn of South Cedar Lake once ran a boat between Monon's Pier and Hetzler's pier as he took arrested revelers to meet the police wagon.

Despite the many who came that were a credit to the park, far too many made the situation hard to handle. Evidently the Monon became discouraged with it's venture, for by 1912 they were trying to find another means of handling the park management.

Periodic eruptions lead people to assume, quite incorrectly that that was all that went on in the big park. The truth was that many well conducted church and club groups held outings here, peacefully, long before the coming of the New Conference Grounds management in 1914.

The people of Cedar Lake were not in this situation by choice, nor should they be faulted for it. Although the noise hurt our sensitive ears, many a young lad was able to earn money to buy his clothes for the following school year, even if now and then they would eat and drink themselves sick on candy bars and soda pop.

Also many young ladies earned their keep an they worked in the hotels, at tasks, difficult and tedious for their young ages.

Ruby Mitch helped prepare baskets of food at the Sigler Hotel. The Mitch boys then peddled this daily down the lanes of Monon Park eager to take home their small profits, helping their widowed mother in the years of 1914.

Josephine Schutz Wachter once worked in the big Sigler in the days when an influx of the Monon's Park guests had to be serviced with food and lodging. In a recent interview Josephine told us that she wore gingham dresses far below her knees, Long lisle stockings held securely above the knee with wide shirred and ribboned garters. She said she stood at the age of 14 years, in 1908, cleaning glasses and silverware for the fast turnover of patronage in the hotel dining room. For her work she received $1.00 per day. When she became more experienced she was allowed to wait tables". Then she earned tips. These she tucked into her stocking tops and worked the coins down, down, until they nestled in her stocking feet within her sturdy shoes, for safe keeping.

Working for Mr. Sigler and later for Art and Ruby McLaughlin were also other women. Remembered kitchen help was Mary Rosenbaur,augusta Saberniak, Ruby Nauman, Allie Ford, Mamie Rosenbaur, Rose Lauerman and Ruby Mitch.

The added jobs afforded by the Monon picnic grounds and the hotels were welcomed locally by those who needed income in years when a small dollar went a long way. These busy hired hands had no time to mingle with the summer crowds. They were too busy serving them to be part of the imported flock of vacationers.

Possibly in todays parlance, our old adventures, wild as they seemed, would be considered tame compared to the life styles of today in similar play areas.

By 1914 Paul Rader dealt with the Monon as they promised to accept the beautiful wooded park as a gift, to take good care of the grounds, clean the lake frontage, and keep excursion trains running with tickets sold to Christian groups in need of summer outings.

This was done in splended fashion, as by 1919 they entertained 400 to 500 people daily in the newly organized Cedar Lake Conference Grounds under the auspices of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

One Sunday saw 200 children off the hot streets of Chicago having the time of their lives in the big 20 acre Cedar Lake Park now called "Rest-A-While".

People still came in droves, some riding in carriages, using the same old hitching posts and watering their horses at the same old wooden troughs enjoying the same natural scenery and all of the sports afforded in the game areas of the grounds, lake pier and it's Monon boats. The numbers were the same but their reasons for coming had drastically changed. Long over-due was this newer era of tranquillity for the once boisterous old Monon Park.

Came the days of the Chataqua. That institution had developed from a Sunday School Teacher's assembly in 1874 at Chataqua Lake. Their aim was to utilize the general demand for summer rest by combining daily Bible study and healthful recreation.

By 1915 the big Chataqua tents were being set up in the new Cedar Lake Conference Grounds. In-coming trains from North and South were filled to capacity with followers.

The visit to Cedar Lake of Mrs. Winemiller in 1969, helped to recall the far-reaching results of those old Chataqua years. She lived in Terre Haute and said she took a train to Indianapolis where she changed her route, boarding the Monon, coming north bound to Cedar Lake's Conference Grounds. To her this impressionable trip was a joy to remember.

The newer Monon Depot, that was erected in 1898 at the Mid-western shoreline was now an unusually busy place in those three seasonal months of each on-going year. Church members met all trains with a special motor-bus, offering transportation to the grounds just to the northward. After receiving permission from Harrison Ford, the depot agent, a congregated group stood on the old wide Oak planked depot platform and sang hymns to welcome the passengers as they stepped off the Monon's small black iron passenger cars. The lovely holiday hatted ladies protected their long starched skirts and white petticoats from the cinders along the tracks. Their husbands and children, dressed in their Sunday best, likewise had to avoid the soot that belched from the long skinny smoke-stack of the old Monon engine.

Some riding and some walking, the crowds surged into the grounds, were ushered under a big canvas tent, seated in wooden folding chairs to await expertly conducted religious services. This program was interspersed with games of baseball, croquet and tennis as busy-fingered ladies prepared food in the outdoor kitchens under the trees.

Mr. Glendenning met a need for more overnight lodging by giving the hotel to the moody Bible Institute's Conference Grounds.

by Beatrice Horner

The late Rev. Charles Watt, (1891-1972) ordained in 1914, had come to live, with his wife Josephine Muir Watt (1893-1966) in the town of Armour in 1918. He was an expert carpenter as well as a man of the cloth. He was from those years on, conducting religious services, while at his side Mrs. Watt taught Sunday school classes, ever mindful of the needs of the faithful.

She had been a registered nurse before coming to Cedar Lake and having these splendid people in our vicinity was our gain.

Charles Watt, as a carpenter, told us in 1971 that he and his helpers literally cut the big Glendenning hotel in two. Then they moved the sections into park property to again re-unite them to become once more a useful tourist's abode. They dedicated this building in 1919.

Permanent buildings were set up and named for loyal church members. The Wooley Hall and Torrey hall illustrate this yet today.

The Christian Assembly group came as guests to our Cedar Lake Conference Grounds, became enamoured of the lake's comforts and recreational possibilities, and eventually purchased the old Lassen Resort on the Eastern Shores.

Other remembered early groups that spent time here were the Dutch Reformed Church of Chicago, Rescue Missions of Grand Rapids, Mich.; Brethern Church groups originating in Plymouth England, and the Swedish Mission Church of Chicago.

One sunny day in those years of the 1920's a group of young folk, excited and fun-loving, entered a small boat to row across to the east side of the lake. They wanted to see the then famous Lassen Dance Pavillion that stood out into the water near the Lassen summer resort.

On their return home, westward bound, where the water was about 8 feet deep they met with tragedy. An excursion boat moved too close causing the small craft to upset, dumping all occupants into the water.

A young girl drowned, while all others were rescued and brought back to the depot. Here the Monon took the crying hysterical youths back to Chicago. A search for the young girls body brought no results that day.

A repeat search by the Rev. Charles Watt and a friend, finally successfully retrieved the body but what a sad ending for what promised to be a perfect weekend for hundreds of park visitors.

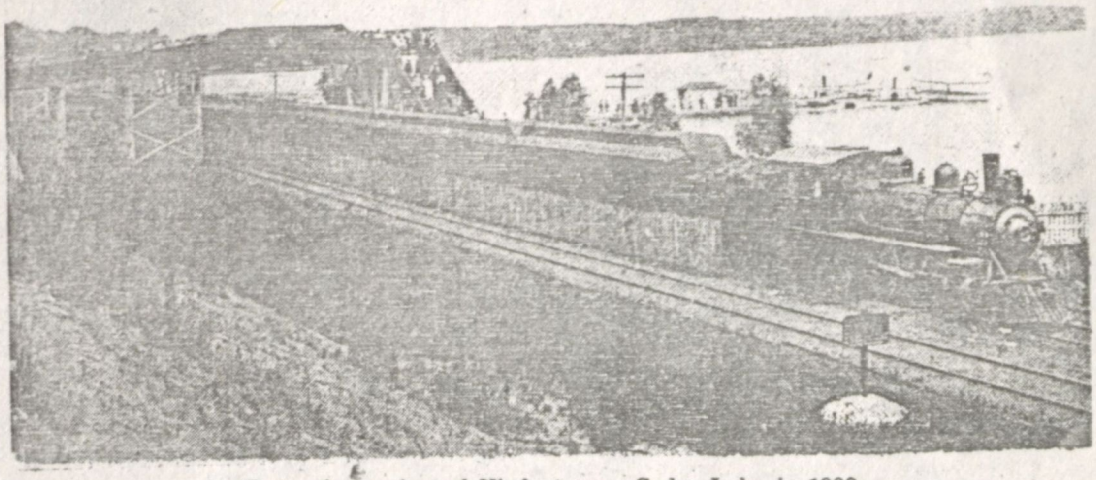
The years have flown by. The "Rest-A-While" Cedar Lake Conference Grounds, promoted by diligent church groups have continued to this day the same ambitious venture set up by Paul Rader and his followers.

In 1971, a hayride sponsored by the Baptist Church set about to transport, on hayracks, children from the Hammond area to the Cedar Lake Conference grounds. They expected a few hundred in attendance.

The result was the biggest "hayride" in history as thousands came.

Today, 1974, it's all there, busy as ever and beautiful as ever and it's history prints will surely show on the sands of time.

Hanging on a fence at the corner of Parrish and 137th Street is a directional sign. It still says "Rest-A-While".



Excursion train and Viaduct near Cedar Lake in 1908.

Thursday - January 16, 1975

Cedar Lake Journal - South Lake County Advertiser -

A family picnic in Monon Park.

Total Days or Hours Payroll Period, Ending May 19 81

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	To
Hours or Days Worked																																
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Total Days or Hours Payroll Period, Ending June 19 81

Moody Conference crowd at the Monon depot in Cedar Lake in 1924.

Pilcher Publishing Co.

The Old Monon Park

Group of men who helped establish The Conference Grounds in 1914. Paul Rader is seated at lower right.

Pilcher Publishing Co.

The Old Monon Park

A Chautauqua under a tent at the Conference Grounds in 1915.

"Super Markets" Of The 1920's

By Beatrice Horner

Before a land surveyor can effectively plan a new road to where he wants to go, he will occasionally swing his transit 180 degrees to check where he's been.

This truism applies to history, and as we narrow the idea down to this region, we find that the local grocery stores have come along way in the field of ideas.

Transportation had a great bearing on the movement of supplies, so the vehicle in use, of the era, and the roadway that it travels make all the difference in the market place.

In earlist 1900's the T intersection in Brunswick continued eastward as the "Adeway", crossed the West Creek, entered Hanover-Centre and from there went on the Armour Town. When leaving Armour it narrowed to but a buggy trail as it reached Cline Avenue that went Northward.

In 1901 land was purchased from Adam Hetzler, Adolph Von Borstel and Peter Dress, so a route could be completed for public travel as far as the Crown Point road at Ray's Roadhouse. (Coleman's). Peter Dress had to forfeit his big horse-radish patch that lay between his home and the lake front where now is located the Fagen Drugstore. (This product was at the time being bottled and sold at Southwater Market in Chicago. This is known as Sittler's Horsebradish on today's store shelves). At this time the entire roadway of which we speak was gravelled, and it was not until 1928 that the 133 Ave. stretch and Lake Shore Drive was finally paved.

Necessities of life came as far as our railroad depot warehouses and platforms and by automobile so merchandise was here to be bought and sold, and that is just exactly what was happening in the years of the 1920's.

The brunt of retail commerce in those years was carried by the so-called grocery and general stores. These places were combined residence and business enterprises, usually managed by a man and wife team. The extra help included their own children and sometimes one or two other clerks. These stores did have some competition. Housewives sometimes spread the Sears, Wards and Larkin catalogues on the dining room table and shopped by mail. They carefully studied prices, descriptions and sizes by dim lamp light in these country homes.

Then there was the Watkins, Rawleigh and the Sexton man. These travelling salesmen cut down the patent drug sales quite a lot for our local stores.

The housewife was greeted almost daily by peddlers who felt sure she needed the wares he would gladly display, accompanied by quite a homespun sales pitch.

Mary Kubal Stife stands on her store porch where she can watch the boat traffic on Cedar Lake.

No one feared those purveyors of household wares in those slow paced years. (Harmless tramps even came to a back door to be fed. They were a species, who in those years, were fairly numerous everywhere, and are now practically extinct.)

Despite this outside activity the demand for goods required the services of several stores in those early 1920's.

Mary Kubal had been widowed in 1918, during the great influenza epidemic and she had a child to support. Her father, Adam Hetzler, purchased a two story building that had belonged to Stanley's complex at Eastern shores. They moved it across the ice of Cedar Lake in mid-winter of 1920 and placed it at an area now known as Kubal's Shopping Center.

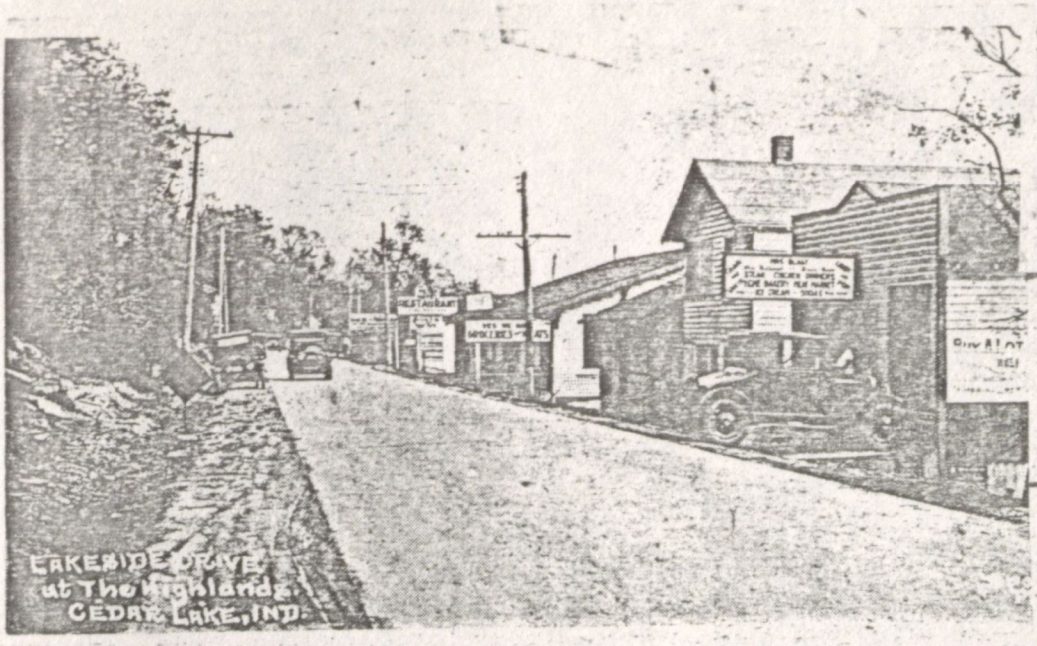
Then Mary started a small grocery business that blossomed into a moving, demanding, prosperous community service.

She became Mrs. Jack Stife, and then those rushing years ahead occupied almost every waking hour as this man and wife team, with added seasonal help, catered to the influx of resort trade, as well as local year round patronage.

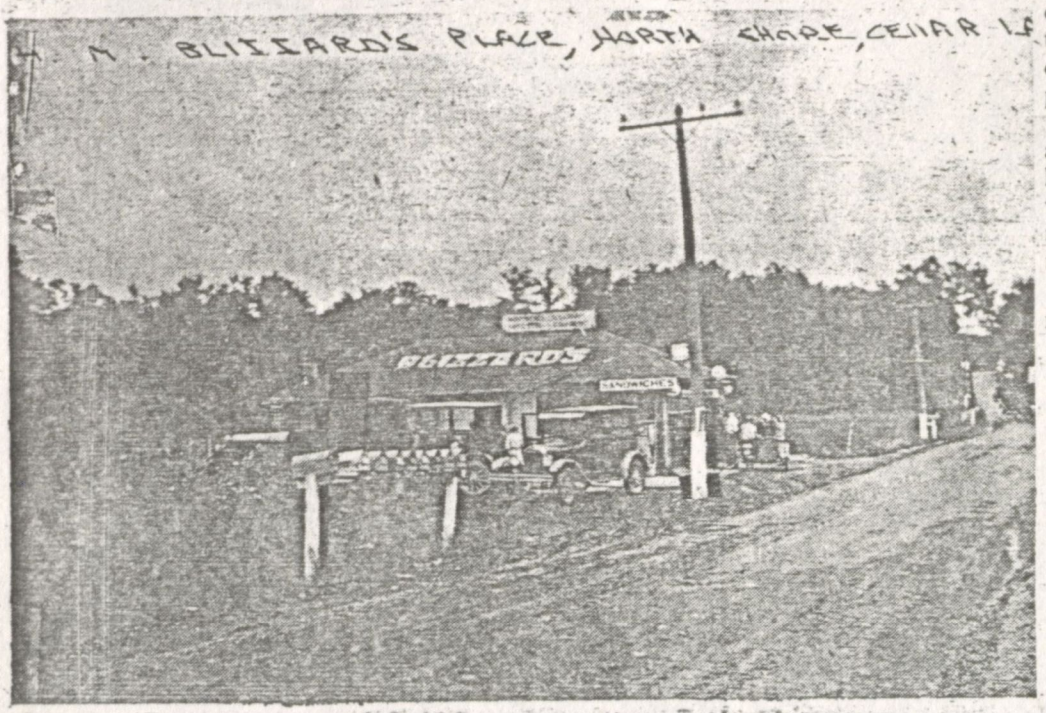
Working at Stife's store meant dipping ice cream cones by the hundreds and diving up to the elbows in ice water that cooled bottled Green River and Coca Cola. Slicing lunchmeat, packing shelves, keeping books, sweeping the floor and washing white aprons after closing hours. During the time to come the Stife's earned the high regard and valued friendship of all who knew them.

But this store was not alone in those years of prosperity

by Beatrice Emler-Horner



Lake Side Drive - newly paved in 1928 passes a lineup of small grocery stores.



Blizzard's Grocery started in a tent.

along the drive of Lakeshore.

Across the road from Stife's store, starting at the Burke Realty, moving along the shoreline around Lake Shore drive, there was a busy sight. People, people everywhere, swimming, walking, talking and eating - along the road, on the shore and on pier after pier, after pier.

When we say eating, we mean just that. If you managed to get past Ma's pantry, Ellery's Hot Dog Stand, Hattie O'Neil's Hot Dog Stand and Edgewater beach, you'd come to the place run by Mrs. Young.

It would be easier to tell you what Young's place wasn't than what it was. While they did sell groceries and meats it was really a delicatessen on a large scale with a few hotel rooms to boot.

This store and a few other small places beyond, toward Bartlett's Real Estate office showed their eagerness to bait the walking public by numerous signs. These were so elaborate they would put Door County to shame.

The last place in the row owned by Mrs. Blasy tried listing every article within, on her sign outside.

The sign read: Store, restaurant, dining room, Home Bakery, meat market, ice cream, sodas, candy, pop, cigars, cigarettes, plate lunch, dance floor. All of this was to be found within the long narrow, skinny summer-built building that had a nice blue lake for a background.

Joe & Charley's Meat Market

Joseph Haasman and Charley, conducted a small meat market, in a narrow frame building located 1/2 block west of Cline Ave. on Lake Shore Drive.

They specialized in home-made polish sausages, cured and seasoned special cuts, all done with such expertise, that they were proud of the many city customers who took their produce back home with them.

They sold some canned goods and convenience foods but their long hours, never closing, weeks in and out, were spent as merchants of superior quality meats.

Around the bend, on the north end of the lake Horace and Clara Blizzard had set up and were living in a tent, one block west of Cline Avenue. A subdivision was in its infancy at the time and because Chris Lassin had his saw-mill going at that area, the folks had to drive through sawdust a foot deep to enter the lanes around the tentsite.

They built a small grocery store, and with each season's success, added another wing, another porch or another bedroom. Concerted effort on the part of this couple and their two daughters made the small core area come alive.

And again, to the west, on the edge of Armour Town stood Bill and Mabel Cordrey's small community grocery store. established by Mabel's parents, J.F. Poltz. This place was such a convenience to Meyer Manor and Meyer Terrace folks, as well as to the passers-by, that the front door was always swinging. Food, post-cards, film and always milk and ice cream by gallons and gallons. Long hours and friendly service was the one real reason these lake stores prospered.

They had begun in slow paced years and met the challenge of the very busy era when Cedar Lake was having a fling before the depression slowed things down.

On the extreme west end of the road stretch, in Brunswick, Ernest and Alice Meyer and their two daughters lived in the residential quarters and kept store in the front of the big building standing at the intersection. Now this was a real country store.

Customers were friendly and showed it in their country ways and country talk. Their needs were met already on the doorstep as we see bags of chicken feed and black cattle salt, stacked empty egg crates to be exchanged for full ones. Also empty butter crocks, some to be sold and some to be returned to customers.

This store had been pioneered by Herman Lepin, succeeded by H. Beckman, J. Beckman, J. Kurdey's, A. Piepho, and by 3. Ernest Meyer. As they ered the 20's this Meyer country store experienced some very action packed years.

Although quite a grocery line was stocked within, often local folks had to go eastward to Cook to buy numerous other necessities.

These were the years when 133 Ave. and Rt. 41 intersection was making up its mind about being Hanover-Centre or Cook. Regardless of name, the settlement was populated heavily enough to warrant the establishment of a country store.

Emil Bixenman had spent his boyhood in the combined home and saloon that stood at the N.East corner of the village crossroads. Emil and his wife Ida (Schafer) stocked the re-modeled old landmark with groceries, set up a meat department, and hired Michael Saur as a store clerk. This old structure with it's maple floor white globe lighted high, ng gave a dated look to this newly set up stock where neatness was a first requirement.

Folks knew the personal touch as Mike hand weighed cookies taken from 10 lb. glass windowed boxes, and Emil trimmed the fat from a thick steak to please each customer. When radios became a household word Emil sold Majestic console sets and now and then a kerosene space heater. But for a few extra items, this place was specializing in groceries and most of the time customers carried out their own purchases.

(Continued Next Week)

By Beatrice Horner

None of the stores mentioned so far carried a complete line of general needs. When customers (or even these stores) needed items beyond the usual stock, they all looked to the big nbling, over crowded, jamked general store that stood in the Cook area along the New York Central Railroad.

When John and Peter Schrieber went into business, by 1923, it was to continue one already established previously by Arthur Lauerman in 1908. With food and service as a main concern a grocery route was a big part of the terrific success experienced by these proprietors.

Two inclosed delivery trucks were now driven daily over the main and side roads of Cedar Lake's subdivisions, racing east and south into Tinkerville, North up to the hub in mud, into Shades Hill and along the lengths of Parrish Avenue. They would speed into the Meyer Manor, Armour Town, Paisley's side road and the lanes of the South Shore, over east on Reeder Road and north into Kaper's subdivision. This list could be endless, but be sure, the coverage was complete.

These grocery boys built a rack over the fenders of the trucks to hold 5 gallon cans of kerosene. Now they could be rid of those small one gallon cans that would spill over the groceries as the truck wobbled its way over ruts cut into those soft mud lanes of that day.

Peter Horner, who records 48 active years as a local grocery clerk, is today well remembered by this areas old-timers.

He spent years guarding his shins from nipping dogs and greeting the friendly ones. The grocery boy would come over the sidewalk carrying a tin basket over his shoulder. A call "grocery boy" announced as they approached the back door. Most doors were unlocked and the lady of the house was usually home.

If not she was visiting next door or at an afternoon club meeting. The order was left on the kitchen table and another order taken for tomorrow's delivery.

Schrieber's general store carried just about everything needed by the average local citizen of their years, although that list never contained canned dog food. That item was usually scraped from family dinner plates. Bones were free for the asking and liver was practically given away. Some meat markets produce was home butchered but most was trucked in.

They also knew exactly the day and the hour that the freight would arrive on the Monon or New York Central and these orders came from numerous wholesale catalogues such as Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett and Co. Hardware or Lea and Perriga's Medicines, Lowell Stoneware Co. or Steebs feed store of Crown Point. From 100 to 150 chickens were dressed by hand every Friday night, ready for the weekend rush. Years before people ate out mostly at Church dinners or box socials and at summer picnic outings.

Restaurants advertising chicken dinners began to invade this region more and more in the 20's but it made no dent into those orders for chickens dressed at the Cook store.

Unpasteurized milk was brought in from nearby farms in those 1920 years. Matthew Meyer, a farmer living west of Hanover-Centre was expected to bring in daily 2 metal baskets

each holding 6 glass milk bottles. This milk had been cooled in a water tank, put into bottles with a dipper and a funnel, then capped with circular waxed pieces of cardboard. Delivery was as early as 8:30 a.m. and that amount of milk took care of each days customers at Schriebers because many people owned their own cow or bought milk from a neighbor.

The Autumn harvest caused the old store's front porch to groan with bushels of windfall apples, concord grapes, pumpkin for homemade pies, hubbard squash, and a lot of popcorn sold on the cob. This was a real Octoberfest without calling it that!

Inside you name it. Sometimes only the clerk could locate it. And if they didn't have it, they'd order it. Yes, Siree! Country service with a country smile!

Customers came and went and the old delivery trucks came and went. So while some events took on a day to day sameness, there was nothing monotonous about the issues argued about around the big heating stove that rested on it's four legs in the middle of the board floor.

Alfred Schmal, the township trustee, would discuss a mariad of political problems with the local painter Louis Carl.

While the family grocery order was being filled, husbands debated everything debatable as we entered those early depression years.

Housewives would now have to "Hooverize" by cutting expenditures to the bone. It was becoming increasingly difficult to pay that grocery bill from week to week and everyone spoke on that subject.

Clarence Darrow was just one of the neighborhood as he came in to buy work gloves and a roll of barbed wire fencing he needed on his farm over west of town. Also everyone wondered if they'd strike oil where that big derrick was set up over in the Fedler neighborhood.

Store clerks were kept so busy that they had no time for much visiting during their 14 or 15 hour days on a job.

The years flew by and all went smoothly forward in this progressive old General store, well at least most of the time.

In 1928 the grocery boy pilot was steering the delivery truck around the bend at the north end of the lake. Just past Blizzard's grocery going eastward the truck lurched, reeled to the right, scruffed into a sod bank and rolled slowly down an incline to rest on it's top, wheels up, about ten feet below road level. Horace Blizzard, having seen it happen, arrived on the scene as the stunned driver was emerging unscathed.

Fortunately the upheavel of baskets had been empty ones; but those eggs that he had just purchased from a farmer had become one big omelet.

Pete Horner, the truck driver, and Mr. Blizzard had soon discovered the cause of the accident, a broken axel. That Schrieber's clerk had been driving this truck only two weeks prior to this time he had been laid off work for two months, recuperating from another accident. It seems he had challenged a train at a Hammond rail crossing. He was hospitalized with a broken back and all that was left of that truck and its load of feed was the steering wheel.

They became so busy at Schrieber's that Marie Horner (Stoll) was added to the payroll in 1928, followed by others as the work load increased.

By Beatrice Horner

For Sale: Iron spiders (Skillets), Kraut Crocks, Horse Collars, fencing and farm tools. Schmuck's Mop Wringers $2.25, an expensive luxury for mom. (It was guaranteed to increase her leisure time). A washing machine could be put on the bill and payed off weekly.

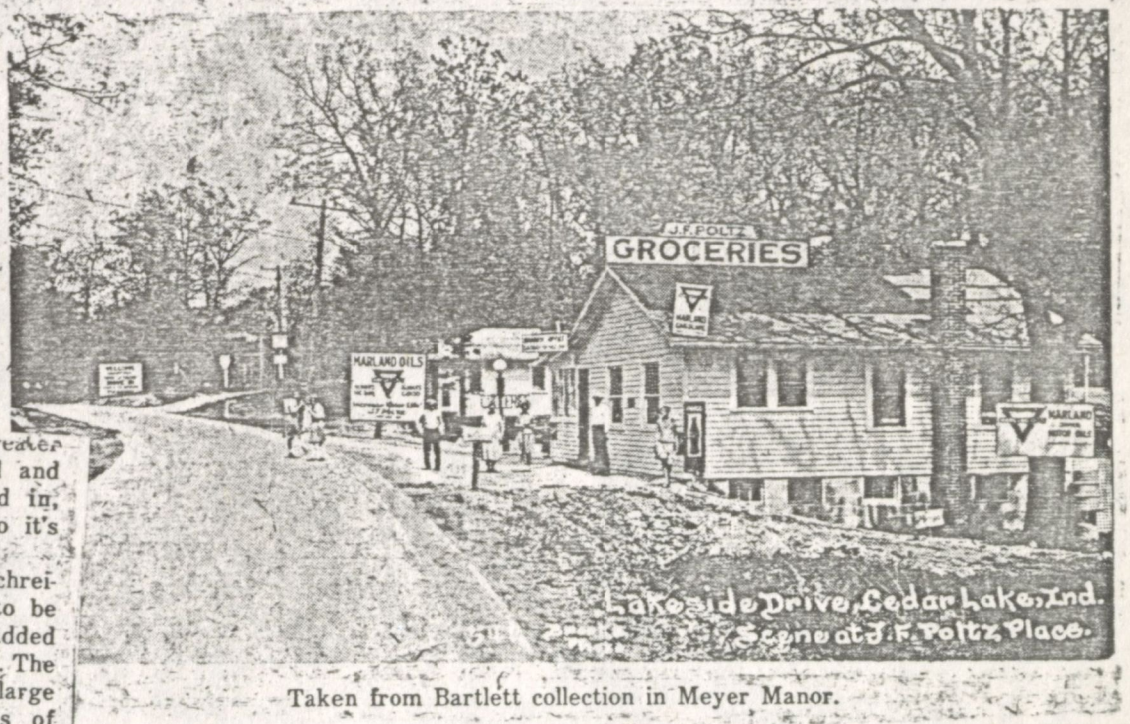
It is interesting to note historically that forks were used to pitch hay before they were seen on a dinner table. This store sold both, their use similar and positioned similar. But make no mistake the clerks knew where to find it.

Soon the Meyer's store, Blizzards Grocery and Schrieber's General Store set up gasoline pumps as an added customer convenience. Clerks waited on customers by collecting and itemizing all items by hand and string tying all sacked and wrapped packages. (These were not the years of "serve yourself") Then out the clerk would run, to fill someone's Model T Ford with 5 gallons of gasoline, this also to be charged on the multi-itemed bill.

During the week customers came in bibbed overalls, blue chambray shirts and straw hats often smoking corn-cob pipes, but on Sunday it was a different story. Clerks ran out of church early to beat the crowd that would minutes later come like an avalanche through the doors of these stores, all dressed in their Sunday best.

In those days of slow driving and poor roads, no one got very far from home. When they needed horse medicine, liniment, cathartics, sulphur for fumigating, sheets of tangle foot or peppermint for the baby's colic, in they came.

Looking Northward at Brunswick business Center.



Taken from Bartlett collection in Meyer Manor.

As the damand was greater more clerks were added and more stock was hauled in, taxing all store space to it's limit.

That overstuffed old Schreiber store building had to be enlarged so a wing was added to the east and to the west. The walk-in cooler that stored large cuts of meat and tubs of dressed chickens was kept cold with hugh blocks of ice, ten or twelve at a time, replaced twice a week by the local ice man.

Retirement age today goes down like an elevator, but not long ago hired help, along with the boss, worked until they almost dropped. Long hours had no bearing on the size of the paycheck and store unions were unheard of.

Some stores closed at noon on Sundays and others were open all that day, especially in the summer as city folks swarmed toward Cedar Lake.

There was little time to be smuggled out for a clerk to court his girlfriend, go to a neighborhood dance or attend the funeral of a friend.

Whether or not things have improved today is debatable as we get a green thumb pulling dollar bills out of our wallets in 1975.

Yesterdays stores, as today count their assorted stock items into the thousands.

In comparison we hark back to 1907. F.L. Hunt, a druggist in Lowell, Ind. sent a freight order north on the N.Y. Central railroad to Ed Laurman of Cedar Lake. The bill heading listed: pure drugs, medicines, paints, oils, varnishes, wall paper and toilet articles.

The old stores "specialized" in "everything" and today it somehow seems the same in our so-called grocery stores.

Now we have harassed store help, payroll turnover, staggering loads of merchandise and mult.-selections. People are too busy to chat very long as they

meet one another each pushing their own shopping cart and selecting their own purchases. Automated "in and out" doors sigh open and shut as we enter or leave the expansive buildings.

When outside the store, folks still must weave thier cars out of long lines in a crowded parking lot that is as large as yesterday's city block.

If we were catapulted back from 1975 to 1925 and stood on the doorstep of these old stores that existed along the stretch of 133rd and Lake Shore drive, we'd suffer a time lag likened to that of a cross country flight.

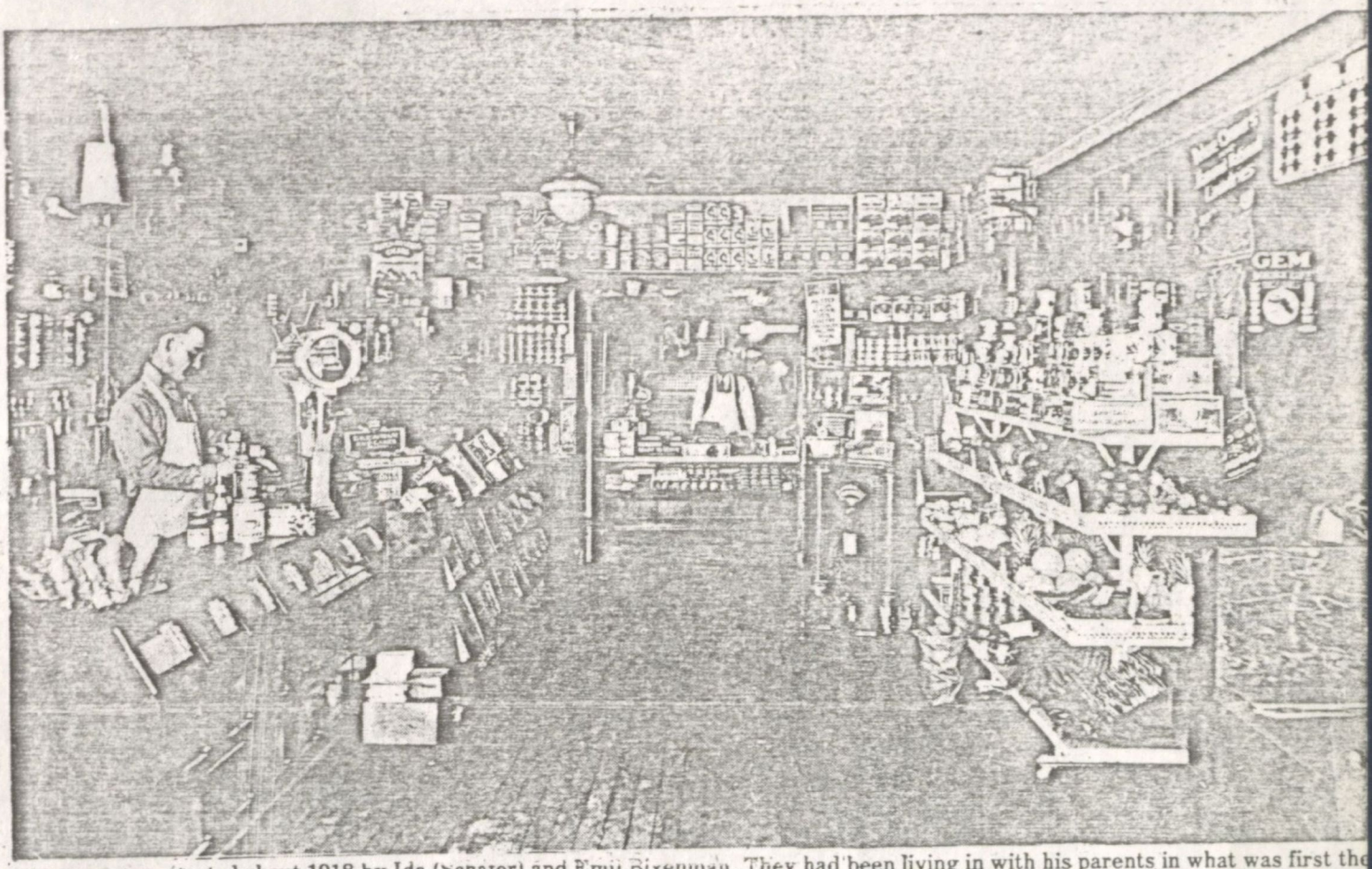
But before we get caught up into a notion that it would be really great, let me tell you, that it was hard work, inconvenient and exhausting to be the person in the white apron and the sturdy work shoes, behind those old long wodden store counters.

Nostalgia may be fun but perhaps it's better to leave it back there resting peacefully on the porches of those old time grocery stores of the 1920's.

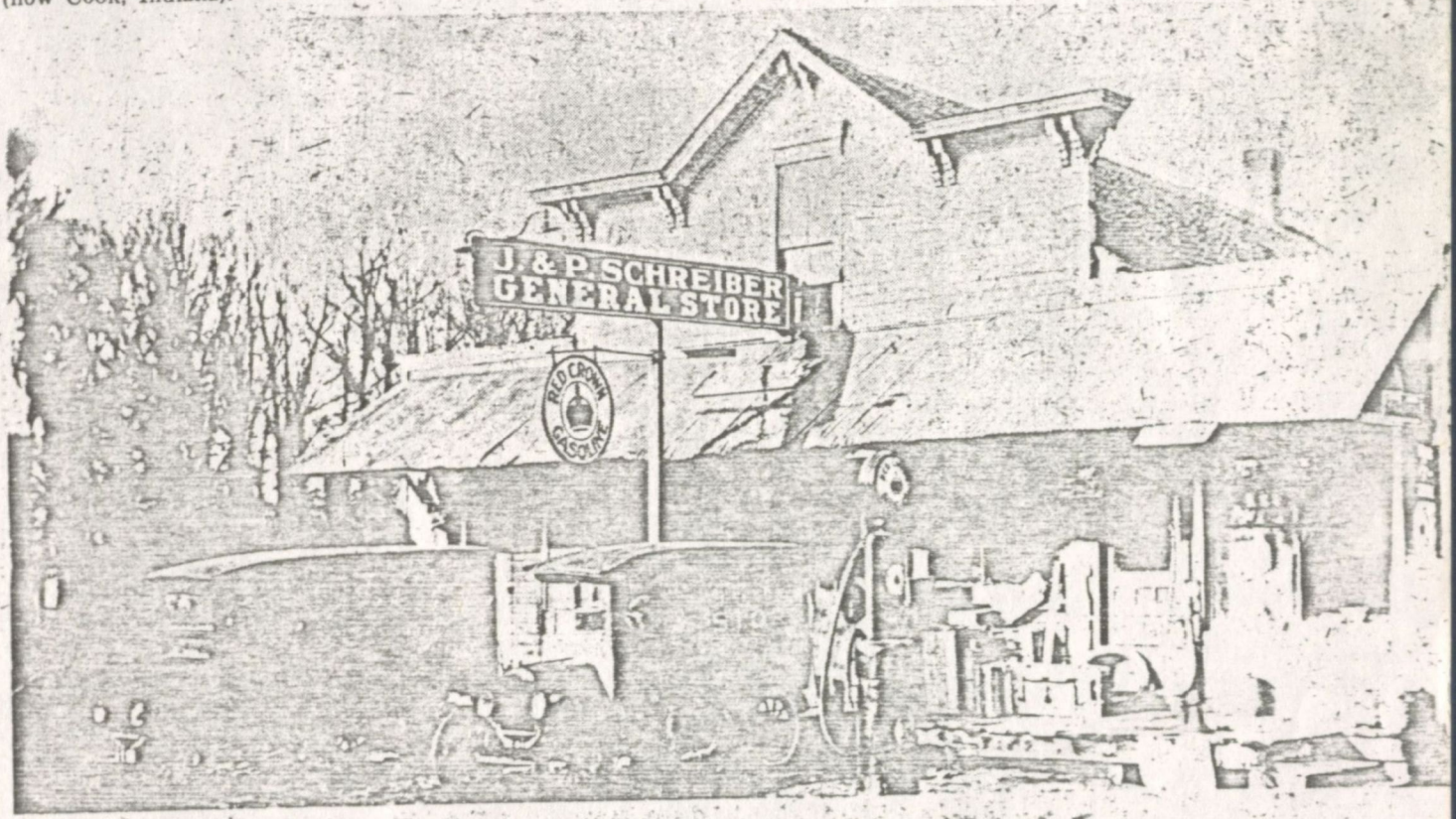
Oh, I almost forgot something! Remember when "Bowser" Schrieber and one of his store porch cronies put a pair of cement blocks under the rear end of Florence Weiert's (Wahlberg) car. Florence had bought that model T coupe from Albert Rhine and it was in tip-top shape.

She took her groceries out, loaded them in the seat, got in to start the car, but she didn't take off. All the back wheels did was spin, and she couldn't move an inch!!??OOXX!

Without a doubt - those were the days.



This store was started about 1918 by Ida (Schaier) and Emil Bixenman. They had been living in with his parents in what was first the home and saloon quarters of earlier years. Emil Bixenman, proprietor in the rear of the store and Michael Saur at the "scales" in 1935 (now Cook, Indiana).



This building was once located fronting the M.M. Lauerman General Store and residence of Armour, Indiana. It was moved to Cook 1908 by Art Lauerman. By 1926 it was being owned and managed by John Schrieber and Peter Schrieber (brothers).

"Lost Lake" at N. W. Shores

Rose Publications

PRESENT TIME SIMILAR TO PAST

May 1974

Sewer installation moves rapidly along in this year of May 15, 1974.

The south eastern section of Cedar Lake, in what is known as the "lanes" including Dewey and 146 pl. is in a clay upheavel as they lay sewer pipe and dig for manhole sites.

A deep treacherous stretch of quicks and has been reached and this has caused a problem that brings to mind a similar incident that happened in 1901 at North-Western Cedar Lake. Today a giant bulldozer barely excaped sinking into the greedy sandtrap, reminding one of the day another sink hole tried to swallow a span of rails, railroad cars and all. One of our today's citizens remembers seeing the black long length of cars, rail and people start to sag into that area now called "lost lake". At that time passengers had to abandon the cars and walk to safer ground. The right-of-way had to be moved. Extensive efforts to fill the hole were not successful.

quicksand

Following is a newspaper report of the happening in August 1901 at an area North of Old Armour Town at Cedar Lake.

Klondike Sinkhole Hard to Repair

"The Monon R.R. does not intend to abandon without a thorough effort to redeem it, the company's right-of-way north of Cedar Lake, known as the "Klondike Sink-Hole". Since the trouble there a few weeks ago they have been trying to fill up the hole, and about 2,500 car loads of rubbish or an average of about 400 car loads a day has been dumped into the apparently bottomless slough, and according to a railroad man, not the least bit of good has resulted. The ground on either side of the right-of-way has bulged up until it stands ten feet above the surrounding ground but where the trouble exists the ground was not higher than it was before the dumping began. On last Saturday five cars of rock, nine cars of old ties and thirty nine car loads of dirt were dumped into the hole and the track was thereby raised about two feet, but by Sunday morning it had settled back to it's old level. It's repair seems an almost hopeless task, but the road authorities intend to dump every item of rubbish along the R.R. tracks from Chicago to Louisville into the hole before they abandon it. The grouting or culls from the Bedford stone quarries are being hauled there, about five car loads going through each day for that purpose."

By Bea Horner,
Historian

Monon RR Spawned Paisley-A Ghost Town

Schutz School became Paisley School when it was moved from the Valentine Schutz land on South Parrish Avenue in 1901. Miss Sullivan (back row, right) was the teacher. Pupils include Hazel Ford, Margie Webber, Lizzie Webber, Mary Schutz, Prudence Ford, Hazel Mitch, Myrtle Mitch, Owen Troggie, Harley Teiner, Raymond Teiner, Augusta Schutz, George Schutz, Clara Rosenbaur, Irvin Hoffman, Ruby Neuman, Ella Henn, Ernie Rosenbauer, Martin Henn and George Mitch.

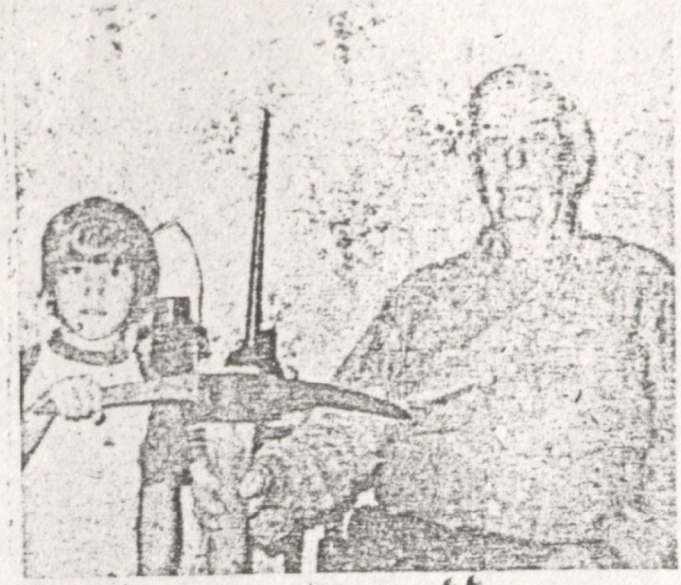
Lake Co. Star
C. L. Register

Mar. 1982

By Anita Bradley Tefft
and
Beatrice Ewen-Horner (research & pictures)

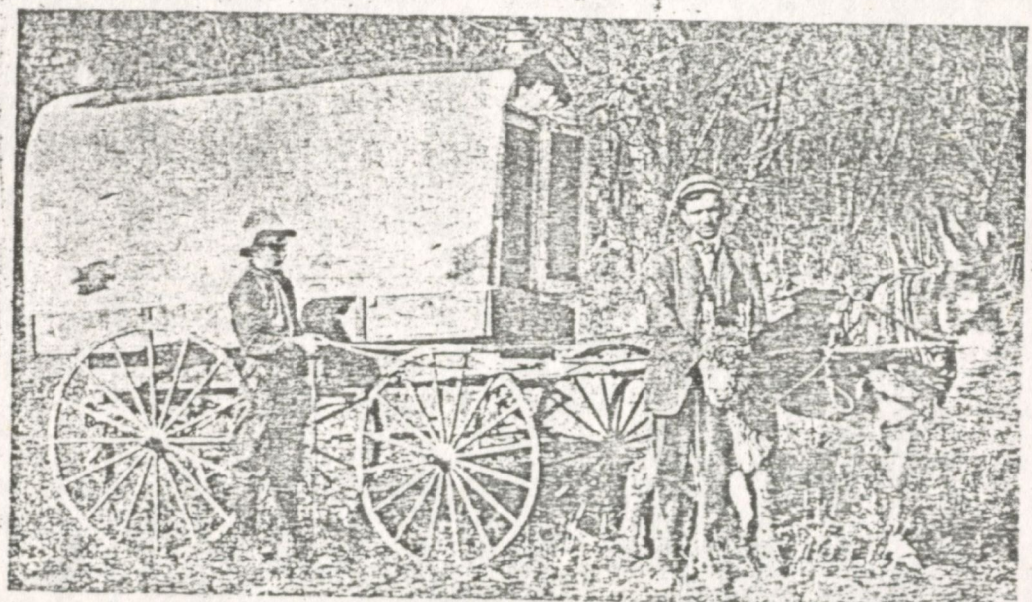
Paper 2

Paisley's 'Professionals' Were Few But Talented



Edward Rosenbaur Pailey's oldest living, lifetime resident, shows Robert Henn, 5, great-grandson of John Henn, old railroad tools.

Paisley Hotel, owned by Mark Weber, was located west of the Monon Railroad tracks in the late 1880's.



Mundlebaum, his son, and their donkey pulled "Cracky Wagon" to peddle goods at Cedar Lake in 1910.

(Ed. note: The Star's Hanover correspondent Anita Bradley spent several weeks digging up information about the community of Paisley, Cedar Lake's "ghost town," which is no longer on the state map. The story will run in series in The Star.)

by ANITA BRADLEY

A noted newspaper columnist once wrote in answer to a letter from a young girl, "Yes, Virginia, there really is a Santa Claus!"

In like manner, the people of Cedar Lake can tell their children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and relatives or friends that "our town" is steeped in history and historical events which could be the envy of Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer.

The Lake of the Red Cedars is what the Potawatomi Indians called Indiana's largest inland body of water long before the white settler came to the area with a desire for progress and a new life for them and their families. It was so named because of the many red cedars surrounding the entire shore. The area was abundant with much wildlife and the lake teeming with fish.

The Southwest section of the lake is where a town was born and ghosted in the span of a few short years. In 1880 when the un-named village (later to become Paisley) had several families well remembered today such as Sales, Ford, Seramur, Palmer, Hawkinson, Rosenbauer, Rosenbauer, Henn, Elliott, Sheele, Taylor, Webber, Witter, Lind, Neiner and many others.

In back of the few unpainted frame dwellings are small gardens, between marshy areas and small wooded hillocks. These gardens were a necessity, as was the raising of fowl and domesticated animals, for canning and winter consumption because there were no stores nearby.

HUGE MARSHLAND CAUSED BY OVERFLOW

Southeast and southwest of the un-named village lies a huge marshland or swamp caused by the overflow of the lake's water which often flooded the entire marshland.

To the south of the marsh three-fourths of a mile was the town of Creston. Only rugged, yellow clay wagon trails were called roads, and they were equally rough to travel over.

Creston could have been so close, and yet so far if it had not been for many foresighted men who built a rustic plank road over the swampy marshland of the un-named village to Creston.

It was not an easy task for these men to build the plank road which spanned the marsh for nature imposed many problems. Three to four feet of water, beds of muck and peat along with lots of "cattails" often made the one common goal they had in mind hard.

This road would enable a man to take his team and wagon direct to Creston instead of following less convenient roads to the east or west. Piers of piling were driven during the winter when the pond was under a heavy coating of ice. This framework supported spans of planking that had been cut at local sawmills.

A road of this type had but one virtue — they were easy on the taxpayers budget.

It is estimated that the plank road was built about 1875 because there is no record of it recorded. It had to be during the years our saw mills were turning out rough planking. So it had to be after the very early pioneer days when only logs were used for all purposes, such as homes and bridges

The plank road was still in use in 1912 when William Govert trundled over it with his Seipps Beer Wagon coming from Creston to his home in Hanover Township. This road of wood was a "big boon" to all of South Lake County.

The late Henry Henn came here in 1893 in the arms of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Henn who settled a stone's throw from the plank road. Henn said in 1970 that, as a young man and carpenter by trade, he helped to put down a third layer of planking on this road.

In 1914, John Taylor, Lowell, embarked over the plank road over the marshland from Creston, with Cedar Lake being his destination. But the old road groaned and creaked in such a rickety way he thought it was better to stop his rig, unhitch his horses and turn them around. He fled back south to safety, saying goodbye to that old relic of bye-gone days.

In its useful years, the plank road knew many activities.

Today, we enjoy paved and stoned roads. But one can still get a bit nostalgic because the lines of wood piling show in the marshland south of the old village of Paisley. This was discovered by photos taken from the air in 1972.

HORSES BROUGHT FOOD, MATERIALS

Prior to 1882 when the Monon Railroad went along the western shore of the lake, building materials and food stuffs were hauled into the region by horse and wagon. These trips for supplies were planned by the men of the small community and made during cold weather, often to Wabash, Ind.

By the time they returned in early spring, the home supplies were running short but friends from far away Chicago.

The young folks could get great enjoyable gifts from this loveable peddler, such as a bag of 100 multi-colored marbles for a nickel or a pocket knife to play mumbley-peg. For small girls, perhaps, a rag doll or china doll; for the young woman, some item described as the latest Paris fashion.

It was a time when one wished they had lots of money to buy the fine things Peddler Mundlebaum had to sell.

It was not until 1890 that an area family owned a beautiful sleek riding horse and an elegant Phaeton buggy advertised as "desirable for ladies and old people."

A TOWN IS BORN

Pioneer land owners at the lake had for some time heard talk of the coming of the Monon Railroad. Some had sold land for this purpose. Until this time, there was more traffic on the lake than could be seen on the mud roads.

By 1880, completed land purchases had enabled the Monon to start laying railroad ties and rails along the western shoreline of the lake. With news of the railroad's link to Chicago and cities to the south, local residents became excited over the progress and about Indiana's 10th railroad.

Others viewed it with dismay and became uncertain of their future.

The building of a railroad is a herculean task. Those eager for progress were anxious to work.

TRESTLE BUILT BETWEEN CRESTON, MARSHLAND

A trestle had to be built across the expanse between Creston and one marshland that separated it from the village that was to be called Paisley. Officials of the Monon Railroad came to the area to establish stopping points, and they selected two sites which seemed advisable for future passengers to board and unboard, and freight to be loaded and unloaded.

On the northwest shores of the lake, they placed a depot of some size for its time. The place and neighbors were always willing to share, even though it meant putting themselves on half or quarter rations.

They had a deep faith in God and practiced the "golden rule."

PEDDLER'S CART CAUSES EXCITEMENT

Always sending children racing to tell mother, was the clatter of the peddler's cart.

Peddler Mundlebaum and his "Cracky" wagon, pulled by one small donkey, coming down the rugged road from other villages and turning onto the wagon trail into Paisley sent folks to their money jar. The "Cracky" wagon was similar to a covered wagon, but on a much smaller scale.

The supplies he carried seemed inexhaustible almost as if he had some magical power of never being out of needed items.

This happy, smiling man sold spices, balm and cure-all potions to the woman of the house. A gift for father would be a pair of suspenders, a set of collar buttons, sleeve garters or a pair of spats.

Women bought a pair of stockings, corsets and yard goods that this peddler brought was later known as Armour Town.

It was a busy village for many settlers were coming to the area to establish a new life from parts of the state and other states. Their covered wagons brought all they needed with them to begin a new life on these shores.

The second depot was smaller but important to Cedar Lake history, was placed at the southwest corner of the lake and given the name of Paisley.

John Sweeney, builder of the Monon Railroad, camped along the railroad's right of way as he supervised the building of this stretch of rails that was soon to transform the lake's tranquil shores to those of an era of hotel industries and ice farming.

No other event could have brought such a drastic change; almost instantly, Paisley gained some of its most prominent citizens.

Paisley as far as is known, received its name from a high Monon official of the same name.

RAILROAD SPAWNED TOWN OF PAISLEY

Paisley's freight house was in one box car and its office was in another. Large shipments of freight were unloaded at the Creston Depot and hauled back over the old plank road. At that time, Mark Palmer was the depot agent at Creston. The small 5-foot by 5-foot depot at Paisley had a sign lettered "Paisley" on it. It contained enough space for shelter of the telegraph operator who served as depot agent and postmaster.

Letters and parcels leaving the little depot had the circle postmark of Paisley and Paisley.

Harrison Monroe Ford and his wife Harriett (Hare) Ford came to Paisley in 1882 from Bainbridge, Ind. Harry, as he was known to friends, was a depot agent and was moved here when the railroad was completed throughout Lake County.

In this swampy area, the Ford family built a combined general store and residence. The family lived in the back rooms of this long, narrow building.

(Ed. note: The series will continue next week.)

(Ed. note: This is the second of a series about the community of Paisley, Cedar Lake's "ghost town," which no longer is on the state map.)

by ANITA BRADLEY

(Part II)

The first locomotive testing the newly-laid marsh trestle in 1882 overtaxed the span and it sank into a hole south of Paisley.

The piled span had to be rebuilt, and officials were pessimistic for some time before restoring the trestle and the railroad became a boon to the area and its growing population.

When Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ford were settled in their new home and their general store was established, they set up a small post office cage in one corner of the store.

Piers extended from Paisley's shoreline into the lake water inviting lake traffic to this section of Cedar Lake. Folks came to Paisley from most of the south shore regions to collect daily mail and learn of news from across the country through newspapers printed in other towns and sent here to subscribers.

While on these trips, they bought supplies at the Paisley General Store.

Monon rails were placed close to the lake shores and most

building was done on the westside of the road bed. Officials of the Monon owned a steamboat bearing the name "Monana," and customers were taxied to other piers or returned, riding in this covered bulky craft.

North of Paisley, the Monon leased land once owned by William DuBreuill and called Noble Oaks Park. For a while, it was used as a picnic grounds for accommodations of fun and play for Monon passengers.

This park soon proved to be too small for the swelling crowds coming to the lake. Other land was acquired farther north nearer Armour and was known as Monon Park. It became the Cedar Lake Rest-A-While Conference Grounds in 1914.

The railroad stimulated activity and brought new neighbors to the Ford area. This railroad and its tiny Paisley depot had caused a town to take root.

The Monon milk train always pulled into the Paisley depot at 9 a.m. An average of 50 cans of milk was hauled in by local Hanover Township farmers to be loaded on the train and carried off to surrounding cities.

Water for the train engine would be received from a pipeline extending out into the lake at Paisley. A large water tower was built in 1898 when the newer depot located nearer the center of the western shores was built to replace the existing Paisley and Armour depots of earlier years.

1890 YEARS
BOOMING DECADE

Activities swelled along Cedar Lake in the years of 1890. One of the main causes was the beginning of Ice Farming along the Monon. Peter Howkinson sold his ice interests at northwest Cedar Lake and bought land and reparian rights near Paisley.

Here at the southern end of Paisley, Howkinson owned two 2-story homes. He and his wife lived in one and raised four children, Martin, Harry, Ada and Florence.

The Howkinson's family have become well-known in farming and in business in Cedar Lake as have their children's children.

Ice workers patronized the Paisley General Store, and many of the men boarded in the shoreline hotels and private homes on the western shoreline.

A Frenchman named William DuBruiell built a large 2-story hotel north of Paisley's Webber Hotel at the shoreline of the early Monon Park (Noble Oaks). This hotel had many rooms and a combined bar room and dance floor. It was eventually rented to the Anderson & Freemond's Ice Co. in 1914 to ice workers for living quarters.

By 1885, heavy boat traffic flowed daily between Cedar Lake's eastern boat docks and the town of Paisley. The eastern shores became resorts and boat clubs. It was a time when part of the lake was a haven for people here for the summer season.

The region along the western shoreline of Paisley and Armour was used by the Ice Industries, and became strewn with huge ice storage barns.

CAPTAIN SALES
AND STEAMBOAT

West of the Paisley depot stood the 2-story Sales residence fronted with a flat, uncovered board porch. Old kitchen chairs stood here to welcome folks who came to the depot and then stopped to visit with the Sales family.

Capt. Sales owned a steamboat he had imported from Wisconsin in 1885. This is how Sales made a living, and there were times he let Charles Brown, a resort owner of the eastern Cedar Lake shores, pilot the boat on many trips across and around the lake.

This steamboat eventually was sold to Joseph Hoffman of northeastern Cedar Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Sales passed away before 1895 and the home was rented to John Horner, then to John Nelson, to Mr. and Mrs. Turnquist and then to the John Seramur family, who took in boarders.

MISCHIEVIOUS CHILDREN
THOSE DAYS, TOO

Children were also disobedient in those days, too, and were punished in some form. One winter, three children were warned by Mrs. Seramur not to go upstairs. But their curiosity was strong. They sneaked upstairs when no one was looking and tumbled around on the upstairs straw ticking mattresses. These rooms were rented to hobos, many of whom worked for the ice industries during the winter season.

such fool-hardy fun was felt when they had to be scrubbed down with kerosene to get rid of the lice they acquired in their fun.

Often, many Paisley children enjoyed sitting on the Seramur porch and watch the happenings around them, such as men goin to work on the Monon.

James, Harry and Francis Elliott worked on the Monon, following in the footsteps of their father.

A sister, Mary Elliott, entered a convent in 1917. She was a baby when she came to Paisley. Today, she is at St. Joseph Hospital in Joliet, Ill., carrying out her many duties.

The Elliott family lived south of the Ford General Store in a home built by the late Fred and Theresa Lind. These Paisley children were educated at the Paisley, Lincoln or St. Martin Schools of Hanover Township. St. Martin School is now Holy Name School in Cook.

SEE PEOPLE
CARRYING JUGS

As the children sat around on the Seramur porch, they would see people coming to the Ford store carrying jugs. These folks were after maple syrup. It seems that Grandfather Ford had a maple syrup camp in Southern Indiana and he would ship the syrup in 10-gallon barrels to the Ford family by train to Paisley. Harry Ford stored the syrup in his home and sold it by the gallon to customers.

(Ed. note: This is the third of a series about the community of Paisley, Cedar Lake's "ghost town," which no longer is on the state map.)

by ANITA BRADLEY

page 6

(Part III)

Peter Seramur, a brother of John Seramur, became the second manager of the John Mitch Hotel and Saloon, located one-half mile north of Paisley.

In 1914, two Lowell boys entered the John Mitch Saloon, intent on staging a holdup. The ensuing skirmish resulted in the shooting death of John Mitch. This left Lucy Mitch widowed with 10 children to raise.

Much is remembered today of the kindness of this woman who had the reputation of mothering all who came to her door, As a midwife, she helped deliver many babies born in the area when there were no available doctors.

There were no dug wells in Paisley but good, refreshing water was available by the many natural springs which were enclosed making water easily accessible.

Another natural phenomenon was the way the Paisley marshland would catch fire in the heat of the summer. On one of these occasions the Surprise, Fuller and Barber boys tried walking barefoot in the hot smouldering marsh only to quickly retreat to the cool wagon trails and cool lake water for soothing healing of the "hot-foot."

In the year 1900 the marsh caught fire and burned for two years before burning out. After that, the marsh grew up in lovely green grass and cattails and became a haven for wildlife. In the winter months this marsh was good for trapping muskrats, mink and other animals. Many area boys, wearing mackinaw coats and felt boots, earned their spending money trapping and then sold their furs to dealers in Chicago, shipping them on the Monon.

COMING ON THE MONON

On our armchair tour lets pretend we come to Paisley on the Monon train. As we stand on the depot porch we would be looking north along the dusty road and our eyes would catch a glimpse of a luxurious hotel partially hidden by tall trees.

We would ask Mr. Ford about this two-story building known as "Paisley House" but was really the Webber Hotel.

The hotel, which is tucked into a sloping hillock, has three cellar walls hidden in the incline; the fourth is exposed and supports a long porch with a ten step flight to its latticed and bannistered resting place.

One corner of the cellar could be entered from the outside revealing a saloon with long bar, barstools, a row of spittoons and white towels hanging on rings near each customer's elbow. Mark Webber, owner, is behind the bar serving customers. This basement saloon has five pool tables for entertainment and a huge storeroom in back where case goods are kept.

One time two little girls from Paisley sneaked into the basement storage room and got into the cases of soft drinks which were in fat, gasket-closed blue-green bottles. These bottles were in use by the William Law's Pop Company of Crown Point. The results were not good and the girls learned a lesson in behavior they long remembered.

Webber also had a big boathouse on the lake's shore where he kept two steamboats and many small fishing boats. Rentals were a lucrative business for the family.

VETERINARIAN HELPS ALL

There were no doctors within call in those early pioneer years. But any problem can be hurdled and so was this.

William Wheeler had come from England in 1853 and had married a daughter of Peter Surprise. Wheeler was a veterinarian, and was able to obtain medicine from his native England. These were herbal potions or mixtures and he administered them to human and animal alike. He would come night or day, whenever needed, from his home south of Creston. Often, as payment, he would accept corn, potatoes and other food stuff which he took home to his large family who lived in a log house with dirt floor. In later years he built a lovely large home.

Wheeler died in 1890, but by this time, a few doctors were coming into the Lowell and Crown Point area. However, that was still a long way from Paisley and the surrounding villages. In 1895 little Ollie Ford had scarlet fever and Harry Ford telegraphed a message to Lowell. Doctor Neil Davis of Lowell, came eight miles in horse and buggy to get to the Ford home and help the sick child.

PAISLEY'S SHOEMAKER

Eugene Hare, father of Mrs. Harry Ford, came to Paisley in later years to live with the Ford family. Hare occupied a small corner of the Ford General Store using it as a shoemaker's shop. No better shoemaker could be found than this jolly old man with white whiskers and twinkling eyes.

He would cut material for shoe soles from the Monon cars' air hoses. From this he would make shoe soles for the workmen, "gandy dancers," who rode up and down the tracks on the four wheeled hand car. He also repaired shoes for young children going to school. In those days a lad or girl could only afford one pair of shoes at a time.

Hare also mended harnesses in those days when the first automobiles were just leaving the drawing board. Hare would peer through his gold rimmed glasses as he hammered tacks into shoes fitted over an iron shoe stand. If a person wanted soldering done he would suggest going to Grandfather Webber.

Webber was a tinsmith when he lived in Germany. He was now with his son Mark in the Webber hotel.

For anyone needing carpenter work he would suggest Charlie Wheeler, John Herin or K. E. Witter.

Across the store in another corner was the Post Office cage where once a month three Paisley residents, Civil War veterans, came to receive their pension for fighting in the 1864 war. They were John Rosenbauer, Mark Webber and Henry Scheele. The pensions were $50 a month.

(Fourth and final series next week.)

page 9

Paisley's New RR Trestle Falls Into Sink Hole

(Ed. note: This is the fourth and final part of a series about the community of Paisley, Cedar Lake's "ghost town," which no longer is on the state map.)

by ANITA BRADLEY
(Part IV)

Paisley children walked directly west to Hanover Township School, located in the 1880's, on land owned by Valentine Schutz. It was called the Schutz School and later the Paisley School.

Walking distance was great for the smaller children and in 1901 with the help of willing men it was moved and rebuilt on Laurerman Road, where a service station is located today. It was closed in 1903 and the Paisley children then went to the Armour School to the North.

Schools of those days were kept warm by wood fuel in a big stove. All grades were in one room and one teacher taught all eight grades. Mrs. Hazel (Ford) Dahl, Belshaw, (where she lives today,) still has an arithmetic book she had and is proud to show folks the name "Paisley School" written within the top cover. She was the youngest student the Paisley School ever had.

One day her mother missed her early in the morning and a hunt led her to the schoolhouse. There she found four-year-old Hazel seated with the other children. She was lonely when her older sisters left so she hid among the bigger children and walked off to school. The teacher told her mother to let her stay if she liked school that well.

MUCH
ENTERTAINMENT

There was much entertainment in those days and dancing to music was a part of every young man and lady's life. Dancing was held at the Genzler Dance Hall with music furnished by local talent. Young men played the concertina, mouth-harp, accordian, fiddle or piano. On dance night one would see Hazel Ford, Adam and Henry Schafer, Til Schafer, Carl Kenning and Sam Smith as well as many others. The hall was so cold that after each dance everyone flocked around the pot-bellied stove.

PAISLEY
FADES

When prohibition came many saloons were sold or torn down. That is when Paisley began fading away. There was much ice farming around this area so the hotel business still flourished. But as progress marched on the ice farming also faded away and today only memories remain.

Edward Rosenbauer was born in Paisley on March 28, 1898 to Sherman and Mary (Scheele) Rosenbauer in a home built by K.E. Witter. He still lives in that home. Rosenbauer attended the Paisley School and his first teacher was Miss Senna Feddler.

His home is just west of Pickeral Creek which got its name from the large schools of fish that overflow into it from the Cedar Lake waters. He once caught a 22 pound pickeral which served as more than one meal.

Rosenbauer helped ice farm and earned $1.75 a day. That was "big money" and he helped his family with his earnings.

Rosenbauer, like his father, worked 51 years on the Monon Railroad. A brother, Albert (Sonny), worked 30 years and close friend, Peter Saberniak, worked 47 years on the Monon. When he first began working on the railroad he earned $40 a month and when he retired in 1966 he was earning more than $600 a month.

STILL
ACTIVITY

Today the ghost town of Paisley entertains such businesses as Pine Crest Resort, LaTulip's Harbor and Coffin's Shady beach Resort. The Monon was moved farther west to higher ground in the last half of the 1940s. The lake has lost little of its attraction for fun and fishing for the automobile has taken over the travel problems and dirt roads have given way to well-paved ones.

As one thinks of these colorful but hard, rugged years, they recall the lines of a poem Mrs. Hazel Dahl remembers learning at the Paisley School: "Oh time in thy flight, Please make me a child again; just for tonight."

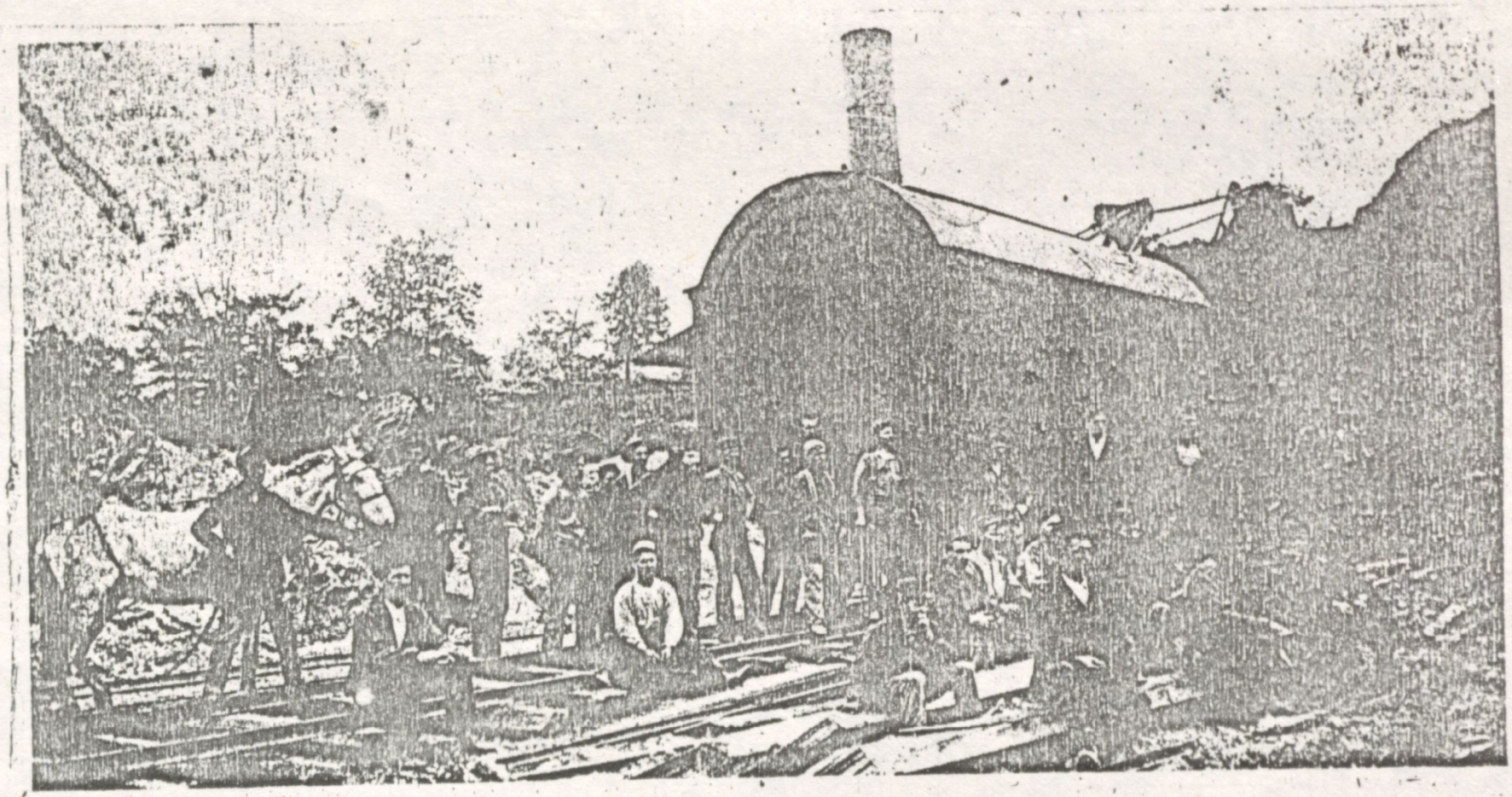
Ride back in time on Monon

This old ice freight train, pulled by two engines, is coming northward on the Monon rails northwest of Cedar Lake.

train that served

Cedar Lake

by Beatrice Ewer-Hamer



Sweeney Railroad builders of Aberdeen, S. D., and work crew in 1880.

by BEATRICE HORNER

Most railroad history is a tale of what a train has done for a region or a town.

Usually there is increased shipment of manufactured goods or a better link in commuter service.

We have researched for such a contribution by the Monon passing through Cedar Lake, and things appear a bit different.

Here it was not what the train did for us.

It's what it did to us!

Some of what it did to us was planned, and some surely unintentional.

The Monon had such a small beginning. At first, in 1847, it was but a 35-mile track going between the towns of Salem and New Albany. It added to its length in 1851 to finally reach north to Michigan City by 1854.

In those years, a railroad depended a lot on passenger ticket sales to make a profitable run. Its first sweltering summers offered the early excursion trains of the Monon line. They became so popular that there was a scarcity of regular passenger cars.

Open freight cars were then framed with rough planks for seats and tree limbs were propped up for a shelter from the sun. Under that shady bower people rode from the south regions of Indiana to the cooler shores of Lake Michigan at a fast pace of 15 miles per hour for as long as six hours, non-stop.

Those folks then enjoyed boat rides, frolicked in the sand dunes and stayed overnight in spacious summer hotels.

The Monon decided to run a short-cut to Chicago and began buying up land for its right-of-way in the years of 1853 and the Civil War.

Their circuit route in April of 1865, had the honor of carrying the funeral cortege of Abraham Lincoln to his final resting place in Springfield, via Chicago.

A more direct route to Chicago was then on the drawing board. Crown Point and Lowell sent interested citizens to the company, attempting to influence route plans.

Melvin A. Halstead was the most persuasive with voice and pocketbook, and he helped to obtain for Lowell the prized Monon route.

Heavy plans for the Cedar Lake region were forwarded at the same time that the road bed and rails were layed as closely as possible to the west shorelines.

Excursions were of first consideration. So within the contracts were clauses calling for a steamboat, 40 row-boats, several piers and two depots for convenient train stops.

Cedar Lake was to be a "gem" along the right-of-way.

Farmers were appeased by the Monon as they promised to fence the railroad, so John Meyer could continue raising cows and pigs.

When Valentine Schutz sold to the railroad in 1869, he was to have on his land an underpass for livestock and an overpass for farm equipment. Also a depot was promised within 1½ miles of his premises.

After an interim in bankruptcy, by 1880, the Monon solved their thorny problems and began laying rails on a roadbed that moved from Shelby, Lowell, Cedar Lake and into Dyer of South Lake County.

The Monon, that derived it's name from the Pottawattomi Indians, meaning "to carry," had now added a direct route to Chicago to its already 91 miles of road that reached from New Albany to Michigan City.

The crew of railroad builders under the head of John Sweeney of Aberdeen, S. D., had about 40 men in his crew and the men earned $1.25 a day each, while a team of horses brought a daily wage of $3.00.

A rail right-of-way from Paisley to Creston seemed satisfactorily layed and trains ran smoothly for a while until that span began to sink into the muck of that marshy area.

It is told by old timers that an engine toppled and landed in the quicksand to be eventually swallowed out of sight.

The line was relocated westward and an air-photo taken recently by Burdette Wood shows scars of the old railroad path. That same picture shows the present rail-site (and what is left of the old plank road).

Came the day in 1882 when the Monon Hoosier Line set up its schedule that by 1895 was up to running four passenger trains daily each way, selling round trip tickets at $1.50 each during the summer excursion season.

The first Monon Park (now Noble Oaks Park) was the place where those city people flocked. The park was run in carnival style and became so popular that more acreage was needed. They then purchased the newer Monon Park (now known as the Conference Grounds) and life on that picnic ground and it's carnival mid-way became a rollicking, joyful, sometimes rowdy recipient of the excursion crowds.

There were, originally, two overpasses at this grounds for the safety walk as people came and went on the trains.

Passenger cars pulled by steam locomotives were slowed as they entered the park region. Here car for car, often 12 to 15 coaches filled with enthusiastic vacationers were let off to go up and over the overpasses and into the wooded picnic grounds west of the tracks.

Every night cars were reloaded and returned to Chicago, this going on all summer long.

All kinds of crowds that included church groups, lodge fellowships, Chicago stockyards employes, and private family parties could be seen in flocks swarming into Cedar Lake every summer season.

They used the Monon's excursion boats and went sight-seeing around this scenic lake and ate basket lunches under the park's stalwart oak trees. They gambled on the midway and

had tin-type pictures taken to carry back home as souvenirs.

The train stopped its freight cars at the two Cedar Lake depots, one at Armour Town (N. W.) and one at Paisley Town (S. W.) along the area route.

One big freight item was case and barrel beer from the McAvoy, Tosetti, Seipps and Schoenhoffen (Edelweiss) beer companies. These were to supply the many hotels and saloons that were part of the big drive to accommodate the tourist trade that Cedar Lake found at its doorstep.

The Monon had changed us from a quiet, natural hunting, fishing and boating region to an industrial mecca of hotels and boat travel thriving on tourist money.

Within this same era came the big ice industries that put the railroad to use in mid-winter, the years beginning about 1889.

Long special ice cars hauled loads of natural ice from the local ice barns back to the city for commercial and home use.

Switches were run into shoreline regions of Armour Town and Paisley Town for convenient loading. This big business added another character change to Cedar Lake in many ways.

Shifts of men from Chicago were brought here in special passenger cars to boost the payroll of ice workers. Many of these city recruits were from "skid-row" and they were unkempt, and more than likely carriers of bed-bugs and lice.

They were housed in one end of a special big hotel in Armour Town that was built by the Armour Brother's Ice Co. That big 2-story building had room after room sized about 8 feet by 10 feet where as many bunks as possible were set in as required.

The restroom accommodations were a row of 25 outdoor privies standing north of the hotel.

A big kitchen was run first by the Witter family and then by the Clarren family in the years between 1890 and 1910.

Family quarters were in an opposite end of the building, apart from the Monon's ice "hoboes."

Ethel Ploetz, living today (1977) writes this message: "My aunt (Hattie Clarren) cooked and fed these men. She would hire some of the women in the neighborhood. In my uncle's record book I noticed an item. J. Schubert 72 lb. beef, at 6 cents total $4.32 which was purchased to feed the men who worked on the ice."

"In this book he kept a record of all the box car numbers which were filled with ice to be sent to the different railroad depots and used for refrigeration. The main office in Chicago would telephone orders every day of the number of box cars needed to fill that day's orders."

When the hoboes were sent back to Chicago they did not receive their paycheck until they were seated and ready to pull away. The town didn't want them to spend their money here because they'd have to put up with their accompanying behavior as part of the bargain.

The big ice trains were using two locomotives to pull the load and clouds of smoke and cinders hailed down on the once clear and sparkling ice and snow marring winters beauty along the Monon.

Depot agents of Armour during its 16 years of existence were Henry Scheele and Henry Massoth. This depot closed when a newer building was placed southward at the mid-western shores in 1898.

Harrison Ford was Paisley's first and only depot agent, and went into the new depot as its agent as Paisley was also closed.

Harry Ford (1861-1943) had come here from Bainbridge, Ind., to take over the agency here, and on the early Paisley depot site he also built a general store, home combination where he raised a family of five children.

The depot served to hold necessary railroad communication equipment and the building was so small that only one man could enter at a time. Some of the business had to be housed in a nearby box-car.

Ford served this area for a record number of years but he did not live to see the grand 1898 old depot fall into disuse by 1948.

Monty Bieseker (1885—) came here from the Wabash Valley and says: "I went to "Jug Handle" school in Washington Township and to Colburn High School. I apprenticed in telegraphy in Indianapolis. I went to Houston, Texas, for a few years, about 1906, and returned about 1909. The Monon sent me to Cedar Lake to work as a trick operator when the depot agent was Harry Ford."

Monty was a telegrapher for 13 years (1914-1927).

Another prominent railroad family was the Elliotts. They worked on the Monon, lived in Paisley where they raised a family of four boys and three girls.

Sons James, Harry, William and Francis all had careers on the line, as trainmen, or in the depot.

Railroad men were the heroes of those old times and meeting the train was a fascinating pass time for everyone.

Newspaper columnists filled local newspapers with tidbits sought at the railroad platform and youngsters hung around to watch the big iron horse coast in. Young boys were dwarfed by the 6-foot-high iron wheels on the engine.

Excitement started when a push cart was placed opposite the baggage car for loading and unloading luggage and mailbags.

The firemen jumped off the cab to go about oiling the big drive rods that turned the wheels.

The engineer captured the fancy of every boy in the neighborhood.

What a sight to watch that burst of steam and those spinning wheels when the train picked up slack in the couplings with a bump, as the train eased out of the region.

Those who stayed behind were the local section men.

Section men were citizens of Cedar Lake. Foreman Sherman Rosenbauer (1870-1961) spent 48 years on the line. His son, Ed, is a 51-year-

man. A son Albert was also a long-time worker on the rails.

Frank Saberniak and his son Peter were also spending record years there. Peter having 47 years to his credit.

Other local men spent lesser years, and the crew normally consisted of four men.

In 1912, they made 14 cents an hour!

Old time hand cars were hand propelled up until such time as small gasoline motors powered the rail repair section cars. (Today, converted standard automobiles swish quietly past).

The original Monon line had sharp curves located at the north as it entered the lake region at John Rhine's Woods and another curve was at the mid-west shore south of Monon Park (No.2).

Many tragedies and close calls came as a result of those hiding spots as a fast passenger train tried to keep a time schedule.

Ed Rosenbaur today tells us that earlier trains went by a morning time sheet that was subject to change every four hours.

Once Sherman and Ed Rosenbaur and Peter Saberniak were at the north bend at the Gerold farm area.

They were to go to the depot to meet someone so they came southward and when at the N. W. sinkhole region, they saw a "block at 38" signaling a train was coming.

Supposedly not due, it was old No. 4 running seven hours late. The hour was 1 p.m. and the train usually came through at 6 a.m.

The section hands quickly decided to try to get past the sinkhole knowing there was no place to get off.

Giving the car a jerk, they pitched off into a bank of cinders, up to their waists, according to Ed Rosenbaur.

Old No. 4 streaked by clipping the handles off the hand car but didn't turn the car around! The men, deep into the cinder-banks knew they had had a very close call.

As a wayward child can always blame everything on its parents, so also can we blame a lot on the Monon Railroad.

Its speed, its curves, its noise, its accidents. It brought us an era of profitable industry that left in due time empty hotels, hollow icebarns and sudden abdication right in the middle of a nationwide Depression.

Whose fault was it when a caravan of Gypsies passed over the Lake Shore Drive crossing about 1920? One auto was struck and five children were hurled out. Two grownups got out alive, one child killed. It was Old 33 coming around the blind curve to the north as we point and blame.

Otto Meyer crossed the grade level track at the same site in the early 1920's. His team, pulling a high rack load of hay made it over the track in time for old No. 33 to zip by and shear off the back end of that load of hay. Fortunately, no one was hurt.

What was this situation that seemed to threaten the unwary? Was there no warning in 1928 to keep Old 33 from coming round the blind curve so stealthily that the engine struck Sheriff Carter, hurling his lifeless body out of his automobile, up into the yard of Geisen's of Armour Town.

This train took the life of Mr. Long who lived on road 8 and had been visiting his sisters Mrs. Geisen and Mrs. Lorshieder of Amour. On his way home going north past the sinkhole, he was struck by a swift southbound passenger. Lena Ernst of the Mellwood Hotel walked north on the tracks after undertaker Pete Geisen of Crown Point came in his horse-drawn hearse. Lena came home carrying Mr. Long's hat.

Earlier, in 1901 the hazardous span of rails, located just north of Armour, began to sink. After dumping 2,500 carloads of rubbish into the bottomless slough, they gave up the battle and rerouted the span eastward.

Still there was no correction of the curves and the crossings were still at ground level along the Monon and just as dangerous as ever.

The Armour depot closed and so did Paisley. So all depot activities were now centered at the new depot that stood at the water's edge at midwest Cedar Lake.

The train had been using a pipe extended into Cedar Lake at Paisley Town as its "watering hole." In 1898 a water tower was built at midwest. Mr. Tiener took care of the water tower and made his home in Paisley.

It was about 1924 that the tower caught fire. Harrison Ford, depot agent, took a gun and shot off the steel bands that held the vat burning in mid air, endangering the roof tops of nearby buildings.

Traffic was heavy now at this depot area, as all was concentrated on narrow roads and a boat landing pier. Excursion boats from the lake, milk trains and farmers meeting the milk depot to the north. Lumbering beer wagons loading at two big warehouses to the south kept the area busy in 1915. Also a Monon depot warehouse and a passenger platform added to the commotion. Contributing to this, a sharp hidden curve of the rails north of the depot, south of the Conference Grounds, and the picture becomes clear.

Everything was placed here in horse and buggy days, and by 1920 the automobiles began crowding the area.

At train time, there would be a jam of cars, passengers and freight that caused jostling, noise and excitement as people came off the boats or rode away in atuomobiles of early vintage.

A summer of Sundays made a busy season for the management of Moody Bible Institute who were running the Conference Grounds. With agent Harry Ford's permission, the church group set up a portable foot-pumped organ on the depot platform. Here they grouped to sing hymns as a means of calling people into the picnic grounds for an outing.

The section men were the ones who knew of the dangerous crossings and the hidden curves.

One day a Monon surveyor from Lafayette was at Cedar

Lake and had enlisted the help of section man Ed Rosenbaur to stand at a distance, as he himself sat on the rails of the track, book and instruments in hand. Old No. 32 came from the north going 60 miles per hour. Ed frantically called and signalled but could not overcome area noise or get the surveyor's attention.

In a few seconds it was too late as Ed saw the man's body sail into mid-air—a spinning ball.

The wall, a wooden barricade between the main track and the side track of the Conference Grounds area was a bit misleading for Mr. Kenyon, Mellwood's Bartender of Armour Town. He was struck during the night by a northbound train and even his pet dog U-Know went with his master, with no one to find the mangled bodies until the section men came to work next day.

Some happenings were freakish and some were funny.

When a carload of Armour & Swift hams overturned at the Paisley area there was the temptation of making away with a few "hocks" but with Mr. Ford watching it had to be schemed.

When the cleanup was accomplished, the railroad men saw hams tied up in the maple trees that lined the tracks near the Webber Hotel.

Here's a tale that fascinates the listener while seeming so unlikely. It still deserves a retelling.

It is said that there was a lady landowner who did not approve of the railroad's running past her home. So, she resented the acquired right-of-way!

Her resistance only ended in failure, so she tried another method to frustrate the Monon Railroad Co.

Said lady took axle grease and buttered the graded rails aplenty, causing the old teakettle engine of that vintage year to slip and skid in its uphill climb.

Ralph Bergslien told us that he heard one of Armour Town's pioneer citizens, Nicholas Mager tell all about it, and as far as we're concerned we'll buy that story until such time as it's disproved.

A freak accident in Lowell derailed a passenger train when a broken switch threw a car off the main track causing it to strike a telephone pole, cutting it squarely off. The pole entered the car lengthwise and extended through the entire car. The train and one car with its only passenger, a telephone pole, came through Cedar Lake. No one on that car was injured seriously.

Another freight train dumped two carloads of potatoes and one car of flour in 1913. Old No. 3, due right after,

(continued from page 6)

had to be re-routed on the Erie. Local passengers had to find their way home.

In the early 1900's, a Mr. Gaulding was hit by a fast passenger in front of the Webber Hotel in Paisley Town.

Undertaker Martin Shure came from Lowell and gathered up the cut up pieces, taking them into the nearby saloon where he placed them on the bar. Without thought, he placed the severed head on the bar facing the door.

Guy Surprise, in 1971, told us that his brother Cass with all of his small boy curiosity, ran from his home at southeast Cedar Lake, all the way to Paisley and took one big look inside the saloon door. Cass turned and ran for home faster than he came. It was told that the lad never went out at night until he started courting Anna Ribbentrap, the girl he eventually married.

It was no one's fault except the weather one Sunday morning in the winter of early 1900 years when Mrs. Adam Hetzler and Mr. Ben Kubal were coming across the lake in a bob-sled to meet an incoming train.

They drove over a sheet of thin ice that was concealed with drifting snow.

The sled fell through and Mr. Kubal got out and then rescued Mrs. Hetzler who had gone down for the third time.

The lake won over to claim another when in April of 1921 a new young 21-year-old telegrapher, Folmar, took over a job at the Monon depot. He had in the early A. M. spotted a flock of mud hens covering the water northeast of the depot.

Taking his gun in a boat, he rowed out as Mrs. Folmar and two railroad section men looked on from the Monon pier. He was not seen again. The section men grappled with the panicking wife, restraining her from jumping into the lake. The young telegrapher had drowned.

One Saturday morning in 1913 a milk train didn't stop at the Cedar Lake depot at its usual time. From then on no more trains showed up either. All was quiet at this western front. It seems that a train of 11 cars derailed smashing into one big heap in a ditch at De Witt's crossing south of Lowell.

All trains were then detoured over the Erie leaving this region forsaken for awhile. In those years, when trains were missing along the westside of Cedar Lake, there was a hollow standstill with only the hum of steamboats to fill the vacuum.

This stillness was repeated in May of 1952 when a railroad pileup destroyed the depot and tied up the tracks in mid-town Lowell.

A lot of the southwest Cedar Lake in early years was covered with a rank growth of cattails and other swamp vegetation. Trailing southward at the bend was a narrow road leading out of Paisley Town and moving over the Monon tracks going eastward.

In 1922 a car salesman was driving a new Ford, steering it carefully over the tracks and it mired down in the mud. At 4:30 from Creston Old No. 38, a swift passenger train, came along and the section men stood frozen as they watched the car get picked up by the train and deposited up-track, the man tossed 150 feet north of the crossing.

The crash was heard as far as the Mrs. John Nelson home and she came running in fear, thinking it might have been the school bus that was hit, and her children would have been on that bus.

Box cars had sometimes strange usages. One could see a freight pulling through and in concealed places there would be "bums of the road" who were getting a free ride out where the west begins. Cars of today are containerized, making by comparison, one of the biggest changes second only to the Diesel engines that were put on the Monon in 1949.

The old section house along the Monon was used once by Frank Saberniak for a make-shift barber shop. Those days no one pestered a business place with restrictions and permits and sanitation was a man's own affair.

The Monon had put in spurs in 1889 but it was not until 1915 that Samuel Bartlett approached the railroad's management with a plan wherein he'd have a side-track begin at the midwest depot and move over at the south end of the lake ending where now we see the town sign east of the South Shore Golf Course. There he planned to set up another depot. His maps and plans remain but the road was never layed.

In 1924, Bartlett again bargained with the Monon and a depot was built at Armour Town, built by Bartlett and named for him. This almost caused old Armour Town to lose its name.

The depot was in disuse as depression years set in during the 1930's.

The treacherous crossing at Armour was removed when in 1928 the main road was paved. By 1929, the first underpass was built.

Over these years, section hands had come and gone giving aggragate years of service. To mind comes the names of James Ceunerhousky, Peter Horner, Sr., and Henry Henn. It is said that Henry carried such a big lunch bucket, jam packed, that he needed a full hour to finish his lunch before tackling the afternoon work. Section men worked hard and ate heartily.

By 1914, the Monon had given the old Monon Park to the Moody Bible Institute as a gift with the agreement that excursions would still be promoted. Those car loads of people continued to be a lucretive business for the railroad. This did not diminish until far into the 1930's; it was sharply curtailed with World War II.

In 1947, the Monon celebrated its centennial, and the towns along the line all had a part in it. Cedar Lake elected as queen, Miss Patricia Gross, and she graciously welcomed the road's top men who passed through town in a century-old train. That train made a history tour to the original birth-place of the Monon at New Albany, Ind.

In 1949, the Monon came out of a financial slump to revitalize the Hoosier Line by straigtening out dangerous curves. They then replaced the old Iron Horses with the new diesels, as we see them today.

At that time, the tracks of Cedar Lake were moved westward in Armour Town to nudge their way between the once historic Lauerman General Store and the old Armour School sites. The new road bed abandoned the midwest depot and another depot was built westward near Joan Lane.

The longer freights and smoother rides made the west lake area a cleaner place to live as the 140 to 160 car trains were pulled with neat streamlined diesel engines. Passenger cars became fewer until they were gone by the early 1970's. The last of Cedar Lake's depots were now closed.

Monon's history has been but a progressive merger of small railroads and incorporations from 1847 to 1968 when the Monon, Louisville, Nashville reached another merger agreement.

The old depot was now silent. But when pollution, World War II and tight money threatened tourism our community was moving from a vacation spot to a town of permanent homes. Also, nationwide the automobile and the trucking industries all served to change the direction of railroad enterprise.

With the relaying of the Monon rails in 1949, a deeper, wider underpass was placed at the N. W. Armour Town site, and now there are no sharp railroad curves. But there remains one troublesome spot for those who approach the underpass too swiftly along 133rd Ave.

In September of 1971 there was a three-car accident at the new Monon underpass. One car swept upward on the north winged cement wall and was found hanging by its wheels on a telphone wire 12 feet above the ground!

There was obviously something wrong with a 106-car freight train loaded with 100 tons of potash at 9 a.m. on Oct. 9, 1971, when the car wheels were scrunching and clanging as it travelled the tracks through Armour Town.

"There's trouble ahead" said a local spectator, as the cars noisily moved into the distance and on into Creston.

Then the Monon hit Creston like a target, and 26 cars tumbled and leaped like an alley of 10 pins tearing up 700 feet of track.

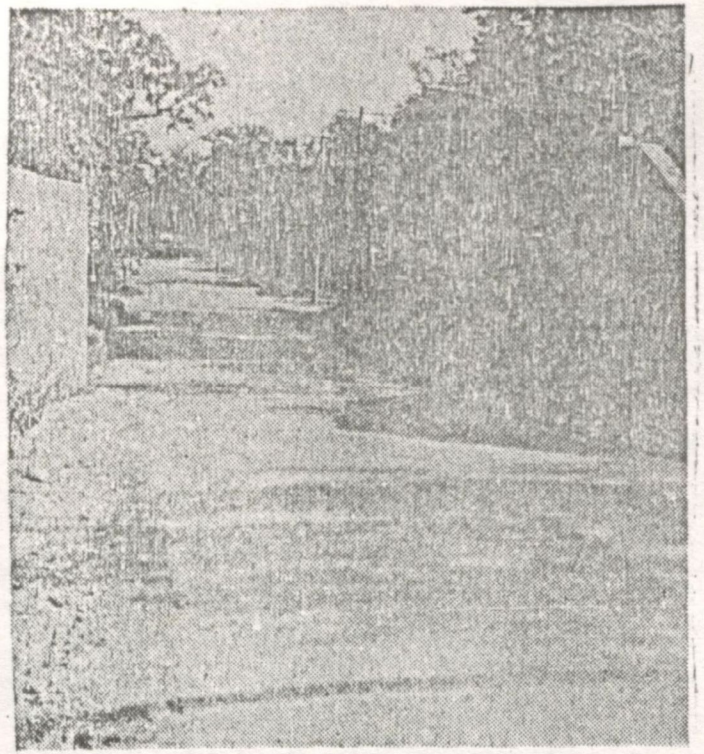
It was fortunate that no lives were lost. The estimated damage was $750,000. Cedar Lake came close with that wreck because there was already trouble brewing as the train entered the north region of our town.

Things have been quiet since.

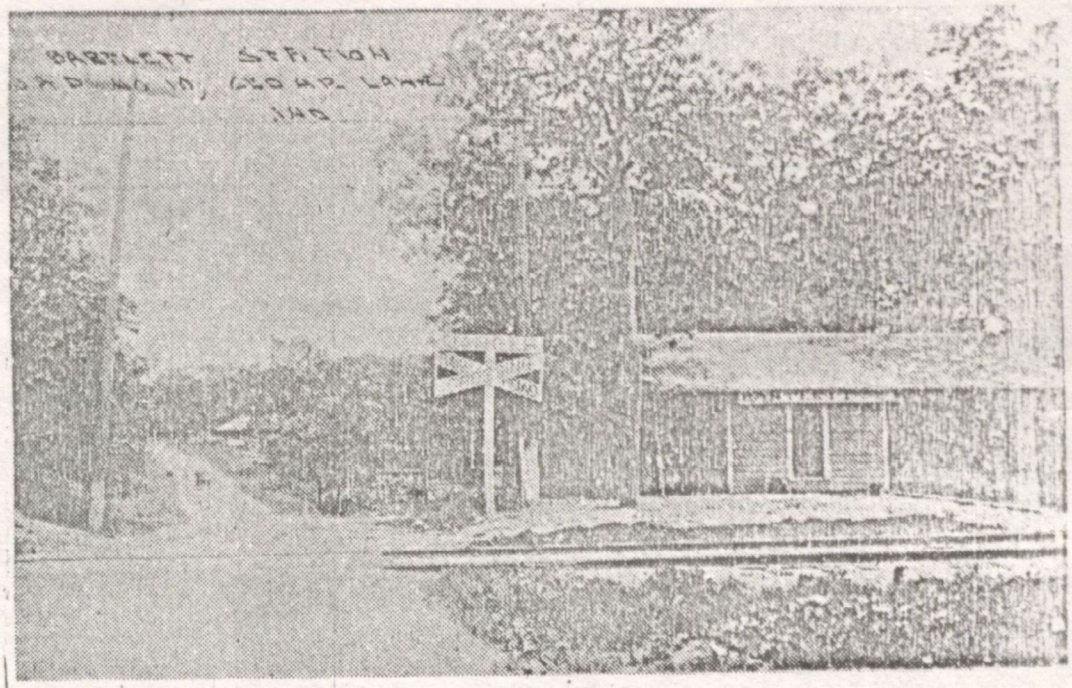
Freight trains today stop only at one place, and that is at Cedar Lake's northwest where it services a lumber yard and Transit-Mix.

The five or six-coach new AmTrak passenger moves swiftly through.

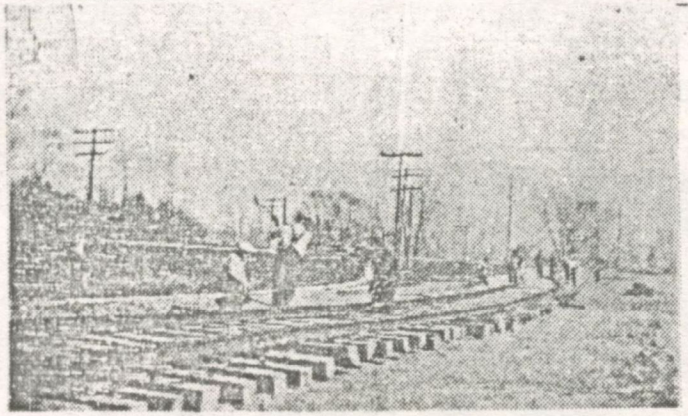
There are no depots. Just trains, long, long freight trains.



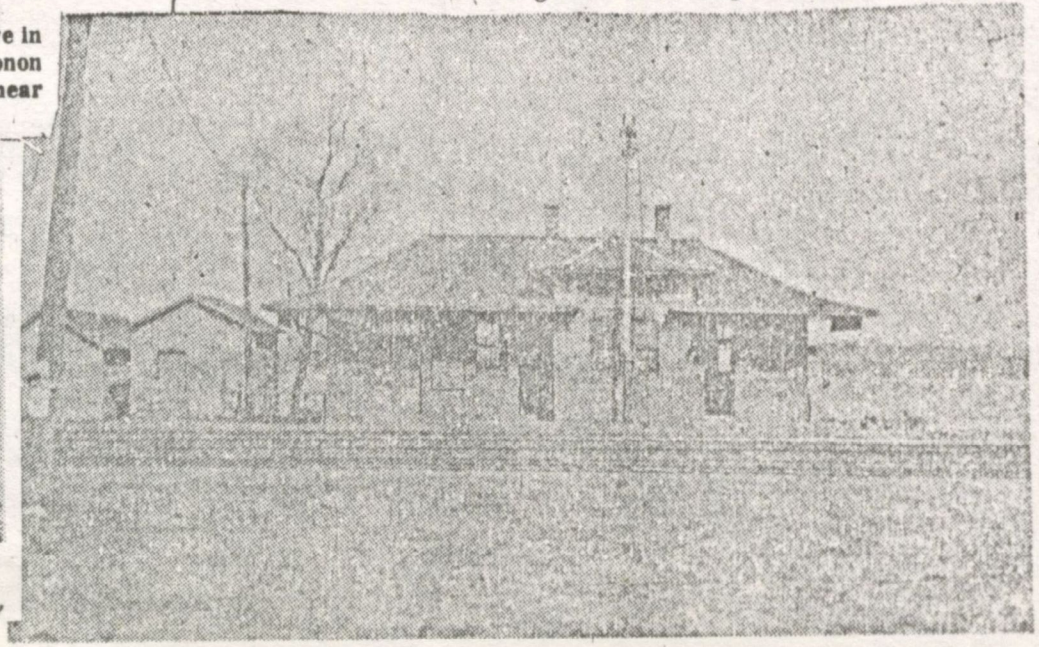
These two cement abutments on North Lakeshore Drive in Cedar Lake, which formerly supported the old Monon Railroad trestle, are scheduled to be torn down in the near future because they are hazardous to motorists.



The dangerous old crossing at Armour Town in 1926.



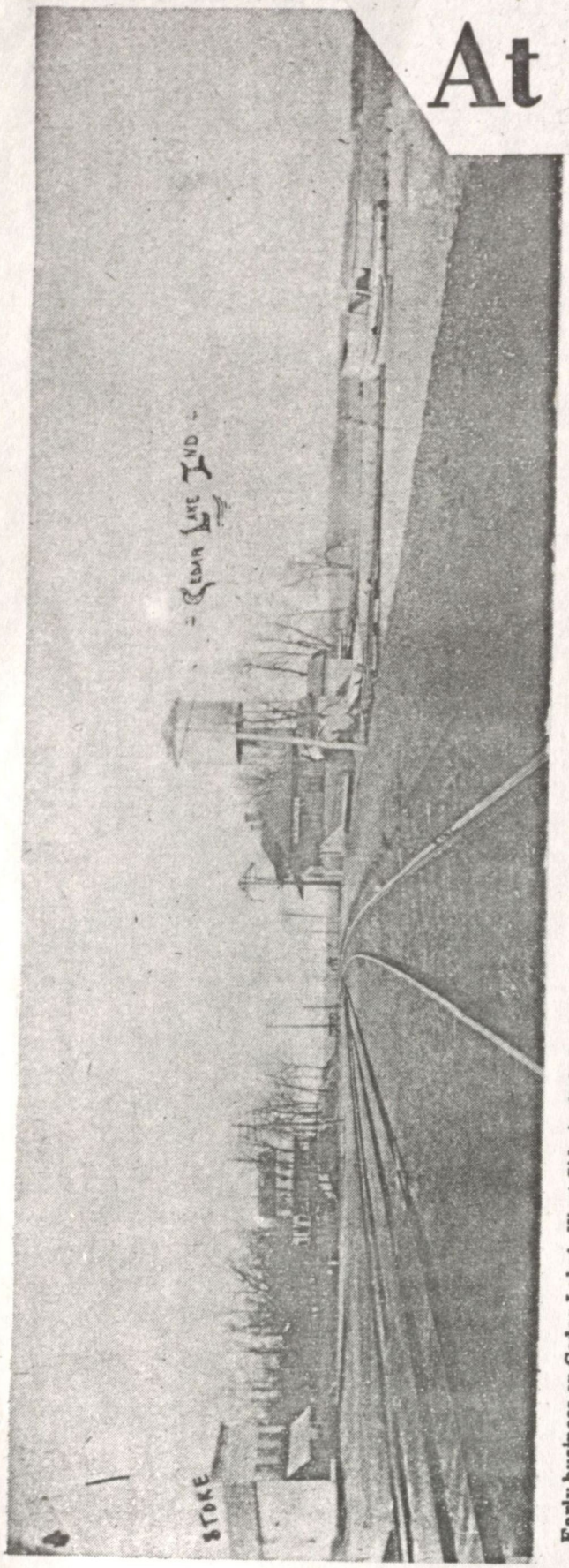
Section men replace rail site one more time.



This Monon depot was built in 1898 to replace the Armour and Paisley depots of 1882. This

West Side Story -

At Cedar Lake



Early business on Cedar Lake's West Side included, (from left), the Driscoll Store, Sigler Hotel, Milkstand, Monon Railroad, Cedar Lake Depot, the water tower, and the Monon pier on Cedar Lake.

PART I

by BEATRICE HORNER

Cedar Lake had an overall history of small embryo villages that served a genuine need for a few years, sometimes more, then eventually they faded away.

We read of West Point in 1840, Graytow 1858, Armour 1870, Paisley 1882 and then by 1930 the maps specify a town called Cedar Lake.

That town called "Cedar Lake" began in 1898.

The Monon railroad had closed its two original 1882 built depots located at Armour and Paisley, although those villages were in their height of activity at the time.

A more spacious depot was built, complete with ticket window, long wooden benches and a freight room on Cedar Lake's mid-western shore.

Long platforms served the walking public and a strong piled, oak planked pier jutted out into the lake at the immediate south east. Here boat traffic docked bringing people ashore who had come to board the passenger trains running on schedule north and south through the region of western Cedar Lake.

The site chosen for the depot was so close to the water's edge that a bay-like area had to be filled before a foundation could be placed. Up to that time a trestle had spanned the area that was a popular fishing spot, heretofore peaceful and quiet.

A stone's throw southward a big Monon owned freight house stopped the eye.

Like corn in a hot skillet, buildings began to pop up within less than a quarter mile radius of this core now serving the Monon line.

The first to come was the Driscoll building. This family, originally farmers in West Creek Township, came in 1898 and built a combined home and store about 150 feet west of the depot.

Mrs. Driscoll had been widowed. This energetic woman and her growing children began in earnest to stock their new store. A son Bill became a butcher in the rear of the building and son Doc worked there also as he schooled to be a pharmacist.

Eventually Henry Taylor married Bessie Driscoll and his Lowell Meat Market was moved to the Cedar Lake store.

Henry Taylor drove his wagon load of freshly butchered meat all around the lake as he serviced other stores and hotels. He owned a team of white Arabian horses who were often runaways.

One time this unruly pair cut loose at the east Cedar Lake road and when found, one horse was out east on Reeder Road and the other had gone home to Lowell.

Dr. Riggs set up his first dentist's office here, and when he later moved to Lowell his former office was occupied by Dr. Handley.

The Driscoll store changed hands by 1910. It's new owner was George Manuel, then James Elliott, Monte Bieseiker and Arthur McLaughlin conducted business here in the course of time.

The Cedar Lake postoffice was housed in a corner of this frame building and most of the above names had a hand in running it. For awhile a small structure stood separate from the store, bearing the lettering "Federal Building" and served as Cedar Lake's post office.

enclosed, horse drawn, mail wagon as he began the first house to house mail service, after 1900.

The train brought the mail daily to the depot site.

Another train service was the milk train that stopped daily at 9 a.m. to pick up full cans, leaving empty ones, at a small rack standing near the Sigler Hotel along the Monon.

The Sigler Hotel was built, also, in 1898.

Lumber was shipped easily by rail. The Wilbur Lumber Company of Wisconsin shipped a big order to Hotel Builder Charles Sigler and an elaborate two story hotel was erected northwest of the depot.

No sooner had this place opened for business until another hotel came on the scene. The echo of hammers and saws pealed the air once again as Sebastian Einsele placed his equally large hostelry one block west of the Driscoll and Sigler places.

In the Einsele hotel, Sebastian and Kathrine (Drinen) raised ten children. Sebastian's father was a wagon maker, owning a shop in Brunswick, Ind. These parents, Michael and Barbara had come to America in 1847 when Sebastian was a 9 year old lad. Michael died in 1898, the year his son built the new hotel and the 94 year old man did not experience the success of his son's new enterprise.

Within the hotel people dined, danced and rested in a clean homelike atmosphere. In the summer months visitors could picnic in the quiet scenic wooded park that was part of the Einsele complex.

Again from Brunswick came another man with a similar idea. He was William Gerbing.

The Gerbing family had been managing the Brunswick corner saloon (now known as Reicherts' tavern) in the years after 1900.

Now Gerbing built a combination home and saloon just south of the Einsele hotel.

The long line of hitching rails fronting the two business places knew constant use until they were removed to make way for the automobile. But this was not the whole source of patronage.

unloaded many times a day, visitors from the hot city streets, who poured into the small business block and flocked into its spacious many roomed hotels.

John Mitch had already built a 9 foot ceilinged, iron crossbeamed hotel down on the shores, southeast of this shopping and hotel block. When he felt out of the new mainstream of customer traffic, he put his big two story frame building on rollers and with teams of horses it was pulled over to the south of the Driscoll store site.

In years to come John Mitch was killed while tending bar in the saloon area of his hotel. Peter Seramur became the next hotel manager after that tragedy.

In these hotel and saloon barrooms there was no question as to where those tall mugs of 5c beer were going to come from.

Two rambling storage depots were built along the railroad tracks south of the Monon freighthouse.

In rolled the freightcars, sidling up to the company shed platforms of the Seipp and Tosetti Beer outlets, as they unloaded barrels of beer by the hundreds.

Daily, very early, the drivers arrived at the big storehouses. Here they hitched up a team of horses to high racked barrel loaded wagons and pulled out of the area to take their long daily Seipp route. Peter Neiner, and by 1912 William Govert drove those lumbering loads along the narrow dirt roads, servicing saloons as far north as St. John, east to Merrillville and south to Henry Granger's saloon in Thayer.

Rain or shine, snow or sleet, mud or dust the trip must be made, as those husky drivers sat atop the high wagon seats and addressed themselves to a team of stocky dray horses. Seipps Brewery was a Chicago enterprise.

The Tosetti Brewery was located along the nickleplate tracks between State and Bulletin in Hammond, Ind., and the stock supply was managed by Sebastian Rascher of that city. Their team and wagon trucked beer by the barrel from Cedar Lake's outlet depot.

Upshore, into Arnhoul Town, the Edelweiss depot was equally busy.

Gerbing's saloon front proclaimed the joys of a quaff of Edelweiss Beer, as round the lake Matt Lauerman and later Howard Meyer serviced the saloons off their horse drawn beer racks on wheels.

Trains came and went and the liquor flowed freely into the region.

While these wagons serviced outside areas the Tosetti company built its own saloon at the south end of what was now shaping up as a shopping center block.

Joining the chain now including the Driscoll store and the Mitch hotel, this Tassetti saloon was managed by Louis Kraus.

Barrels of the foamy brew were carted across the road, put on tap, and here most of the customers were from local citizenry.

Out of the gaping open doored box cars came amother kind of frieight being stacked on the depot platform. Groceries to stock local store shelves were mailed from wholesale houses and arrived on the Monon to this Cedar Lake freight house.

Colorful tin containers filled with foodstuffs and barrels of coffee beans, pretzels and crackers were stacked on the platform awaiting removal by business men.

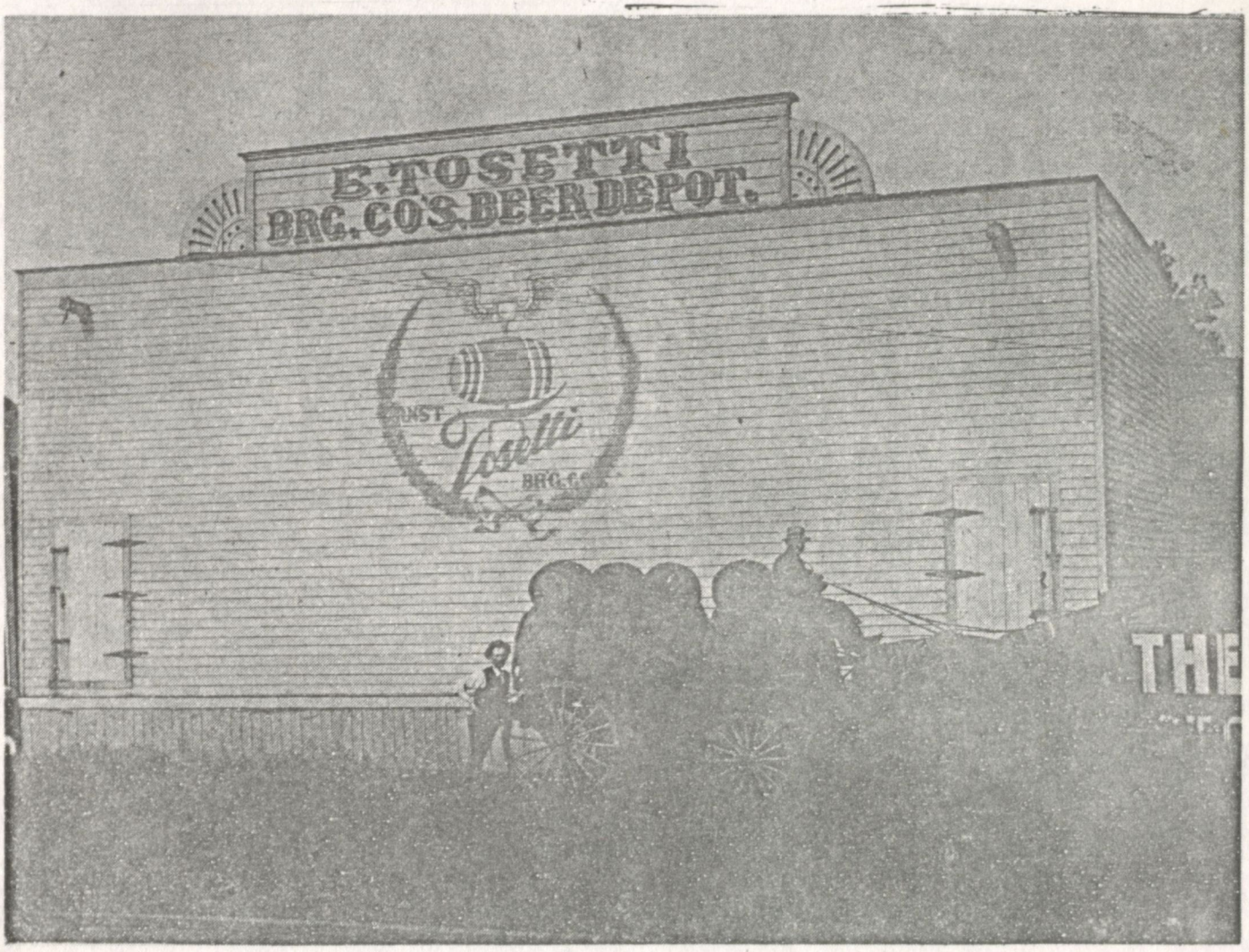
Bundles of overalls, work caps and boxes of long fleecy underwear, ladies corsets, suspenders and bolt goods were carried into the Driscoll store.

Here, on sturdy shelves all merchandise was openly exhibited around the centrally located potbellied stove. One could serve yourself, ask for help or just stand around and discuss politics while the chicken you ordered was being killed and dressed near a tub of hot water outside the back door.

Then came Grover Cleveland, McKinley was assasinated, Teddy Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, so much to talk about and all of it known here despite our lack of radio and television of much later years.

Also community problems were publicly aired and often solved around the old stove and cracked barrel.

The Einsele Hotel, (right) and the Gerbings saloon were the first of many businesses on Cedar Lake's west side.



Tosette's Beer Depot and Wagon about 1900.

West Side Story—

Frank Schutz built a blacksmith shop a bit southeast of this shopping center; and its second owner was C. Ashton.

Here horses were shoed, iron tools repaired and boats were built.

This shop had many paned windows fronting the building where the owner displayed a fishing craft that was for sale.

The Ashton family lived nearby and their children attended the Paisley school that had been moved in to the business region in 1901.

(Continued next week.)

PART II

by BEATRICE HORNER

In 1908 people of the area now known as Lauerman Road stood in idle curiosity as they saw a big building coming down the road from the north.

Ed Lauerman had ripped off one of the sections from his father's general store that had been built in Armour Town in 1896.

This large old frame store was being pulled by horses, and it was drawn in front of an already existing home just south of the Einsele Gerbing business places. Carpenters attached this store section to the house, built a new plank porch and the place was opened up as a general store, competing for business with the older Driscoll store to the east.

It was the Lauerman's who gave Cedar Lake it's first delivery service. Before this housewives depended on the circuit driving peddler, but now one could order daily from the new delivery wagon. This rig was a "Cracky" wagon drawn by Sadie the gray spotted sorrell horse and driven all around Cedar Lake.

Later a larger wagon was put on the route now pulled by a team of Arabian ponies named Sis and Bill.

Inevitably came the Model T Ford truck. The early grocery boys of this store (yesterdays equivalent for todays carryouts) must have received good training in this school of "hard knocks."

They became the grocery store managers of the years ahead, still remembered by everyone of our older todays citizens. Need you be reminded that they were John and Pete Schrieber, Art, Ed and Jerome Lauerman and Pete Horner.

The (Driscoll) Manuel store and the Lauerman store while closely located, experienced enough business to keep them both thriving in the years between 1908 and 1918. Then the Lauerman store moved to Cook.

In 1914 the community was shocked when a fire started in the Manuel store building and before it could be stopped it had ravaged the post-office, hotel and saloon.

Monte Biesieker married Ila Brannock in 1914. At that time they became the owners of this series of buildings.

Monte restored the business area and it became known then as "Biesieker Row" up went new signs and in came new enterprises.

Advertising now and in the years following are Elmer Stillson, barber; Schrieber groceries and meats, Monte's store, ice cream and magazine shop, then later Vernon and Margaret Stillson owned a large 5c to $1.00 store and circulated a weekly called the Cedar Lake Advertiser Within this complex was the ever moving, ever existing post-office until a new block postal building was built on the south end of this old historic row.

While the male population of this area lent their names to all of the business places of this region, the distaff side of the family relationship's were responsible for a good share of the stability and success experienced in those ambitious years.

The hotels were kept in order by housewives and older daughters, women clerked in the stores, and Kate Clemens and Emma Knesek were capable local post-mistresses.

Meanwhile over in the depot Harrison Ford ran his Monon oriented agency with great expertise. When the railroad came to Cedar Lake in 1882 he had managed the tiny paisley depot.

After 16 years there he moved into the new 1898 building and continued until 1942 in this same occupation. For many of the early years Harry had the telegrapher works in his bedroom, prooving he was always on the job.

James Elliott worked as an operator and Monte Biesieker and Mr. Borden served as trick operators.

The train took a drink at a tall steel framed, wooden vatted water tower. The tower caught fire and burned around 1930.

This tower stood north of the depot.

Gandy Dancers zipped up and down, loaded with section hands who kept the railroad in good repair. The Rosenbaur and Saberniak families of today boast of the many years of service contributed by these men and the people of old paisley are mindful of their friend and neighbor Ed Rosenbaur whose railroad service record is praiseworthy.

Monte Biesieker, who worked in the depot in it's busiest days is living today. He is a resevoir of strong memories of the earlier times when the shopping center called Cedar Lake, was indeed unrivaled for miles around. The big Sigler Hotel burned in 1914 and re-placing it nearer the shore came a combined restaurant, bar, fishing supply, boat rental and pier. Built by Monte Biesieker, this was ably managed by William Gerbing and Tobe Spindler.

The Schoenhoffen Brewing Company, gave, as a gift the big new bar then being used in this long building. In the 1930's Cecil Mitch kept the lakeside business flourishing, and as the years went on it gained momemtum and is well patronized even today.

Also, along shore, a bit Northward, just south of Monon park (Conference Grounds) came the Carr family and they served lunches in their home, built a pier and set up a boat rental service known as Carrs Rest.

Over on the depot pier, prior to World War I a small snack stand was attached to the pierside. Here it's owner sold 10 cent hot dog sandwiches and nickle ice cream cones to in coming boat passengers.

A commotion on a weekend revealed the following incident.

Sam Smith Sr., had a trained pig. He had brought it down to the small concession stand where porky demonstrated his ability to sit up and eat ice cream cones alongside the Homo Sapiens.

. . .

-At Cedar Lake

Samuel Smith Sr., made his own home brewed herbal medicines and bottled them to sell. Coupling this with a street corner side show, he entertained as he peddled his wares.

It must have been a lucreative business because he was able to support his family and also giving Sammy Jr., a fine musical education by sending him to a school in Chicago.

Samuel Stanhope Smith, Jr., very talented, at his age of 12, stood tall and alone as he played his violin at a Hanover Township conbined commencement exercise held at John Spaniers (Einsele's) Hotel in 1910.

Nable Saper was a tailor with shops in Hammond and Chicago. His home was south of the Monon depot shoppint center, on the lake-front. He built his small store across the road north of the Biesieker city block.

Here he sold dry goods and notions and was the local tailor.

This building couldn't determine what it wanted to be, it seems. It became a grocery store managed by Eugene Schrieber. Then it was painted orange and black, becoming the Jack-O-Lantern tavern run by Frank Henn.

Shortly after it was discontinued as a business place to become a family residence and finally it was extensively remodeled to be used as a non-denominational community church during the World War II years.

It seems that the hotel business was one men were willing to venture into in a big way, in this small corner of the world. With much evidence since 1890 of guaranteed customers via the Monon and by 1920 the automobile the years ahead looked great. People were still coming in droves with money in their pockets.

It was at this time that 3 Chicago men pooled their cash and built a long two story hotel, naming it the Big 3. It was located one block south of Biesieker Row.

The ground level had a big dance floor with a bar room at the south end.

Rows of spacious bedrooms were all upstairs. This hotel prospered until the crash came in 1928. The big three burned to the ground at that time.

Yesterday, as today there is the every moving always musical vending machine.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernice lived in their private home just south of the Lauerman store.

This man and wife team made their own ice cream, cones and candy. They sold penny candy to the neighborhood all year round and vended their wares in the summertime.

They moved about in a motorized, custom made square rig, locating at circus sites, the depot area, Edgewater Beach and numerous others.

Those were the days when a mans earnings were his own. Uncle Sam took very little for taxes and social security meant each family looking after it's own.

Joseph and Dorothy Kralek set up the Happy Days bait shop, east across from Lauerman's store and gave 24 hour service. They had come in 1923.

By 1945 the Cedar Lake Fire Department set up a neighborhood fire siren in the Kralek yard. For the years ahead this dedicated community service has been heard and appreciated by folks at Cedar Lake.

In 1924 it was an exciting thing to do, just to park our Model T. ford near the depot and watch the trains come in.

All of the windows would be open in the passenger cars as the train slowly came to a stop.

Heads popped out down the line, of cars, arms flailing away, waving scarfs and handkerchiefs, vacationers,screaming, cheering, every passenger over-eager to land on the platform with weekend luggage in hand.

The more serious of these visitors moved northward into the Cedar Lake Conference grounds. Others poured in the big area hotels where they had booked quarters for a weekend or for the entire season. Others flocked onto the pier, into excursion boats, to be dropped off at the numerous piers all around this big state lake. These were the days when the water was so clear that the only place a fish could hide was in the spadder docks and lilly pads along the marshy shoreline areas.

Everything had come in such a hurry, the depot, the hotels, stores, saloons, shops and the forever hop scotching post-office.

This was all taken seriously now as map-makers proclaimed this the town of Cedar Lake by 1930.

Then came the blow that weakened the whole industry that was mostly based on vacationers and their fat pocketbooks.

Prohibition had closed some business places but it had not harmed this vacation spot too much. It was the depression that brought on the greatest change. Poorer now but also more relaxed, men had stepped into B.V.D'S and women had pulled the stavies out of their corsets.

Women re-modeled clothes and made bedsheets out of flour bags while men out of work, fished for food for the family table.

And all was quiet on this western front.

Still strong use of the fishing and boat business flourished until World War II took the boys away. Those remaining at home took life very seriously now. When local war heroes returned it was not the same and Cedar Lake, the village, was dissolved.

The Monon had re-layed its tracks westward in 1948 and the depot closed its doors. The Diesel replaced the old black iron Choo-Choo-the smoke and Cinders were gone and all that remains are the old memories of a few important things that had their beginning there.

In 1974 there still exists a quiet business district that considers itself a part of the entire town of the incorporated Cedar Lake.

The old depot is now a quiet little community restaurant. For 18 years Florence Puccini has served the old and young, fishermen and tourist with delicious homemade pies, sandwiches and hot coffee. Her cheerful conversation and friendly service is contagious.

Here, on the walls, pictures and old treasures have kept memories alive, a continual reminder of a day when this core left its indelible mark on, local history tablets.

Lest we forget.

Farm tells history of an era

Gary Post Tribune

Reflections of the past

By SUSAN HOBBS

The old enclosed windmill perched high atop the Ida Meyer farm in West Creek Township is said to remain today as the only one of its kind in Lake County.

Time and nature have taken their toll on the old farm, with a rich history that dates back over a hundred years to 1852 when 120 acres was purchased from the government by Chris Klein.

Klein's estate was sold only two years later to Ernest Busch, and shortly thereafter it was sold to Herman Beckman.

Why this one parcel of land was sold four times within 18 years remains a mystery. Whether death, draught or depression struck repeatedly during these few short years is a part of the story, locked in the forgotten past.

It seems unlikely that speculation played a part in the quick land deal. When Dee Meyer bought the farm in 1870 he paid a mere $40 an acre for the property. Twelve years later he purchased an additional 40 acres at the same price.

The farm house stands at 10909 W. 157th Ave., but an earlier, more primitive structure did exist on another part of the farm in the early days. Time has erased all evidence of the earlier homesite.

A "Perkins" windmill, an open metal structure common to many a farm in those days, was erected just behind the existing house in early 1900.

In 1909 the unique framed enclosure was built around the windmill by John Meyer, Dee Meyer's son, and Fred Ewer, a ~~Cedar Lake~~ Lowell carpenter and blacksmith.

According to Mrs. Peter "Bea" Horner, Cedar Lake town historian who is Ewer's daughter, the construction was simply the "brainstorm" of the two men.

The two located a water storage tank in the top level of the old mill to provide running water by gravity into the house. One by ten oak planks which line the walls of the structure were said to have come from John Engel's woods, one mile north of the Meyer farm on U.S. 41.

Creaking, rickety steps lead to an observation tower at the top of the windmill. On the second floor a primitive cabinet bears the date "1909."

Mrs. Martin Howkinson, a Cedar Lake resident, says another water tank was later built in the house, and when that leaked cooling tanks were built on the first floor of the windmill.

Today that area of the windmill is inhabited by a large black retriever named Tippy, who probably has the largest dog house in the county.

Mike Kretz, John Meyer's grandson, remains today the sole human inhabitant of the old farm. Tippy and about 25 meandering cats are the only visable livestock.

The cats were probably attracted by the large herd of dairy cows once housed on the farm in the late 1800s. Although the cattle are long gone, the generations of cats stayed on. An old broiler house once filled with some 2,000 cackling, scratching chickens is now used for storage.

Kretz has lived on the farm since 1946, and can recall apple orchards on part of the acreage. Today most of the farm is planted in corn and beans by the Poer boys of Creston. The 61-year-old Kretz is the farm's caretaker.

A big red cow barn once stood near the roadway to the north of the house, the scene of many lively community dances between 1905 and 1920.

Fred Ewer auctioned at the box socials held in the barn, and his daughter Bea can identify the musicians at the dances. Frank and Adam Kretz were accordion

(Continued on Page 2)

page 2

(Continued from Page 1)

players, Carl Kenney played a concertina, Emil Bixenman and Jessie Wheeler fiddled, and Henry Hoffman was the square dance caller.

As the evening wore on, those men not particularly lightfooted would congregate on the second floor of the windmill to play cards, usually "66."

A raging fire swept through the barn in 1950, leveling it and several other farm buildings to the ground. The barn was never replaced.

Necessity was the mother of invention for John Meyer and Fred Ewer in 1908. The two fashioned a primitive telephone system for the West Creek homesteaders. Telephone lines were suspended from trees, posts, and buildings to form a connection between the homes of about ten families.

When the phone rang all ten parties would answer. After the families determined who was calling who, the others would hang up leaving the two to continue their conversation.

Medical help for man or beast was also difficult to obtain in the early days in West Creek township.

William Wheeler, a veterinarian educated in England, had the sole responsibility of healing both people and animals of the area during the years from 1860-1890.

At the end of the 19th Century a co-op creamery stood between the Meyer home and a nearby wagon trial (today known as U.S. 41). After the creamery moved away, farmers were forced to seek out other methods of separating milk.

The Meyers turned to a DeLaval Separator. This new system required cooling tanks to be installed on the lower level of the windmill. A gasoline motor was added to assist the mill on days when the wind was still.

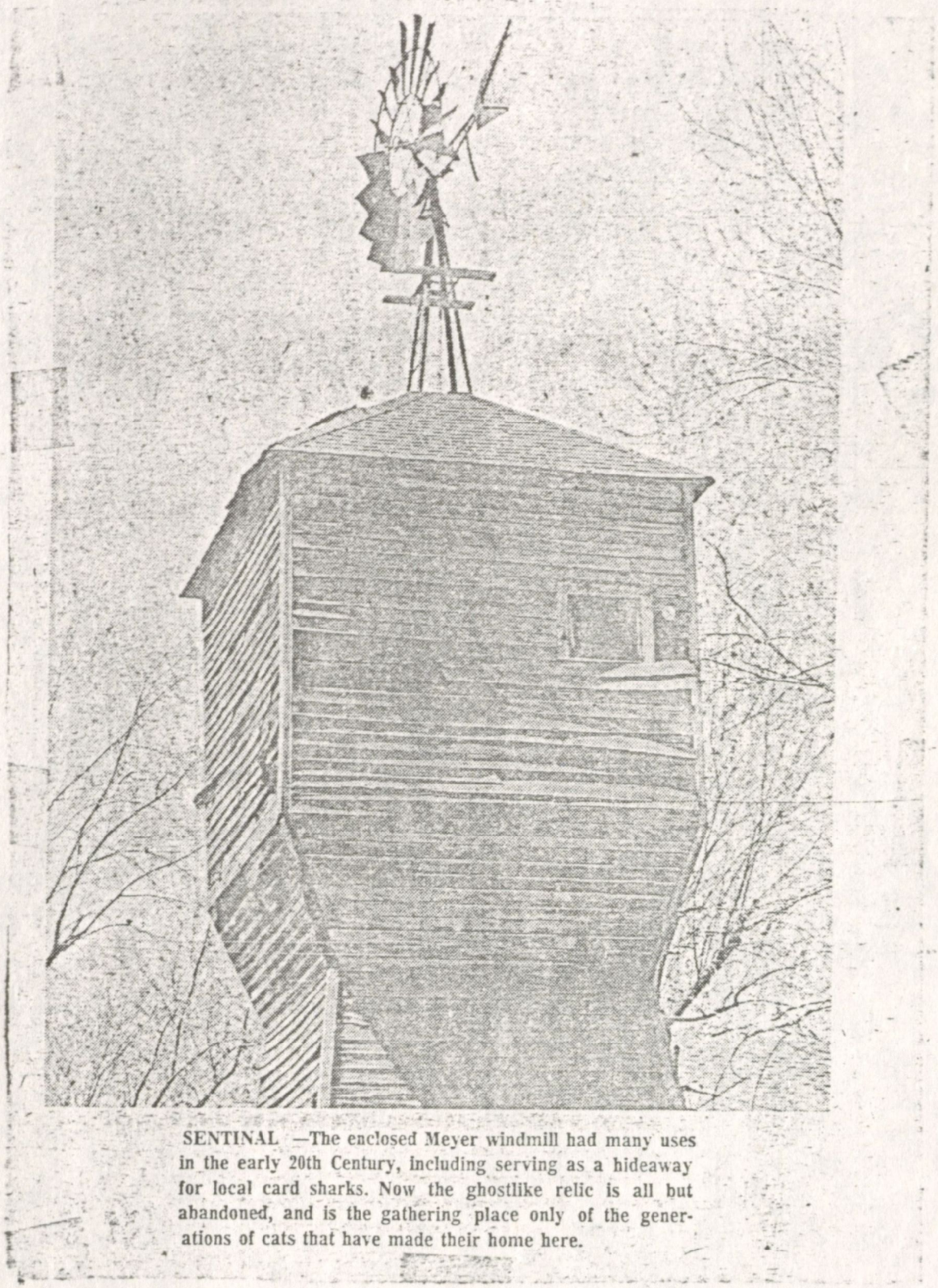
The process required housewives to scrub and sterilize milk cans to hold the cream. The milk cans were suspended in cool water to reduce the cream temperature necessary for butter making.

Then the cream entered a large barrel churn, located just outside the south mill wall in a later built addition. Somewhat resembling an old rainbarrel, the belted rotating barrel churn was of a commercial size.

Today at age 84, Ida Meyer, the last survivor of the original Meyer family, resides in a Lowell nursing home. Since she never married, her niece Ruth Grelck of Lowell, Mike Kretz and Kretz's two brothers and sister one day will inherit the Meyer farm.

Most of those who added life and bustling activity to the farm are gone now, but the farm, rich in history so typical to the era, still continues to give its yield.

And the old windmill overlooking its vast countryside still continues to reel in the eternal drifting wind.

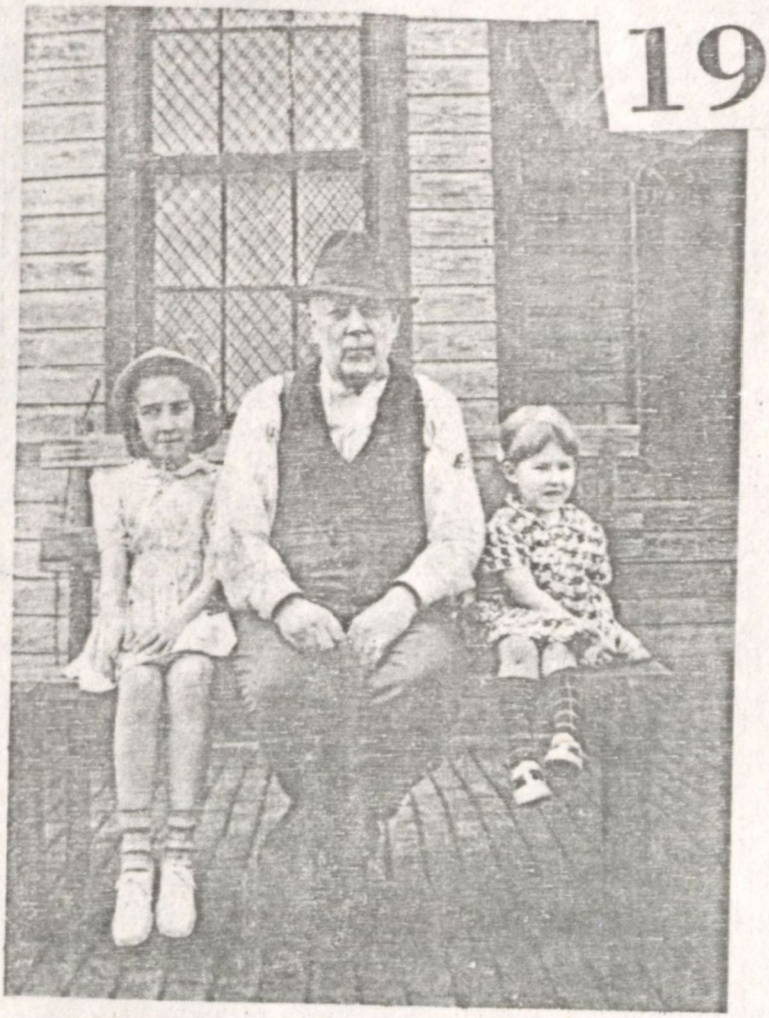


SENTINAL —The enclosed Meyer windmill had many uses in the early 20th Century, including serving as a hideaway for local card sharks. Now the ghostlike relic is all but abandoned, and is the gathering place only of the generations of cats that have made their home here.

BOYS IN THE BAND — Decked out in celluloid collars, high button shoes and sleeve garters, two young slickers pose for the camera at one of the community dances held in the early 1900's in the barn at the Meyer farm. The musician on the left is named Klemme, and the man with concertina is Carl Kenning. Research assistance on the history of the Meyer farm was provided by Mrs. Bea Horner, Cedar Lake town historian. The Vilmer photo at the top of the page was taken between 1900 and 1909, when the windmill enclosure was built.

Pilcher Publishing Co.

A Look At Cook From 1906



Betty Albertson, Tom O'Connor, Susie Albertson.

Cedar Lake Journal - South Lake County Advertiser - Lowell Tribune - Thursday - March 13, 1975

Cook - 1906

By Beatrice Horner

Hanover Center wasn't doing a thing. It was just going about it's own business. It was so busy about its own business that along came another village, and stole its name away.

The name wasn't lost in subtle, secretive sundown, but in broad daylight, day after day and openly noisy and blatant.

In 1905 the farmland belonging to the Geisen and Massoth families was purchased as a right of way for the New York Central Railroad.

Swiftly this line was layed, coming from Hammond, Dyer, St. John and pushing it's way on into Danville, Ill. At this time depots were sited at eastern Hanover Center, North Hayden and Belshaw. The building complex, strung along the west side of the tracks in Cook, consisted of a Depot, section house and a depot agents residence.

This N.Y.C. railroad stop, located a short jaunt east of Hanover Center was not known as Cook in the beginning. A big sign nailed beneath the depots high roof gable spelled out the name "Hanover". After a time there was confusion as freight was being mis-sent because there was another town named Hanover located southward along the line.

A new name had to replace the original one so the name Cook came about. A water service man working out of the Gibson Yards, D.A. Cook had lent his name to the depot site.

Now, at this time in 1907, Cook was Cook and Hanover-Center carried on to the west, the usual ambitious village made up of early settlers and pioneer business establishments, interlaced with homes and farmland. Immediately the future looked great to some men who had already established enterprises elsewhere.

From Lowell came a well known grain and hay dealer to build a multi-faceted business that included a grain elevator, a live-stock yard and a stock of lumber, tile, gravel and coal. Charles E. Nichols was the owner of this business whose sign and bill headings stated the name "The Nichols Grain and Hay Co."

A large board-fenced corral north of the tall grain elevator had broad entrance gates and loading platform where herds of cattle and hundreds of horses were periodically auctioned off.

Joseph Rascher of Klaasville was a livestock buyer. For years he could be seen on horseback driving herds of cattle into the Cook area, and guiding them as they rushed into the gates of the Nichol's stock yard to be stalled until shipping time.

Local tradesmen looked to Cook as they ordered materials necessary for construction and farmers made continous use of the grain storage elevator of this busy shipping center.

At the same time that the elevator was built Anton Hein, an Armour Town Hotel owner, built again. He hired a well known Armour carpenter Nicholas Mager to erect the big two story building we know today as Cook Gardens. Now up went a sign saying Anton Hein and beside it another claiming the sale of Seipps Beer sold within.

In 1908 patrons sitting on bar stools in the Hein saloon saw quite a skirmish at the railroad crossing. A horse was working in a circular pattern as it propelled forward a big frame building being expertly moved by carpenters Nicholas Mager and William Govert.

Arthur Lauerman, son of Matthias, had removed one the two store sections of the Lauerman General Store of

A Look At Cook From 1906 . . .

Pilcher Publishing Co.

Left Hein Hotel - Lower - N.Y.C. Train and Railroad, Background - Hanover Center, Right - Lauerman store, Nichols Grain and Hay Co. - Lumber barn and elevator.

Armour Town at N. West Cedar Lake. He purchased land just west of the Nichol's elevator and here he started up a general store. By 1910 a big home was built back of the store and now the little care area called Cook was on the move.

The railroad was busy shuttling back and forth loading out going freight and delivering lumber and coal, barrelled and crated merchandise, as well as small family farm and home orders. Agents C. Harris, R. McIntyre, O. Borne, William Theil and Mr. Tracey followed through the years living one at a time, in the small depot agent's house over and past the World War I years. These men knew the romance of the days of the big old black iron horse that pulled clanking, chugging, hooting, whistling and steaming soot laden cars on schedule daily, year in and year out between 1906 and 1930.

A big change was made in 1918 when Ed Lauerman, another of the Matt. Lauerman sons, moved his general store from Lauerman's road at mid-west Cedar Lake, bringing it to Cook and attached it to the Art Lauerman store. This big frame store had also once been part of the original Lauerman General Store in Armour Town in 1896.

Now the two Lauerman brothers conducted a meat market with Fred Heiser as a butcher. The grocery department and dry goods, hardware, fuel, produce and medicines were all sold by clerks Ed and Art Lauerman. Art was also a barber and his chair was located along the west wall in the rambling big store.

Peter Schrieber and Peter Horner were the delivery boys who drove a horse pulled inclosed wagon around the miles of Macadam or gravelled roads of Cedar Lake and Hanover Center daily.

As clerks hurried in and out of the store, carrying 50 lb. sacks of flour over their shoulders, or filled small kerosene cans and sealed them by sticking a potato in the can's spout for a cork, they greeted folks outside on the porch.

Long lines, wagon to wagonloads of grain were lined up reaching from the Nichol's elevator westward, strung

along in front of Lauerman's store. The drivers wrapped the reins around a peg on the sideboard, leaped off the high wagon seat and strolled over on the sunny porch of the store. Here they leisurly traded ideas on the crops being harvested, the advantages of good weather, the price for a bushel of oats, or whether President Wilson would run for another term.

They agreed that when it was cold enough to butcher they'd have their own meat and wouldn't have to pay such high prices at the store.

They had seen an invoice from Swift and Co., Union stockyards of Chicago. The order shipped to Ed Lauerman in 1917 listed premiums boiled ham at 15½c a lb. - pork sausage links 10c a lb., frankfurters 20c a lb. and liver sausage at 10c a lb. (To arrive at 1975 prices for those same items just multiply by ten!)

In Cooks formative years this quarter mile square area had become more of a trading post than a village. The proprietors and their families lived on the premises of their establishments which meant that only four familiy quarters were a part of the original settlement.

The area lacked the homelife flavor given the usual town but made up for it as people from far and wide congregated inside the big general store to swap news as they purchased supplies or traded eggs and butter for staples and dry goods.

(To Be Continued)

Cook - 1906
By Beatrice Horner

The spinning movement of this ambitious Cook nucleus soon overshadowed the dwindling strength of Old Hanover--Center, swallowing up it's identity and by the time the Hanover-Center Post Office was removed, so also the area lost it's name.

By 1920 Henry Paulas bought the Lauerman store and then brothers Peter and John Schrieber took over the place in 1923. This old business stayed the same except, with the changing times there were now gasoline pumps placed in front of the store and one Chevy and one Ford delivery truck replaced horse and wagon, speeding up the circuit of delivery service.

By 1920 Emil Ruge had purchased the Nichols Grain and Hay Co. Emil owned a sawmill North of Hanover-Center. He kept a gang of men busy sawing timber and railroad ties for shipment at the Cook depot. On May 14, 1920, he shipped 4000 railroad ties on the N.Y.C. and also sent three carloads of livestock to the Chicago stockyards.

In 1928 the Wilbur Lumber Co. of Wisconsin became the owners of the Ruge and Gragg Lumber Co., that was once the Nichols Grain and Hay Co. By 1945 the big 1906 built elevator was removed and the place was then a lumber and coal company. No other store within the Cedar Lake and Brunswick region had such a general stock of merchandise as did the Schrieber (Lauerman) store and no lumber yard claimed the complete stock that crowded the office quaters and the long barns of the Wilbur Lumber Co. of Cook. Both business places made ambitious and continuous use of the railroad service of the New York Central.

By now the old Luerman barber chair was removed from the general store, but the service was not lost.

John Jillson, a son-in-law of Anton Hein, set up a Barber Shop in the Hein hotel. John had learned his trade from his parents. Going to this barber shop often meant a long wait, as he was so well patronized, but in those slower paced years very few customers were watching the clock anyhow.

In the mid-twenties Tom O'Connor became the depot agent and stayed there until 1942 when he was replaced by Harry Albertson. Mrs. Eda Albertson had been raised in the shadow of the New York Central when as a child the railroad right of way had removed her childhood home at Campbelle Station North of Danville in 1906.

She knew the years when Cook was young, as her brother had worked as a brakeman on the N.Y.C. in 1913, when Eda came here to live with her depot agent husband in 1942 she knew many times when she had to help men who were injured as they worked along this N.Y.C. section. The Albertson's raised 8 children on the old depot site and when the buildings were removed in 1950 the agents house was moved southward on W. 133 Lane. Here in 1975 Mrs. Albertson lives an active life today at the age of 74.

The old antique depot was hauled to Kankakee to become a private home and the section-house was moved south, remodeled to become the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Wornhoff at that time.

In those more friendly years when the old train moved slowly through Cook, stopping as it's crew hopped off to pay a quick visit to the General Store for a chew of tobacco or to buy lunch supplies, folks became well acquainted with those trainmen. Ferdinand "Pinky" Jackson spent record years as a brake-man and he and his wife lived on Joan Lane at Cedar Lake.

Erett Martin, 49 years a railroad engineer is today (1975) 81 years old. He lives near Schubert Lake, Northwest of Cedar Lake.

For years he walked the front porch of the Schrieber General store or greeted friends around the depot area. Erett told us that the passenger train service no longer stopped in the year of 1950, except when flagged.

When the Rev. Joseph Wonderly, pastor of holy Name wanted to go into Chicago he walked down to the N.Y.C. depot. After sundown he would light a roll of newspaper, making a flare. Mr. Martin, engineer, would see the signal, knew it was his good friend Father Wonderly, and so he stopped the train. It was one passenger and one stop for the long N.Y.C. train at Cook.

Back in 1920 Michael and Phillip Schrieber had built a garage just west of the Hein hotel. They were busy mechanics in the years when young men were learning to cope with the automobile and it's repair problems. Eventually Phillip lift the garage to go into business for himself. Now he was expertly working at well drilling, heating, wind-mills, pumps, engines, motors and electrical wiring.

These men lived in homes built in Cook, raised their children there, and knew of the depression days when they labored long hours for small pay, often waiting too long for bills to be paid. Their work was

Depot Agent Harry Albertson in his office with daughter Dorothy, 1950.

professional, their years of service long, with all a great contribution to this community.

In the 1930's Standard Oil set up big storage tanks near the railroad and a train switch sent tank cars over to service the bulk station.

Ed Bates bought the Hein Hotel, managed the saloon for a few years and then sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Buchiester. Now the first floor was remodeled and it became a tavern and dining place popularly known as Cook Gardens.

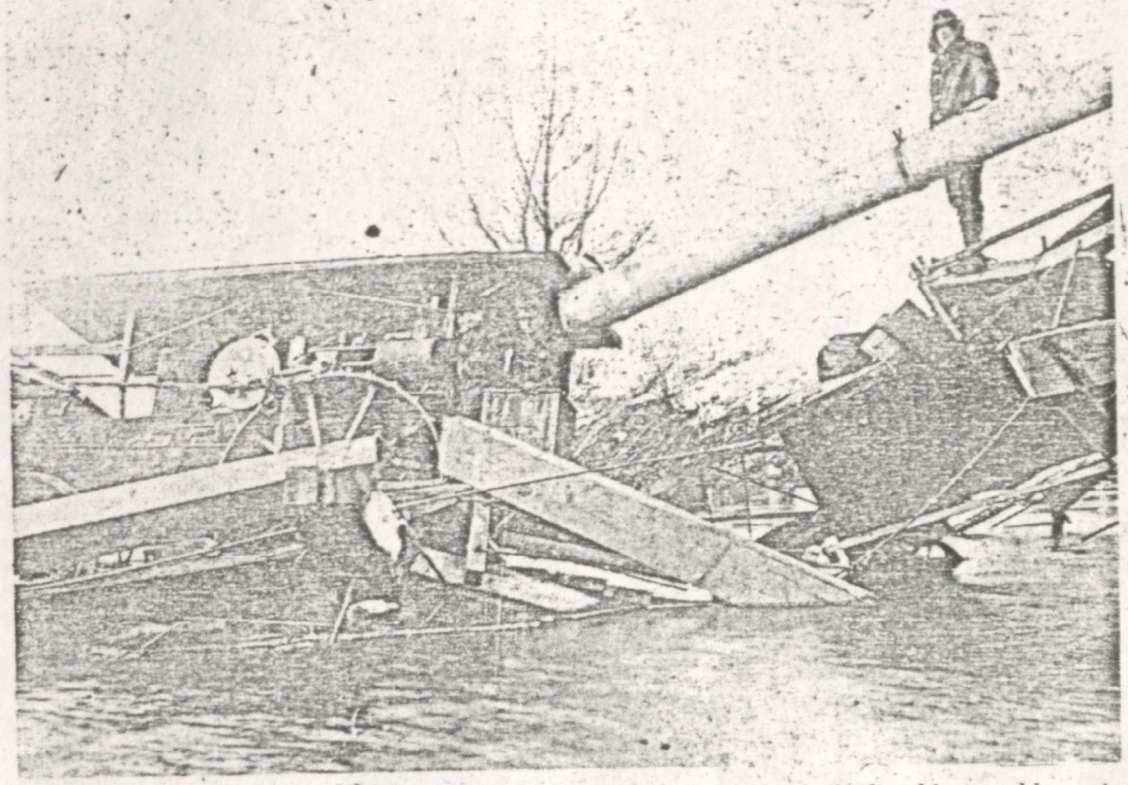
Many homes and business places have slowly crept into the small Cook region that by 1920 had become known as a larger town claiming all of old Hanover-Center.

Cook might have magnetically absorbed the name of it's companion village but could never take away the glory of the pioneering days of that old town. 1906 is a long ways away from 1850, to Old Hanover Center and it's Wizened legend.

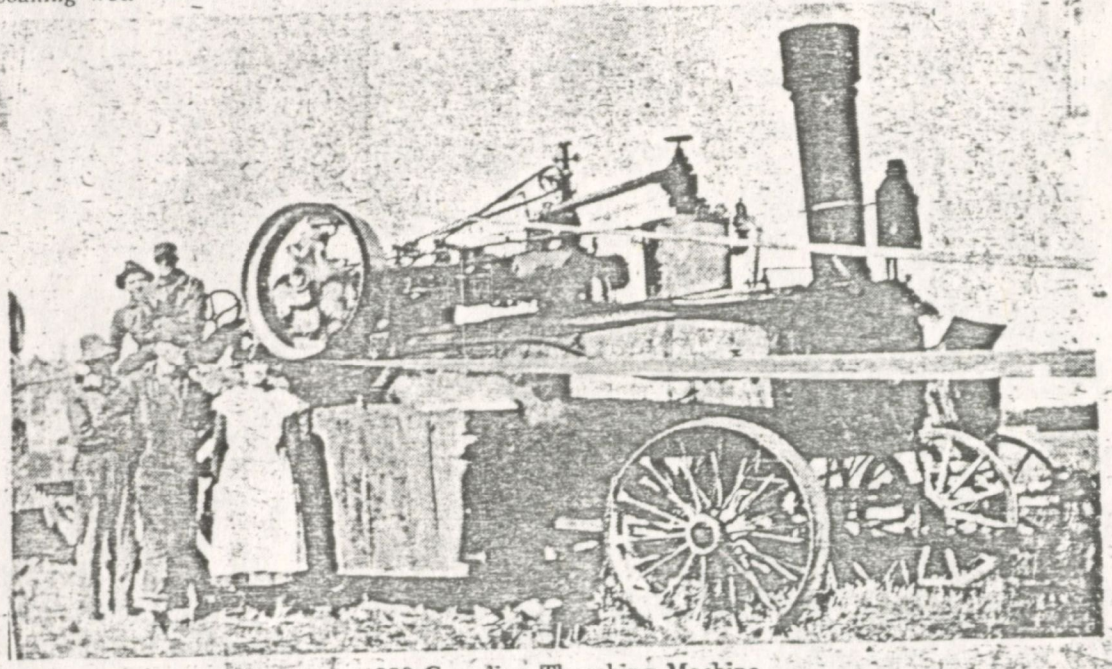
It became Cook, but a wee corner of some hearts is reserved for honorable memories (of the earlier village) stashed away by a fast dwindling number of old timers.

Now Cook must be alert again today, lest history repeat itself. Cedar Lake has claimed Cook within it's corporated boundaries. The people of the Cook area now receive their mail addressed to Cedar Lake, Indiana.

One wonders what the future holds for the Hanover-Center-Cook area of Cedar Lake in the years ahead.



Collapse of the Old Rt. 41 Kankakee River bridge. Engineer Jodie Hayden's threshing machine gets soaking wet.



1920 Canadian Threshing Machine

by Beatrice Horner

Adventuresome lives are sometines lived in very quiet places, in middle class America.

After receiving an invitation from one of Cedar Lake's Senior Citizens, we visited her home on Joan Lane. She graciously invited us in, and having pulled up a chair, we were allowed the privilege of rummaging through a box of old photographs.

As each picture is examined it seems that a story is hidden here, and by close examination a span of exciting years is now coming to light.

With pen and paper in hand, and a mind throttled with questions we proceed to ferrett out a story to match this memorabila.

Harry (1884-1961) and Regina (Beyke) Schlacter were born in Ferdinand, Indiana. As children they were raised on neighboring farms. In 1916 they were married in Louisville, Kentucky.

It was then that Regina began recording their adventuresome years with a camera, as well as collecting other pictures she found meaningful in their lives.

At the age of 23, prior to his marriage, Harry had already been in this Northern Cedar Lake area. He also worked as a farm hand for a few years at Fox Lake, using the train from there into Chicago and then back into Indiana as his means of transportation. He enjoyed all modes of transportation of that day, as well as machinery and the livestock of the farms where he was employed. Versatile in his nature, he also worked as a construction man, in his glory as he worked in high places.

He came to South Lake County to help build the Schneider water tower. Posing atop a towering scaffolding Harry was at ease up in that atmosphere sparrow and pigeon world.

After marriage Harry and Regina went to live on a farm at Edam, Saskatchawan, Canada. They homesteaded 300 acres, having paid the government $10 an acre, and they later purchased another 300 acres.

They owned 3 teams of oxen (each ox weighed approx. 2000 lbs.) and a pony for smaller work. Farm animals were sheltered in thatched roofed log barns and much of the harvested crops were used for winter feed and bedding in that area where the growing season was short.

Because of the climate no corn was grown in this region. The unual crops were oats, barley and wheat, with untillable land grazed. Wild geese sometimes threshed a field of wheat before a farmer with his oxen pulled binder could get it into protective shocks.

The age of machinery was just beginning to be within reach of the average Canadian farmer. The Threshing machine was found to be extremely adaptable for threshing grain as well as cutting heavy logs for buildings or firewood.

It was at this time that Harry Schlacter became acquainted with that iron dinosaur of the engine world and it's accompanying separator. He had one ox that rued the day he ever met that old threshing machine.

Harry had driven an oxen pulled hayrack load of wheat bundles along side the grain separator. The team stood alongside the fly-wheel and belt that was running full speed.

While the man atop the load was pitching bundles into the thresher one ox of the team, tore loose from the harness and headed far afield. A bit angered by such un-teamlike behavior, Harry went after the unruly animal. With sudden pity and understanding he found what was the trouble. That poor ox had switched it's tail, catching it in the belt of the fly wheel, causing the animal to lose that appendage!

By 1920 Harry became the owner of a team of horses and this added new adventure to his life as he fed and groomed his animals, taking great pride in his well bred livestock.

The area of Turtle Ford, Edam and North Battleford was bountiful and beautiful and it's history eventful. It had been here that Indian battles were fought in earlier years and the lore re-told by the areas old timers.

For nine years the Schlacters lived in Canada, worked with slow gain, discouraged by the extremely cold climate with it's short growing season. They sold out and tried living and working in a Lumber Camp in the forests of Minnesota.

Now Harry met another member of the machine world when he came face to face with a giant Buzz-saw.

Here in Virginia Town, Minnesota logs were shipped in by the trainload where they were floated in the lake then sawed into lumber for further shipment. Six months of this convinced Harry that he preferred the Hoosier state so they returned to South Lake County. Here they lived in the farm home of George Bailey of West Creek Township. As a farmhand on these 480 acres there it was again, a repeat of their earlier experiences as they tilled the soil, planted crops, cared for livestock and poultry, and that ever existing rondevous with the threshing crew whose equipment was composed of a steam engine, a grain separator and a water tank.

Engineman, Separator man and Water Boy moved from farm to farm between Lowell's Route 2 and Sumava in the years of late 1920, selecting their route to avoid excess mileage.

By these years the Schlacters had a small son, and he, along with little friends ran excitedly to the front gateway that eventful day when the threshers were coming to their place. They lined up along the dusty roadside to see this giant smoke-belching steam traction machine with it's monstrous wheels and heard it's eerie whistle. Little girls in ginghams and braids squealed and overalled small boys said their Goshes and Gee Whizzes. Before long the engine set in position, long lines of hayracks entered and returned loaded from the fields and the blue skies were now filled with smoke and air borne floating grain chaff.

The womenfolk had spent

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One Man's

The Schlacters are proud of their corn crop in Eagle Creek in 1930.

Shoes . . .

Left: Regina Beyke, born in Ferdinand, Ind. in 1892, now lives at Cedar Lake at the age of 83.

days in preparation. They helped one another as they cooked in their hot kitchens, enjoying friendly companionship as they worked.

The ravenously hungry sunbrowned farmers washed up for dinner out by the tall windmill, where the ladies had placed gray granite wash basins, plain soap and dozens of cotton towels.

Half of the crew ate at first table, then while the second table was being fed a few men would have time to get a game of horseshoes going out in the yeard.

Feeding such a quick turnover of diners kept wives scurrying from table to pantry to dishpan to kitchen range reservoir as they deftly refilled bowls and platters and washed silverware, cups and plates.

The menu usually consisted of chicken from the barnyard, potatoes by the bushel and fresh garden vegetables topped off with home made pies and gallons of strong coffee.

Mrs. Schlacter was one of the best cooks in the neighborhood and those threshers were anxious to pull up a chair at her long kitchen table.

Along with this joint effort there was always a practical wariness, knowing sparks could fly from the boiler stack starting a fire in a wheatfield or the separator man could catch his gloved hand in a conveyor belt.

Real trouble came one season when the threshing crew was being skillfully maneuvered southward by Jodie Hayden of West Creek. They were to pass over the Kankakee river at the interesting area known as old Route 41 and Schnieder, Indiana.

Harry Schlacter was driving a team of horses, pulling a water tank that was atop a 4 wheel chassis. All had gone along on schedule as Harry passed over the old plank and beamed river bridge and continued south toward Sumava.

Some time elapsed and the engine pulling the separator was not coming into sight. Harry, looking back, became so puzzled that he decided to turn his rig around and re-trace his tracks toward the river to see where the trouble was.

He found out, alright, but he just couldn't believe what his eyes saw. The bridge had collapsed, cracked right through the middle, and the threshing machine engine, separator and it's frantic crew were hurtled into the moving waters of the beautiful Kankakee River! And, fortune on their side, no one was hurt.

It rained and rained afterward and the rising water completely covered the wreckage by the next day.

The next place farmed by Harry Schlacter and his wife Regina was that of Jesse Little located south of Center School in Eagle Creek Twsp. and along the Dyke ditch that flows into the Kankakee River. Again these people spent yours before and beyond the big depression trying to make a living off the land of South Lake County.

by Beatrice Horner

Their small son, the joy of their lives, went to Center school and graduated there. He also went to Lowell High School and became a soldier in World War II.

Again for Harry it was horses, mules and feeder cattle while Regina raised flocks of turkeys and fed baby chicks that were kept warm under tin brooders within the many windowed small chickenhouses.

Harry took deserving pride in his horses becoming recognized as a horse breeder, as he begins to own valuable teams. He owned a team of percherons that sold for $200 each, and another horse that brought $250. This was big money in those depression years.

Fishing was good over at Dyke ditch that ran along adjacent to the pasture and barnyard.

Son Lee often took his bamboo pole, whistled as he walked the swampy pasture [illegible]s, to sit in the sunshine [illegible]ng the grassy ditch. The water was usually shallow but when it rained the Dyke ditch became a serious problem. One spring the over flow engulfed the cow pasture and the livestock, looking for protection, had moved to keep apace with the creeping water. The cows were finally seen high on top of the barnyard strawstack, (the first "overlook" in Eagle Creek?) Regina took a walk through the barnyard one day in July, looking for eggs that laying hens had hidden in out of the way places. She went up into the mow and, at that time, found the hay to be unusually hot. She realized the danger but could only hope that all was well.

At midnight Harry sat up in bed, startled at the light outside in the yard. In those years a farm at night was pitch dark and only the owls and cats were using any sort of lighting equipment. But this was an alarming sight because the barn was on fire.

The Hebron fire department came on call and they sprayed a foam on nearby buildings to protect them from catching fire, but they couldn't save the barn.

The wind blew and the flames raged and the following day Matt Brown, a farmer on road two, to the north was picking up scorched shingles that had been carried by the heated gales.

For two weeks the remaining debris smouldered before it finally cooled to ashes. Two calves and a flock of chicken were lost in this fire, as well as a lot of farm tools and harnesses.

To replace that building the farmers cut down trees off the marsh farm land and had lumber sawed for beams and planks. Harry, adept at construction worked long hours to help replace and shelter his prized livestock.

After the fire, Harry had to borrow harnesses and forks, as well as other equipment so he could continue to harvest his crops. The loss had been severe and a lot of time and money was needed as things were slowly replaced.

At this time the family realized the value of good neighbors, and South County is unsurpassed when it comes to

acts of kindness by it's people in an hour of need.

Harry Schlacter in his lifetime handled all modes of machinery and transportation, having rode the old trains, driven oxen, horses, mules, threshing equipment, horse pulled buggies, bob sleds and cutters. He delighted in owning several makes of tractors and cars, but didn't seem to want to try a ride on an airplane.

His decision against this had been made years earlier when they lived in Canada. A crowd had gathered at a (county) fairgrounds and they were eagerly watching the take off of an airplane that was making exhibition flights for the entertainment of spectators.

When leaving the ground the small open cockpit plane lost one of its landing wheels. No one was able to warn the pilot so when a landing was made the plane tipped to one side and broke one wing and the propeller. It was at that exciting moment that Harry decided not to get innoculated with the flying bug.

Even the glorious days of Colonel Lindberg did not sway the thinking of this south county farmer who preferred to keep his feet on the ground despite his love of climbing as a carpenter.

One day Regina surprised Harry with the ultimate in birthday gifts. She asked John Miller, a car-dealer in Lowell, to drive a new Ford touring car out to the farm and leave it. John came with the car and Harry warmly greeted his visitor as he admired the dandy looking automobile. John and Regina said, "It's all yours - Happy Birthday!"

In the years ahead this family owned a Ford Sedan and a Plymouth. All of these cars would be cherished by antique collectors today (1975).

Years flew by and the Schlacters moved again. This time they came to the Matt. Smith farm, where now we see the big flea market, on south Parrish Avenue at Cedar Lake. They lived in the house and were caretakers of the buildings, not farming the land. At that time Harry went to work at the Steel Mills as a construction man. Once again, climbing towering structures he also worked for Standard Oil, then the last ten of his working years were spent with the Highway Department.

Here we go again! Now Harry sits stop a high seated snowplow, pulling long levers as they adjust the plows blades while opening up the roads for people who need open roads to get to and from their jobs.

One winter the citizens of Sheridan of West Creek were so grateful to the road crew that they gave them an impromptu party. They bought the highwaymen a case of beer in appreciation for their coming out in the early dark hours of the morning to open the roads.

The years were getting on and the pace of the Schlacter family was slowing, but they were rich in memories for they had seen and experienced much.

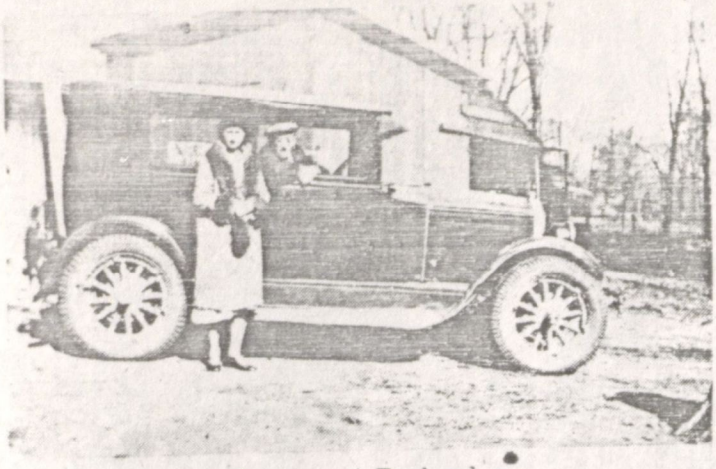
They bought a small retirement home on Joan Lane of Cedar Lake in 1942. It was here that Harry passed away in 1961.

Regina (born in 1892) lives quietly there today, goes to Holy Name Church and attends activities at the Senior Citizen Center at Cedar Lake.

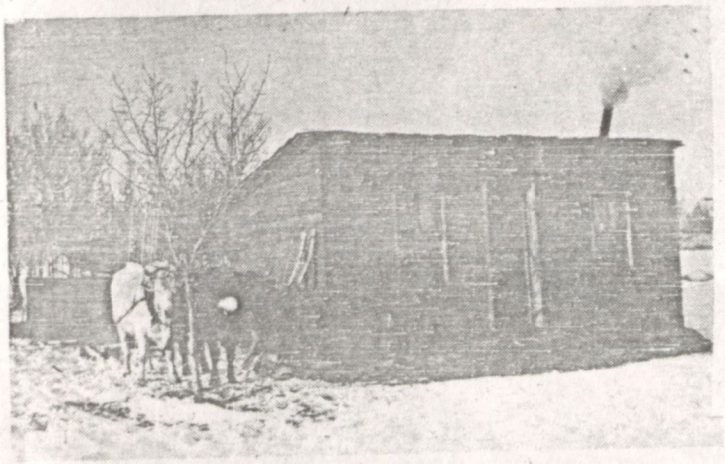
She gives of her photograph collection, trusting that the Cedar Lake Archives will cherish and protect them as she has all of these memory packed years.

We will show some of these pictures to one and all, then do as Regina has done - safely tuck them away.

Many people have retired to the town of Cedar Lake who have lived interesting lives but few indeed have matched the versatile adventures of the Schlacter's of Joan Lane.

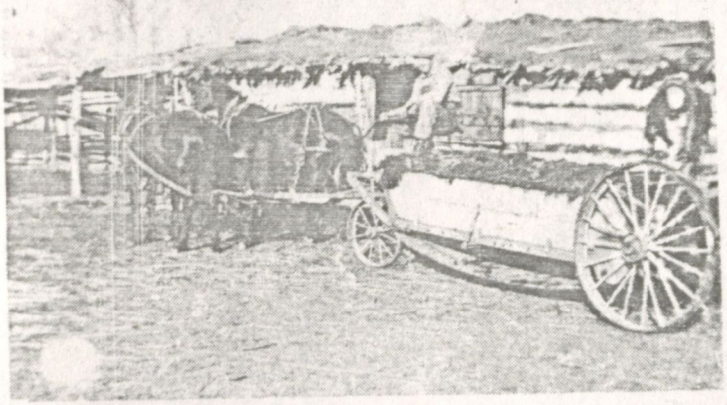


Harry's new Ford sedan

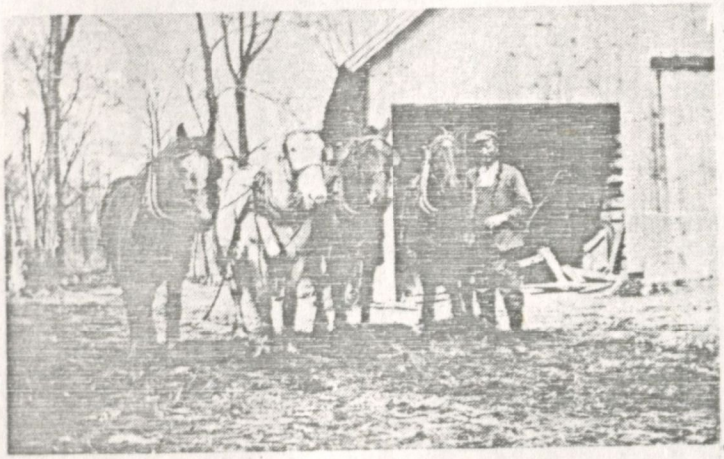


Farming with an oxen team in Canada, note the warm-up shack.

Left: Regina Beyke, born in Ferdinand, Ind. in 1892, now lives at Cedar Lake at the age of 83.



Old log barn, manure spreader and the new team of horses that replaced the oxen.



Harry Schlacter and his prized horses in 1929.

The Schlacters are proud of their corn crop in Eagle Creek in 1930.

Training Of Yesteryear Close To Doorstep

Christine and Elizabeth Meyer extracted honey from the honeycombs in their summer kitchen many years ago.

(Ed Note: These pictures accompanying Mrs. Horner's story came from the family photo album belonging to Marcella Meyer Rhein).

by BEATRICE HORNER

Today we scurry to get our youth into classes where they can learn a trade or with a bit of luck they will find a job where they can be trained as they learn and earn.

Others study arts and crafts as they search the magazines and libraries learning "How to do it."

The services of yesteryear were more close to the doorstep and the need for them very real.

Those skilled trades, taught by the generation before, were passed on to the children as an obligation to good living.

A young lad was right on the heels of his father as soon as he could keep apace on his little boy legs. Likewise small girls stood on stools, adding inches to their height to imitate mother at household duties.

The sharp camera's eye recorded these older people following well in the footsteps of their pioneer forefathers as they display a few of their talents.

Whether you chopped wood with an axe, piling up stove fuel as high as a Berlin Wall or pushed 22" x 22" ice cakes into layers with a pike-pole in Multi-roomed ice barns, you were making your contribution to society in the olden days of South Lake County.

The tools of the trades of long ago have now become displayed artifacts cherished today, (1976).

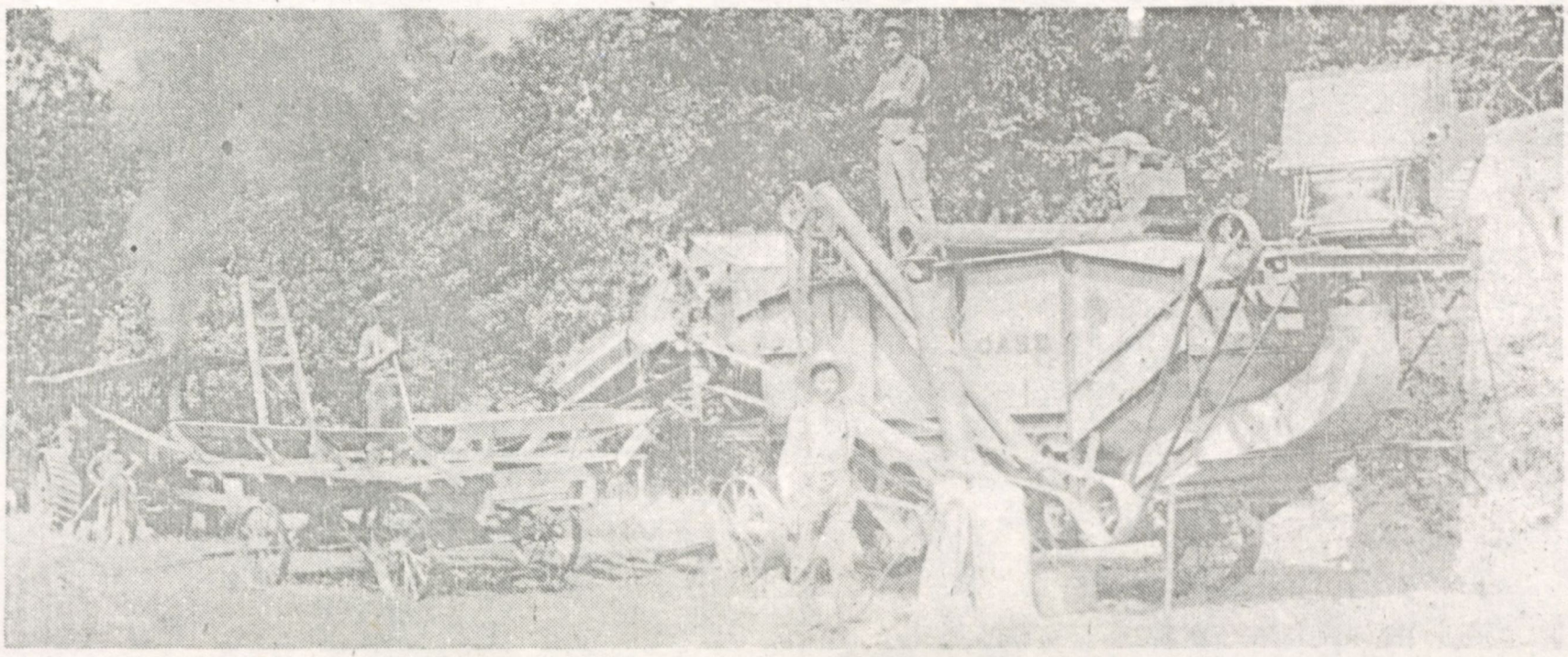
Admittedly some of us are old and wrinkled. Some of us are fat or bald. Most of us have failed to set the world on fire (and in this atomic age we give thanks for that!) But no matter what, we can look back and easily relate to the job training years of our youth.

Ah, youth! A condition that is difficult to remember.....

But we do recall that there was no such a thing as "being out of a job."

Mrs. Middlekamp, a member of an early area family worked long hours making soft soap.

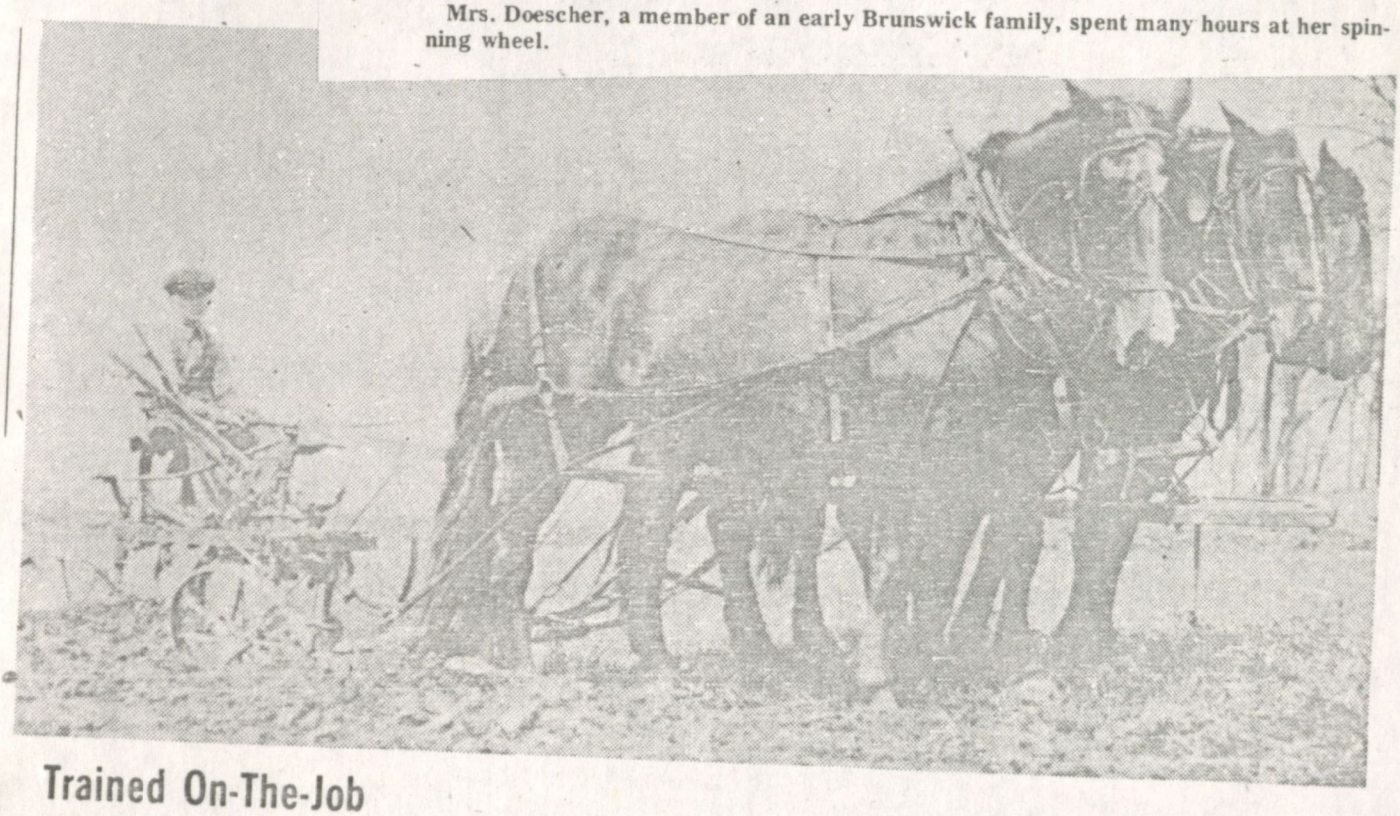
Charles Schreiber, (left), took over the Beiriger Wagon Shop in 1900 in Brunswick.



William Bruckman worked with a Hanover Township Threshing crew in the 1920's. Bruckman started out as the water boy.

Anna Meyer churned butter for the family dinner table while visiting with a friend.

Mrs. Doescher, a member of an early Brunswick family, spent many hours at her spinning wheel.



Trained On-The-Job

On-the-job-training of yesteryear was different than we know today. Children learned the trades of their parents at an early age, working alongside them, as Leslie Meyer (pictured above), did, south of Brunswick. More pictures, along with a story written by Beatrice Horner, Cedar Lake town historian, are on page 6.

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Page 1

Cedar Lake's Hidden Old

- Cedar Lake Journal - Lowell Tribune - Wednesday - May 11, 1977

Homestead A Landmark

The Von Hollen home, a Cedar Lake landmark built well over 100 years ago, was the scene for many joyous family gatherings. The home is located at 12828 Parrish Ave.

By Beatrice Horner
Cedar Lake Town Historian

Why is everyone so quiet about such an interesting, historical, old home, prominently located at Cedar Lake?

Most early local citizens know about it, and I fear we have been guilty of an age old habit of "taking it for granted."

At 12828 Parrish Ave. stands a neat white two story house that can claim to be exactly 139 years old in 1977.

The builders, in the year 1838, were Henry and Louisa Von Hollen.

That Von Hollen home was built of hand-hewn logs, securely dowelled with long wooden pegs. The spacious rooms, five downstairs and two upstairs, were united by a bulky stairway made of heavy, rude lumber. Over the years the stairs became irregular with the treading of the feet of many generations.

The Von Hollens had no children. Henry Von Hollen was born in Hanover, Germany in 1804. He married Louisa Schubert, who was born in Saxony in 1816.

In Chapter XI of "Lake County and the Calumet Region" we see Von Hollen described as an intelligent, energetic German Lutheran who had military training in the Cavalry in the fatherland. He was a hard working man, ceaselessly industrious. He at once purchased some wild cheap land in Section 22 in Hanover Township, 77, West of Cedar Lake. This land, a thicket of Cranberry Marsh, became a source of revenue as he harvested and marketed the popular fruit in Chicago markets.

Their census records show, in 1870, Von Hollen assets at $7200; substantial wealth in that time. By the death of Mr. Von Hollen in the year 1878, he had left his widow very well provided for.

When Mrs. Louisa Von Hollen's will was written in 1895, Jane A.H. Ball was a subscribing witness.

The will was executed at the time of her death in 1903 and we find her love and generosity spread among the children of her dear brother John.

Her brother Johan Nicholas Schubert (1820-1889) had, too, come from Saxony to live in Hanover Township.

He bought a farm at N. West Cedar Lake and a log home and farm buildings were already established there.

That home was owned earlier by Aaron Cox, Josiah Chase and then Henry Sasse, Sr.

In that home (located 1 block east of where we now see the Cedar Lake fire station) John and Rosena (1824-) Schubert raised eight children: Elizabeth (Mrs. Peter Gard), Hanna (Mrs. Luke), Louisa (Mrs. John

by Beatrice Horner

Gard), Rosina (Mrs. Jos. Bixenman), Mary (Mrs. Fred Webster), Emma (Mrs. Dan Calnon), John Jr. and Herman.

The historic log Schubert home was removed in about 1945.

Those Schubert nieces and nephews who spread happiness in their Aunt Louisa Von Hollen's home were remembered, each and every one, in her generous will.

She left nephew Herman Schubert the old Von Hollen homestead along with 74 acres of land. It included also a horse barn and silo, but did not include the family burial ground south of the barnyard, across the road east of the homestead.

That family plot had been surveyed in 1889 and another family burial ground also was set aside eastward on the Sr. Johan N. Schubert farm.

Old wills gave strict, specific admonition to the heirs to care properly for the graves of the family loved ones who had passed on.

Into the old Von Hollen home moved the new younger family of Herman Schubert (1851-1920), heir and nephew of Mrs. Louisa Von Hollen. Herman had married Rosena Leismeister, and their oldest children were born on farms nearby, but by 1906 they were all living in the historic log home, a gift from the Von Hollens.

The house was plastered, covered with lap-siding and a front porch added where one could rest and enjoy a beautiful wooded view to the east.

Mrs. Martin (Florence Spanier) Saberniak speaks today of the happy childhood years when she and her brothers and sister trotted in and out of her grandmother's house.

She remembers seeing Grandma Schubert lock the big heavy batten boarded front door with its large hand made key. Then the key was tucked in a dark hiding place under the porch.

Grandpa Herman Schubert died in 1920. The family had acquired so much land, most of it fronting Parrish Ave., that their nine children became the new landowners along the road in the years ahead.

* * *

Hunting "Roots" is a popular pastime today and our children are digging through boxes of dusty old snapshots (making some of us feel vaguely jittery).

Mrs. James Kurrack (Janet Singleton) is living on old Schubert land and is proud of her three grandchildren, who take them back six generations to the pioneer family who built the charming old Von Hollen home along Parrish Ave.

Janet can tell her children of the big relationship tying them to so many pioneer German families, now feeding into generations ahead.

How nice to be able to point out the old landmark that has had such loving care for so many years.

* * *

The barn is gone - a tornado blew it away in 1918. The silo is gone too.

The old apple orchard has long since been left to generations of woodpeckers.

The cemetery of that site has been cleared, the graves moved to the German Cemetery about one mile south of Cook on Rt. 41.

There they are well marked and cared for at this time. The large Von Hollen stone commands attention with its engraved dates facing the east.

The John N. Schubert cemetery is still on its original site.

Other tenants rented the old homestead until it was purchased in 1946 by the Pittman family.

Today Mrs. Leota Pittman, a widow, lives alone in the homestead, realizing that she's keeping history alive as she cleans the big rooms and enjoys her open, sunny yard.

The old front porch is gone now, leaving the front of the house as it was in the beginning.

The kitchen was remodelled, and a bathroom has made the home more livable.

A new foundation, modern heat and electricity have helped to hide the ravages of time.

Parrish Avenue, from the Lincoln school north, is a smooth scenic road and we'd like to suggest you take a ride there this summer.

Slow down as you pass the very, very old pioneer Von Hollen home so you can enjoy what has become a Cedar Lake landmark.

But don't expect to see the logs.

They'll be hiding.

Klaasville, a village that was

REGISTER NEWSPAPERS Wednesday, June 22, 1977

Photos and text provided

by Beatrice Horner, Cedar Lake historian

by BEATRICE HORNER

This will be a tale of long ago, but not so far away.

It's about a small village once known as Klaasville, now ghosted. However, there remains a very strong historical interest in that vicinity.

The reason all know so much, still, of the little town is because we inherited its pioneer people and their descendents.

The classy little town of Klaasville was located 2 miles southwest of Brunswick. The east-to-west road, now 145th Ave., leaves Calumet Avenue to meet the Indiana-Illinois state line.

Mid-way on that road another road intersected to go south and west, on to Beecher, Ill.

The town's name came with the man, Cristian and Wilhelmina (Brenker) Klaas were born in Lippe-Detmold Germany. In 1847, they came to Lake County to buy government land, acres that eventually numbered 380. Their sons, August and Henry, born in Germany, were by 1850 establishing their own families on the same land areas.

Henry, a farmer had married a German lass and they eventually raised a family of 11 children.

After the Civil War, August Klaas set up a general store at the intersection (along 145th) starting a village center that stamped the name Klaasville on future history.

As other families settled to the east, west and south, by 1860, a strong need came for a church to unite these religious people. At that time the Klaas family gave the land for that use.

St. Anthony's, a Roman Catholic Church, was built in 1860 and on May 12, 1861, it was consecrated by the Rt. Rev. John Henry Luess, bishop of that diocese.

A mission church in it's beginning shows a Rev. Frederick Fuchs most often here and died here to be buried in the cemetery set aside as God's Acre, just east of the church. Records show the Rev. Francis Sieglack as the Klassville pastor from 1869 to 1873.

A priest's house was now built across the road from St. Anthony's Church, with a barn in the rear to house the then slow means of transportation, the horse and buggy.

By 1895, there were about 150 persons living in about 30 homes within range of the small parrish of Klaasville.

Lake County historian Timothy Ball speaks of earlier years as he says that in 1870 Klaasville had one store, one school, one blacksmith, one carpenter, one wagon maker, one shoemaker and one tailor.

The school and convent, set up also on the parish grounds east of the cemetery made up a complex of church, cemetery, church school and convent with only the priests house, apart, south across the road.

In 1898, Frances Xavier Ege was the pastor of St. Anthony's Church.

He was a native of Wiirtemburg, Germany born in 1849. Schooled there, he took a seven year course in theology and philosophy. He entered in 1869 and graduated in 1876. In American, he studied at St. Xavier De Sales Salesium in Milwaukee.

Again we quote Timothy Ball—"he has kept the parrish property in spendid repair, and there is not a dollars indebtedness. There are 35 families in the parish, and all are in prosperous circumstances."

In a church history compiled by Mrs. Ambrose (Catherine) Rascher in 1976, we enjoyed her description of a scene at St. Anthony's.

Catherine Rascher, who lives at Cedar Lake, writes:

The parishioners, on Sundays, came to church by horse and buggy. There was a shed near the Church where some of the horses were tied after they had been unhitched from the buggies. Other horses were hitched to a hitching post in front of the Rascher home, just a short distance southeast of the church.

This picture of the Klaasville graves in the Klaasville Cemetery was taken recently. At right is the Huseman grave stone.

The horses were tied to the iron rail hitching post with a rope passed through a ring in the halter.

After the services, the people would stand outside and talk over all the news. When they finally started for home, there was quite a commotion since the horses, having been standing quite a long time, started on the run and the dust flew up all around the area in clouds, since the roads were not paved.

The afore mentioned church and all that activity was generated by a lot of pioneers clustered in living quarters within walking range.

Joseph Beug lived across the road from the parish and his sister was his loyal homemaker. She had a flower garden that was the envy of all who looked over the fence.

It is said that Louisa kept the little St. Anthony Church clean and nicely decorated for many years, using flowers from her own garden.

Her ancestor family was Bernard and Katherine (Lang) Berg who came from Westphalia, Germany.

Bernard came here young and poor, to Lake County, as a wage earner. He bought 120 acres of land in West Creek and eventually increased his holdings to 600 acres. The Bergs were all members of St. Anthony's Parish.

Another Joseph Berg of this family tree was educated in that parish school and raised three children in the village.

The older Frank Berg home stood east of the church complex and general store, on the northside of the road. Folks remember Frank Berg having lived there as a retired farmer.

Mrs. Anton Huseman, living on a farm northwest of Klaasville was born in Klaasville, a daughter of the Webers. Her father was a retired schoolteacher who had come to Klaasville from Wisconsin where he had taught both white and Indian children. One of his former Indian students would be seen by the neighbors as he came, as a young man, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Weber.

Klaasville children were disappointed when they saw the Indian in white man's attire. They expected tomahawks and feathers.

West of the priests' house stood the Weber home, and this is a fine example of the size of Klaasville homes of that early time. The two story residence was in use until Widow Weber (Louisa Berg's sister), died. Then it was rented to August and Minnie Piepenbrink for $50 a year, including a one-half acre of ground. That house was moved to farmland east of the town to become the home of John Smith, Spannon, Henry Haase, Arthur Bixenman and now Ray Schulte. The house can be seen at 14326 Calumet Avenue.

When the Weber house stood in Klaasville, another home like in size was owned by widow Monix located neighbor to the Webers.

The earliest strong business set up by August Klaas was the one story, long spacious general store with its small postal station located within.

To most living today, this store is all but forgotten. But we found one old timer in 1974 that could tell us what it was all about.

We paid a visit to William Bieriger (1880-1975) who was living, at the time, south of Dyer. This 94-year-old man, wise and jovial, was telling us of his youthful adventures. He said he was born in Brunswick, son of a blacksmith. He spent his learning years in different area schools. When he was 7, he lived with an aunt and went to Bruce school west of Lowell. Then the next year, he went to Creston school, while getting religious instruction at St. Edward's in Lowell.

By 1892 William returned home, and to the Brunswick school, then to St. Martin's school in Hanover-Center.

On Sundays, he went to Klaasville Convent School for religious instruction, and at the time he was old enough to recall his experience in the town's general store.

William Bieriger said he bought penny candy and he recalls seeing shelved walls and a high ladder that rolled on a track attached to the top most shelf. In the back were stacks of feed and barrels of coffee, beans and crackers stood about. Bolt goods and men's work clothes were in a showcase and on the counter near the door was the "poor box."

That item was a heavy iron mug filled with tobacco. Any man entering the store who couldn't afford tobacco could help himself, courtesy of the owner.

With a twinkle in his eye, William said every store had three doors—a front door, a back door and a cuspidor.

That was true—a circle of men, a pot bellied stove and a cuspidor.

Thus August Klaas, business man, and his brother Henry Klaas, farmer and town blacksmith, spread the name of Klaas as they supported the church and church school by paying pew rent and contributing healthily to the building costs of that parrish.

Frank Schafer (left) and Elizabeth Rascher are pictured in front of St. Anthony's Church built in 1860 in Klaasville.

Recalling the history of Klaasville are Minnie Saur Piepenbrink (left) and August Piepenbrink, who have been married 62 years.

(Henry Klaas, as a blacksmith, will be mentioned later on in this tale of the old town.)

The store changed hands in about 1906, and we read, "Father bought a general store at nearby Klaasville. Our family moved to Klaasville in advance of him, and until father's successor could be found at Lowell (Lynch store) my brother Charles and I operated this business adventure. The Klaasville interlude was brief and unsuccessful — (Ref. Slivers, Knots and Clears by Arthur Fisher).

The Fishers sold to Michael Stark. Business still slowed and eventually a neighbor Joseph Rascher, a tavern owner across the road, south, bought the landsite of the old store and tore the building down.

A very skilled blacksmith and wagonmaker came to build a home and shop in the year of 1865, at the southeast corner of the town's intersection.

He was John Haase. This man had learned the trade in Germany and worked in a wagon shop in Chicago.

Yesteryear's wagon maker would also be a blacksmith as the two trades went hand in hand. John shoed horses, making his own horseshoe nails.

Cyrus McCormick & Brothers, having a reaper business in Chicago, would come to this Klaasville wagon shop for services in the early years. (McCormick also held a mortgage on the (Meyer) Dittmer home at northwest Cedar Lake.)

Haase sold his shop and home to Peter Saur in 1894.

August Piepenbrink, born in 1891, living today at 15129 W. 145th Ave. (the Haase, Saur place), is a man with 85 years of good living on his record.

He was born in Eagle Lake. His grandfather came from Germany.

In August, he married Minnie Clara Saur, daughter of Peter Saur. Minnie was born on July 4, 1892, and also lives today (in 1977).

Minnie Clara Saur was born in West Creek Township, and moved with her family to Klaasville in 1894 when she was but a 2-year-old toddler.

She tells us today that her father Peter Saur came from Germany as a 17-year-old lad in 1882. As was traditional with German people, he knew a trade, as well as being a good farmer. Peter Saur married Bessie Livingston in 1891. The Livingstons lived north of the Presbyterian Church region of West Creek, and the six Livingston children went to the Mikels public school.

When Minnie Saur, daughter of John and Bessie (Livingston) Saur, was married to August Piepenbrink Feb. 16, 1915, they lived on a farm and had a large dairy herd until the year 1925.

That was a time when experimental TB tests were in use. It was mandatory that all herds were inoculated.

That test, later proved erroneous, wiped out herds of cows owned by all too many dairy farmers, causing the owners to be financially bankrupt.

August then took his family of three children and went into the excavating work at Chicago Heights for about five years.

In 1958, they came to live in Klaasville on the homeplace

In 1958, they came to live in Klaasville on the homeplace where Minnie Clara had spent her girlhood.

Again August Piepenbrink was a farmer while living in what was already a fading, ghosting village that had its busy years written in history of near 100 years before.

Romance days of this couple included rides in horse and buggy to dances in Gerbing's dance hall in Brunswick.

They now have five grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren. They celebrated 60 years of marriage in 1975 at Trinity Lutheran Church in Crete, Ill.

(Another thing to note is that August Piepenbrink likes to play pinochle.)

The old smithy wagon shop was torn down during the nation's Bicentennial of 1976, leaving the home still to be the town's main attraction at this time.

A small town called Creamburg stood a ways southwest of Klaasville, near the state line. There was in the years of 1880, two busy business places there. The Spannon family had a combination saloon and general store there, and also a tiny post office. Nearby was a creamery and butter-making building, giving the burg its name.

The Spannons moved to Klaasville, and at one time rented the Haase-Saur home. Son Peter Spannon was born there at the time and he was buried at HolyName in Cook in 1977. Joe was one of those children that started grade school in Klaasville and finished in Cook, as will be mentioned later.

A rambling, big, many-roomed 2-story building standing at the southwest corner mid-town was a family home, small store and most known as the town saloon.

The builder is not known by today's people who do the remembering, but it is known that by 1904 it was sold to the family of Joseph Rascher by Joe Meincke.

Early years show a blacksmith shop standing south of the combination home and saloon, and there a Henry Klaas was busy being the village blacksmith. This place was gone by the time Rascher became the next owner.

Joseph J. Rascher (1872-1954) born in West Creek, in 1895, married Elizabeth Becker (1874-1932) from Chicago. They came to Klaasville to settle and raise nine children, while contributing strongly to community activity.

They ran a saloon and small grocery store that became a nucleus in the tiny town for many years ahead.

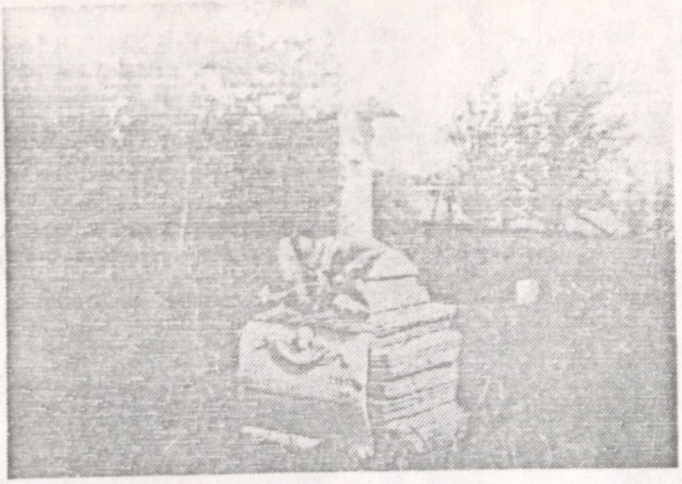
Joe Rascher was not a stranger in this town, as he had gone to the St. Anthony Parochial school as a lad.

He became a cattle buyer around 1897, after the Spanish American War, when a brisk rising market showed promise.

He drove herds of cattle to Chicago until railroads were built in this region. He purchased cattle around North Hayden, Beecher and Klaasville, using a board fenced corral at the shipping center until date of shipment. Business fell off in the Depression years.

Meantime the Rascher home and business site bustled with activity.

Old timers raised big families, and the Rascher family was a good example of the home scene of that time in history.



Klaas family monument stands a lonely vigil in Klaasville.

The Rascher family: (left to right) Ambrose, Stella, mother Elizabeth, Joseph (Father Oscar), father Joseph, Marie (Sister Camella), Norbert; (kneeling) Frances Mary. Elizabeth and Marcella are not shown.

1929); Marie (Sister Camella); Stella (Mrs. O. Kurrack); Elizabeth (Mrs. F. Schafer); Ambrose, Norbert, Marcella (Mrs. C. Bielefeldt); Alice and Frances Mary—did their share as they filled church pews and school seats in the tiny town of Klaasville.

The Klaasville Rascher family had a claim to fame as they basked in the glory of their son Ambrose. He became a finalist in Olympic tryouts, in 1932, after three years of undefeated college wrestling. One of the cleanest wrestlers in the game, he was all-American mention and all-Western selection football tackle also in 1932.

Farmers outside of the village shopped in town at least once a week. About 1906, on a typical Saturday afternoon "Mr." and "Mrs." came to town on a shopping spree. They would tie their rig to a hitching rail in front of Saur's Smithy shop and while old Nellie was being shod, the husband slipped into Rascher's saloon for a cool beer.

The wife did her weekly shopping in Fisher's general store. While there, she picked up the mail from the postal cage in the corner.

A bit earlier, they had stopped at the Convent to give the good sisters some eggs, a bushel of windfall apples and a mess of beets from the garden.

Her zig-zag route on foot could include getting the mister out of the town saloon, then pick up their shod horse and rig, load up the groceries to make it home by sundown.

Some wag said there was no town drunk in Klaasville, so everybody had to take turns. But our search finds little mischief going on.

Hard work, long hours of laboring from dawn till dark left little time for delinquency.

Children and teen-agers worked alongside law-abiding parents, giving little room for going on a spree until Saturday night.

That night was usually spent at a dance in the old Klaasville school.

The public school had been built just west of the priest's house. At first, the Catholic nuns were the teachers. By 1908, it went completely public. There was one teacher for all eight grades.

An incomplete list of teachers shows Clara Weis, Verona Haag, Miss Hess, Ed Echterling and Bessie Nelson.

Clara Weis (Mrs. Frank Kleine) roomed with Mrs. Frank Berg, and every Friday night Raschers hitched up their horse and took the schoolma'am to her home in Schererville for the weekend.

By 1914, the old schoolhouse was no longer in use. The students were now driven to St. Martin's in Hanover-Center or to the newly built Schiller school north of Brunswick.

The school, always a gathering place, had been used for box socials and square dances, with people coming in horse-drawn rigs for miles around.

In those years, two young men, Carl Kenning and Henry Klemme were playing the music that proved so delightfully entertaining for those family gatherings of young and old alike. Music and laughter flowing from the school's open windows could be heard all over town.

Those days of joyful activity came abruptly to an end when a tornado struck in mid-town. The only thing hit was the public school. The boards of that frame building were scattered afar in the fields south of town. From then on, all was down hill.

The Catholic school had been moved south of Raschers to be used as a buggy shed. Spannons removed the Convent. Joe Huseman, a nearby farmer, took the church away to be used as a farm building. Berg's house was moved to Beecher and is still standing. The Weber house was moved out east of town on Calumet Avenue.

John Monix, farmer, after his mother's death, moved the old family home to Steger, Ill.

Joe Rascher purchased and tore down the old Klaas general store and post office,

taking the grocery department into his roomy saloon fronting his home. H. Siegert bought the Priests' house, Wilkening lived there. Then, Ralph and Margaret Rietman raised their children there.

The house still stands. But not to be different, it too was moved—nearby on a new foundation, while the kitchen was set apart to be used as a garage.

The new residents are (since 1971) Edward and Doris Tupiak.

Rascher's big home and saloon is remodeled beyond recognition with the interior completely altered. The Piepenbrink home retains its early vintage look. A grandson has built a modern home just to the east.

The town moved out leaving the weeds to rustle by themselves along the fences and roadsides where remains still, the historic old cemetery.

Old stones stand with carved names and dates, not all easily recognized now. They tell of another time when the German settlement recognized every name inscribed thereon.

The list includes the families of Berg, Hasse, Huseman, Schilling, Echterling, Klaas, Mitch, Einsele, Nolan, Monix, Hepp, Fuchs and Rascher.

Volunteers from Holy Name Church in Cook come on the scene now and then to groom the cemetery as their personal responsibility, accepted the year that St. Anthony parish merged with that of St. Martin, now Holy Name.

Klaasville, located on an east-west road between Calumet Avenue and the Illinois-Indiana state line with its rows of buildings and barnyards on both sides of the road, near the Beecher road intersection, is a vanished history.

Hovering over the area now is but a memory.

Where once was a bustling community, there is now silence.

Now and then a stray tourist stops to breath the non-polluted air, listen to the birds and inquire, "I heard that once this was an old village. Where did it go?"

So now we say farewell to the pleasant place. If the memory fades, vanishing as did the buildings, it will be sad indeed.

But Klaasville's loss is our gain because we inherited the people.

The end

Potawatomi Indians remembered in Cedar Lake history

by BEATRICE EWER HORNER

Beatrice Ewer Horner
1978

What secret Indian lore lies beneath the sod of our Cedar Lake marshlands?

What historical romances are whispered between the trees or are echoed from mound to bluffs at greater heights?

We choose to say red-man lived here but he was certainly not red. We called him Indian, but they did not call themselves that, because it was not so.

White men, immigrants from Europe, discovered this country when it was already occupied by about one million aborigines. These natives were mistaken for the peoples of India, and the attached name stayed on. It remains today.

In all the years of pioneering America thereafter, the different Amer-Indian tribes (castles of families) were involved in massacres, large and small wars, and singular acts of violence as they defended themselves from being moved, shoved, driven and oppressed into exile.

This was happening as the immigrating Europeans penetrated Atlantic coastal regions, colonized and then began emigrating westward. By the year 1830, this region we now call Indiana was being sparsely settled.

It was a part of the Province of Quebec until 1788. Only twelve years later it was "territory west" of the Ohio River. Sixteen years later it was called Indiana territory and became a state, having been under U.S. government rule since 1788.

The original posessors of the Northwest Indiana region were the Potawatomi Indians. It is estimated their population at the time of Columbus was not over 4,000.

That tribe whose name means "people of the place of fire," had migrated south from Wisconsin and Michigan around Lake Michigan, entering what is now Northern Indiana.

Looking for verification we refer to Otho Winger's "The Potawatomi Indians" page 78 — Indian Villages: Mes-kwah-ook-bis, meaning Red Cedar Lake, which was a favorite camping place for the Potawatomi, a village in the southern part of Lake County.

The Potawatomi was a tribe of the Algonquin race, moving south from northern forests into this bountiful region of prairie, woods and marshes.

Again we refer to a top history source, The Rev. T.H. Ball's "Lake County," page 72 — They had quite a camp south of the present Lowell, on Cedar Creek, at the same time that parties were camping on the gardens, also one near what is now the Jones schoolhouse. During this same winter, or the preceeding one, some thirty Indian lodges were in one camp North of Cedar Lake, on a ridge near a cranberry marsh.

No Potawatomi ever settled permanently here, but migrated from the north to use this region as a favorite fishing and hunting ground.

One well-worn trail came from Lake Station southwestward through Merrillville and Crown Point to move along atop Cedar Lake and then downward to the Kankakee River.

No one knows how far back in time this local tribe had been visiting in our region.

They had been coming southward carrying boats made of northern pine and birch, built so light they could portage them swiftly from creek to river to lake on their sojourn to more bountiful areas.

An entire clan would move on foot, traveling together for safety and company keeping. They knew where they were going so few risks were involved.

New areas were always rlier explored by Indian scouts.

Regional settlements of Potawatomi were wide spread but many sites can be found today within Cedar Lake's town boundaries. Nowhere is a region more rich in Indian history and the main reason would be the productivity of this 805 acre lake, it's marshlands, and the then dense thickets of tall majestic red cedar and oak trees.

The Potawatomi had a rich culture and here they were hunters, fishers and trappers. Their women cultivated corn, harvested and prepared food, and tended to their young.

Everything from their wigwams to their clothing was all hand made by female family members. Men made

(Photo by Jayne Gilsinger)

canoes, paddles, bows and arrows. All such items had to be made from materials found within their environment.

A flaking or chipping station was located where now we see a subdivision called Arrowhead Lodge at Northwest Cedar Lake west of route 41. Those locations were where rock formations surfaced presenting good materials from which to make arrowheads, spearheads and tools to be used around native villages.

The Ball family found a dug-out boat made by hollowing out a tree trunk, on the northwest shore line of Cedar Lake.

Farmers who for years have tilled the soil of hereabouts, have picked up stone arrows and tools from the furrows of their cornfields. By being observing over the years they can tell where concentrated Indian activity existed. They can determine which were settlements and those more likely to be hunting grounds.

These Indians must have trained young warriors. That is evidenced in an event where a Cedar Lake man and his helpers made a discovery while plowing ground for a millsite in 1800.

In T.H. Ball's "Lake Co.," he said about 23 human skeletons were exhumed near the lakes outlet. Ball said their average body height was five foot ten inches and their estimated ages to be between twenty five to forty five years. Thought to be buried some two hundred years earlier, these may have been vanquished

warriors of Lost Battles

This tale reveals the fact that our local Potawatomi had the common problem of being constantly prepared to meet the foe.

Indian life could also be calm as we look again to early writing. Let us hear Ball describe his new homesite at Cedar Lake (Red Cedars p. 54)

"—and, that new home (Ball) was on a spot as lovely as could well be found in the then western wilds. It was in 1837 as wild as any lover of the wilderness need desire. Indians were still lingering around their choice hunting and trapping grounds." "It is very certain that along this west side of the lake the feet of the children of the prairie and forest wild, the native red children of America often passed: for the first white settlers found a well trodden pathway along the bank, on the shore height where the water never reached. Now one can walk by the waters edge, where the waves will soon wash out the footsteps; but in those days of Indian occupancy there was no passing below the wooded bank." "But these Indians were not like the Narragansettes and Pequods, the Cherokees and Creeks, the Mingos and Delawares. They were Potawatomies, and yet among them may have been some noble specimens of the red race.

Eastern Cedar Lake high grounds "and so, except the canoe and the well beaten path, and burial ground, leaving no trace behind them on land or water, the native children disappeared, leaving their ancient home, with its unrecorded and now forgotten associations—"

But fortunately, it is truly recorded as we hold in hand the tiny 357 page book authored by this recognized pioneer senior citizen, once living at Cedar Lake (born in 1827, died 1913). Today's address of that old Ball homesite is 14616 Parrish Ave.

And nature also has some record for us because some of the Indian mounds are still here. Early white man's burials, made on two mounded areas, one at the northeast and one at the northwest shores, indicate the perpetuated use of Indian burial sites already existing in 1835 and earlier into time.

The northeast mounds are now being leveled and in the process, in the spring of 1977, a casket and it's skeletal remains were discovered. According to recorded burial history this rough oak and square nailed mummy shaped coffin must have been interred around 1840 or earlier.

Tiny shirt buttons, unaltered by time were those of the clothing of white man. A study of the tooth structure indicated the age, that of an adult. The casket and its contents was reverently removed and re-interred in the Taylor Memorial Cemetery along Fairbanks Ave. at Cedar Lake.

The next discovery, same depth, same site, was the well preserved skeleton of a horse. No white man would be likely to bury a horse in that close approximity to his own loved one's grave. But it is known that the red-man often buried a horse beside it's rider, supposedly for his use in that happy hunting ground of the next world.

Before another year passes the mounds of the Northeast will be gone.

Now again the experience of T.H. Ball "Lake Co." p. 82 —

"Beside the mound already mentioned, there is one quite large and circular on the west side of Cedar Lake—"

That high mound in Meyer Manor remains although several homes have been foundationed at the slopes of its perimeter. Should one look at a Cedar Lake road map it can be noted that a roadway goes full circle today bearing addresses of Truman and 132nd place.

That ring of depressed ground was but a foot trail, perhaps where councils were held around ceremonial campfires. Or where important Potawatomi government decisions were made or implemented.

The circular road has been, in time, widened and in the years between 1836 and 1978 it has been improved as a public roadway. Much the same as the Sauk Trail (Rt. 30) or similar well known trails that have emerged as today's well traveled highways.

Continued burials in Meyer Manor's ¾ acre mound, as late as 1976 have kept this a locally recognized cemetery, a responsibility of our town at this time.

In the year 1838 a log home stood near the sandy dugout along the Northwest shore (of Meyer Manor) where lived the Rev. War Soldier William Van Gorder and his granddaughter Rosena. Other early area white families — the Herlitz, Beckmans, Cox, Balls — of that region must have witnessed those narrow foot-paths that went around, up and over the mounds and bluffs of the top of Cedar Lake.

The Indians by this time had made their final journey westward.

The safety and well being of the Indians depended on reliable and astute leadership. Each band or tribe had a chief. Two known chiefs of the Potawatomi tribes of this region were Leopold Pokagon and Chief Abe-nau-be whose name means "Looking Backward."

Learning and training were important to survival. Wolves prowled the prairies and woods, being dangerous after nightfall. Animals were naturally afraid of fire, so young braves were taught to build fires quickly with painted sticks. Young sons were trained to be fleet of foot, not rustling a leaf or snap a twig that would scare away a deer being hunted for family sustenance.

Wigwams were usually built by the females. Often their living quarters were made of upright poles framed and woven with boughs and rushes. A centered fireplace within gave warmth, comfor , and was also used for cooking purposes.

Ceremonial customs were not performed for amusement. They were part of elaborate religious rites used to promote tribal warfare or to invoke the powers of the most high for a successful hunt or a need for rain.

One widely practiced rite was the smoking of a pipe filled with a mixture of tobacco and aromatic herbs. With deeply serious intent they prayed, pledged oaths or ratified treaties using the pipe as a communication instrument.

The Potawatomi would form a line according to age, the oldest first and children last. Then they danced in lines back and forth to music furnished by an old chief or another venerable Indian. He would shake gourds filled with dried corn used as rhythmic cymbals.

After a dance came the feast of venison and green corn. A number of well trodden dancing grounds were discovered by earliest white settlers and the one at Cedar Lake remains.

As we try to visualize those Indians as they once lived we see them moving silently over the high bluff of Cedar Lake's northwest park land across from today's Eller-Brady Funeral Home. We get a view southward that is beautiful to behold. Whether these Potawatomi were hunters, warriors or just squaws carrying a papoose on a flat board slung over strong shoulders, it is rich history for us to know that it truly happened. Cedar Lake can proudly make this claim.

The red men were true nature lovers and where could there have been, centuries ago, a more natural wonder than The Lake of The Red Cedars?

It is well to keep in mind, uppermost, the cultural side of the Indian rather than its worst traits manifested in warfare. In their time they had to mete out justice in their own way.

Before us we have a letter from a South Lake County lady. She says: "I do know the Indians dealt with the local cabin owners. One who brought something to sell placed her baby against the wall of the cabin and went inside to deal. An old sow grabbed the Indian child and ate it. That night the Indians came to the cabin, took the old pig and spent the night torturing it in a bonfire. Needless to say, they (whites) were grateful the revenge was against the hog, not the human owners.

Indians held great love for their children and surely suffered intense grief when they lost a loved one. Their care of tribal burial grounds manifests this.

The Potawatomi were on a higher level of colonization than earlier Algonquin but their one serious problem was the demoralizing effect the white whiskey sellers had on attempted cultural programs being promoted by President John Quincy Adams in 1825.

The Potawatomi were the last of the Red-Men to live in our areas, as the flood of white men came and swept the Indians away to eastern Kansas and upper Oklahoma.

Cedar Lake has many citizens today who claim genealogy lines into the arena of First Americans.

Families of Lake County's Van Slyke, Ewer, Wemple, Dillabaugh, Doty, Marsden and Sprague descendents will be interested to note that their Indian heritage is well documented and available. Their Mohawk blood line goes back to an Indian Princess who was born at Middle Castle, Canajoharie, N.Y. Princess Ots-toch married a Van Slyck in 1634. Her mother who married a Frenchman, Jacques Hertel, takes this family line back into ancient America.

It is imperative that we ferret out all we can of Indian history and tenaciously hold onto it. Trails should be marked before their sites are forever gone, hiding beneath a high-rise building or leveled in the path of a bulldozer in these years of progress.

No one wants to stop progress, but it might be wise to pause long enough to show where X marks the spot for history's sake.

1978

Left: Beatrice Ewer-Horner (1910-) eldest daughter of Fred Colfax Ewer (1874-1967) and Maude Wheeler-Ewer (1886-1962) all from pioneer South Lake Co. families

Right: Peter John Horner (1901-1979) Journal the old village of Armour Town, Cedar Lake, Ind.

Peter Horner and Mrs. Harry Taylor examine bones of a horse exhumed in the old West Point Cemetery at northeastern Cedar Lake.

by Beatrice Horner
Cedar Lake
History Center

CEDAR LAKE — Early in June workmen were dredging a small lake on the property of Caesar Andreotti, on Parrish Avenue.

The men were operating a drag-line dredge to deepen and reshape the lake's perimeter. A mechanical problem had halted work when someone noticed an object protruding from two piles of mud.

A railroad tie? A tree stump? Andreotti and his wife scraped enough of the mud off the object to find they had uncovered a monstrous bone, four feet tall with joint ends as big as a child's head and weighing 75 pounds.

Andreotti believes the bone belonged to a mastodon, a large elephant like mammal.

THE BONE will be on display at the Bank of Indiana branch on a date to be announced in Star-Register Newspapers.

Startling finds of ancient artifacts are not uncommon in Cedar Lake. For years farmers have walked through corn rows after a rain and with trained eyes have discovered Indian relics.

Dave Hawkinson and Charles Kolar exhibit such artifacts with pride. They are from an Indian culture which flourished around the lake before the white man arrived in the 1830s.

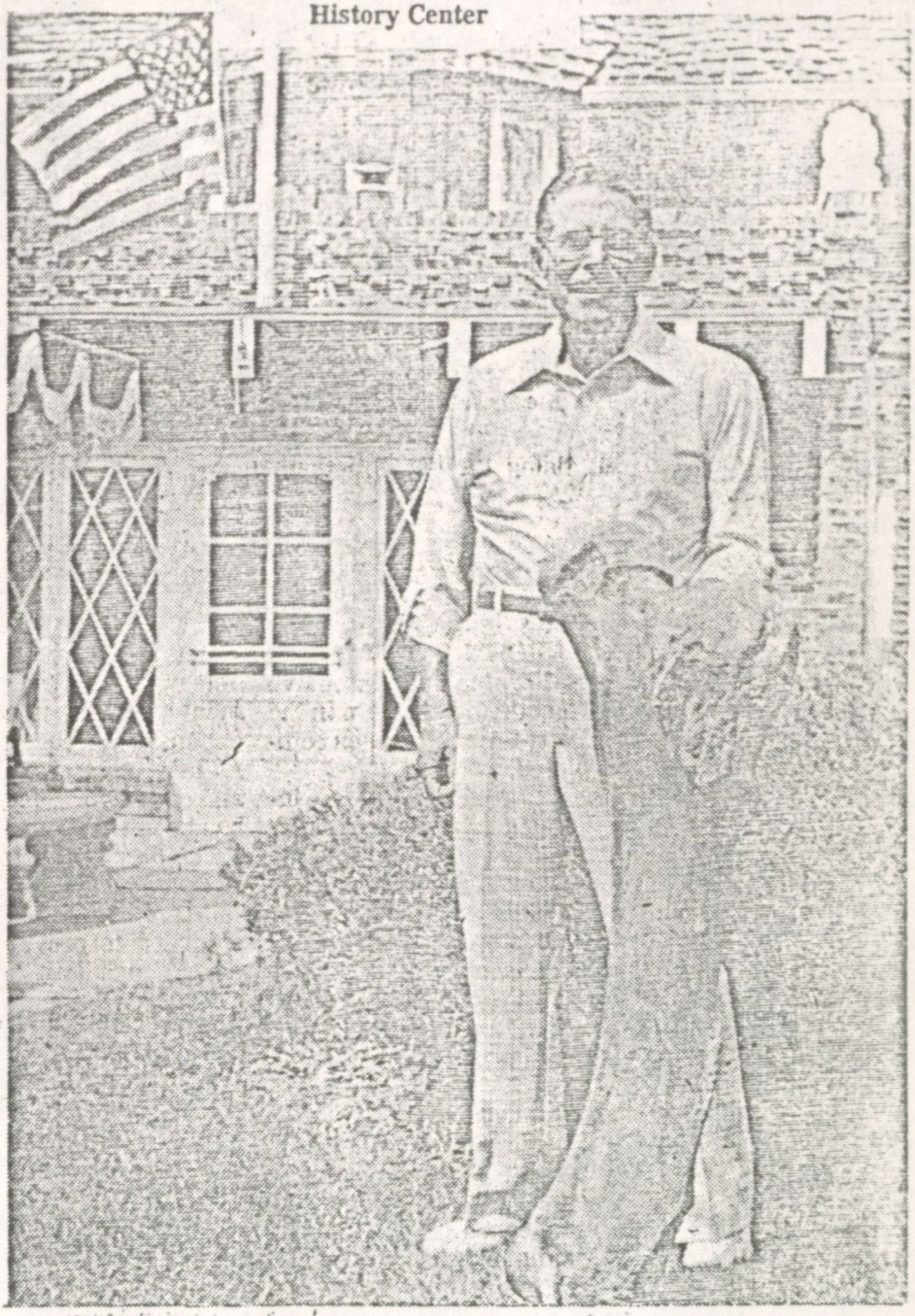
In 1977, John Shanks's young son pried a soggy dark object out of a muddy ditch and found a hand-chiseled wood utensil. It was preserved evidently by being underwater for many years.

For several years James Kubal has been cutting and hauling away the bluffs at 133rd and Morse Street, in northeast Cedar Lake.

Traffic slows as people look and wonder when those ancient cliffs will be no more.

17 July 1980 Lake Co. Star

by Features Editor - Hawkins



Caesar Andreotti stands in front of his home with what he believes is a bone fron an ancient mastodon. A joint is shown in closeup.

ALSO IN 1977, workers made two discoveries there: a coffin that had been interned about 1838 and the bones of a horse.

It seems white settlers buried this ancestor in a then unsurveyed burial site, later known as West Point. They dug down six feet.

The hand-hewn, square-nailed coffin had been placed near the horse bones which in turn had been buried an unknown time. Its jaw indicated it was a mustang, known as an Indian pony.

Historian and writer Timothy Ball described these mustangs as the horses of the Potawatomi Indians, which carried them on caravans as they moved over the lake region.

Surprises of Lake County:

family's saga spans centuries

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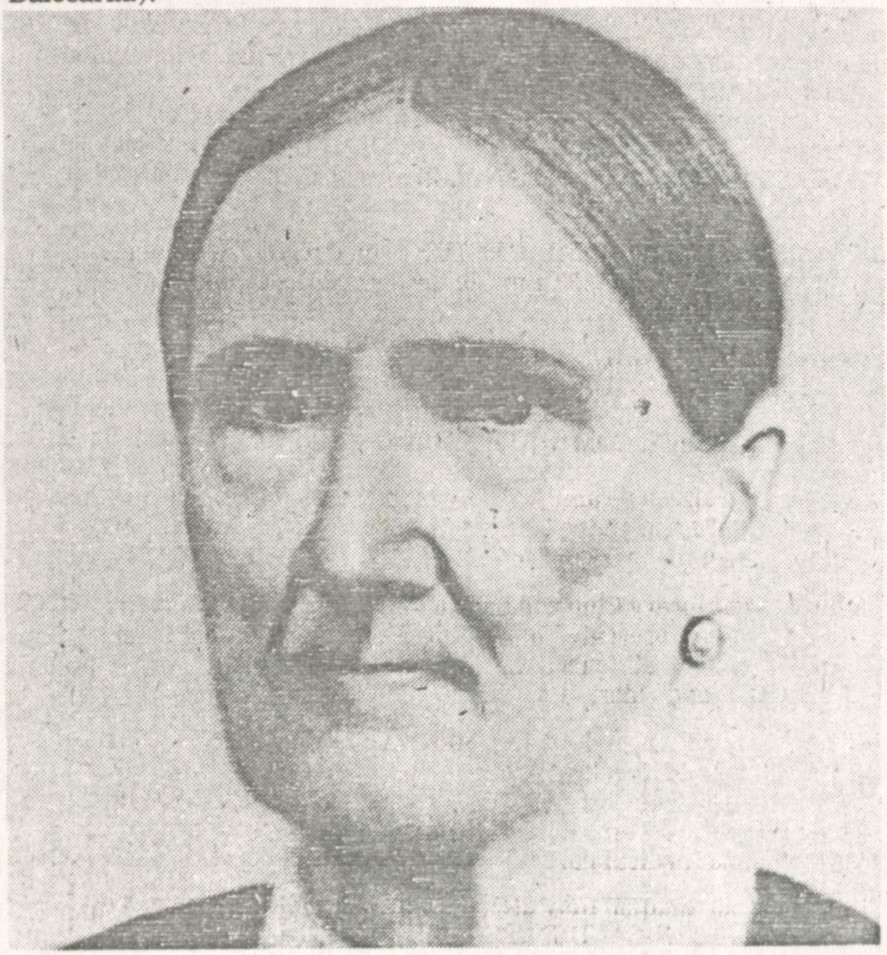
In 1890, the family of William and Alvina Wheeler posed for a picture. Alvina, top, second from right, was the widowed daughter of Peter and LaRose Surprise. Others are Jessie, top, left, John, Eunice, Alvina Surprise Wheeler, and Ella. Maude, bottom, left, Martha, Bertha and Jennie.

(Photos courtesy of Bea Horner)

Peter Surprise, born a French Canadian in 1794, moved to Lake County in 1833 and built a log cabin home along Cedar Creek, southeast of Cedar Lake. He died in 1903, at the age of 109. His was the first white family to live among the Pottawatomie Indians in Pleasant Grove (now Lake Dalecarlia).



LaRose Taylor Surprise, the only known Indian buried in Lake County (in the Creston Cemetery) and the wife of Peter Surprise. This recently discovered photo is the first of her ever published, according to Bea Horner, Cedar Lake historian.

by Beatrice Horner

It seems that everybody is related around here, especially in south Lake County.

We hear people jokingly say: "Be careful of whom you speak, you may be talking of that person's relatives."

That is the truth and we know of at least one strong reason why.

IN 1833 when that first settler Pierre Surprenant brought his wife LaRose and his six month old son Henry to the region of present day Lake DaleCarlia, they called a small log cabin home.

By 1835 the area was being called Pleasant Grove, and there with the Potawattomie Indians as neighbors, the (Surprenant) Surprise family took root to eventually number eight living children.

As adults sons Oliver and Harvey Surprise served in the Civil War. Then Harvey, Elizabeth and Lovina went to live in the Osage territory of Kansas and Oklahoma.

William, Henry, Oliver, Armenia and Alvina stayed in south Lake County.

To make a point let us follow the life of Alvina Surprise. Alvina, born 1842 at Pleasant Grove, in 1857 married William Wheeler of Liverpool, England, a veterinarian.

They built a log home at today's 9305 W. 173 Ave. (southwest of Creaton), homesteading the land.

By 1886 the family numbered nine living children, all born in that log cabin home. In 1890 William Wheeler died, right at the time plans were being made to build a new two-story house.

After his death a new home was built. The house was completed but rough and lonely were the years ahead for the tiny widow and her brood, but with the loyal aid of the older children the family percevered.

When those three boys and six girls became of marriageable age, one at a time they chose life partners who were members of other regional pioneer families.

CHARLES, the eldest son, married Elizabeth Jacqua, a Cedar Lake schoolteacher. He was a well-known carpenter who helped build many historical buildings around Cedar Lake. Among those were the Armour Bros. Hotel and the big Lassen Dance Pavillion, and the Surprise (William) and Bernard homesteads.

Their 10 children were born here, but by 1900 the family moved to Michigan.

Son Jessie stayed on to help farm the Wheeler homeplace and cared for the mother until her death in 1926.

Now note the old family names as we follow the other Wheeler marriages:

John married Maude Taylor who was a descendent of pioneer Obadiah Taylor.

Ella married Hamlet Taylor, descendent of Obadiah.

Jennie married John Taylor, descendent of Obadiah.

Eunice married William McCarty of the pioneer McCartys.

Bertha married Oscar Edgerton of another Cedar Lake early pioneer family.

Maude, the youngest, married Fred E. Ewer of Robinson Prairie and Orchard Grove pioneers.

Those united old families of this Wheeler relationship go a long way as we try to explain why everybody is someone else's cousin.

A REUNION OF the Surprise Clan in 1907 at Cedar Lake shows faces that tells what a couple of generations did to mix up all of the old time families of that region.

Those were the years when all of the grandchildren came and went, in horse and buggy, visiting the little old grandmother living still on the Wheeler homestead.

They ran in and out of the remains of the old log home as it stood alone now, being used as a storage shed.

To the west was the old open well, still equipped with a crank and rope that raised and lowered a bucket into its depths.

These children and their children's children are now part of the proliferation of those pioneer generations.

, was Bertha and Jennie.

rise. (Photos c

Sur-

Relating people of this explosion is enough to give the most enthusiastic genealogist a real headache trying to disentangle the branches of his family tree.

by Beatrice Horner - Journeau

Old blacksmith shop was center of commerce as area pioners made a life in the wilderness

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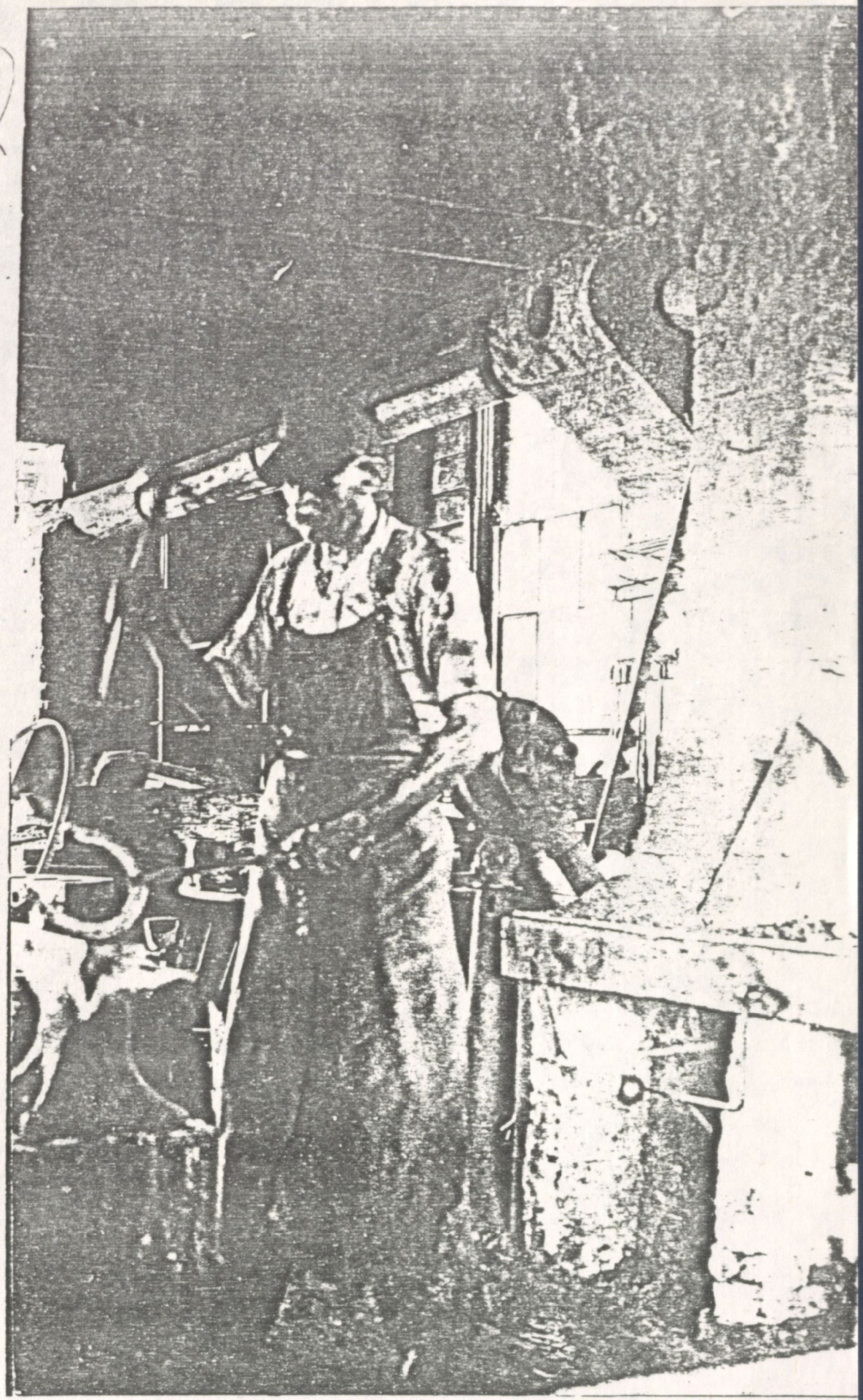
Use this Picture

see big album



Editor's note — Beatrice Horner is a Cedar Lake resident. She often writes about local history. In 1976, the old Dismore log home she writes about here was moved from its original location by descendants of one of pioneer families, the Dillabaughs.

by Beatice Horner

Old census records show Adam Dillabaugh, in 1870, as a farmer from Canada, coming to Eagle Creek Township. Their son Charles was eight years old at the time. When a man, Charles married Emma Wemple who was born and lived in Robinson Prairie, just north of Orchard Grove.

Emma was a daughter of Peter Vroman Wemple and Adelia Van Slyke Wemple (1837-1926). This early Wemple family purchased 40 acres of open farmland and they built a log home there. They hauled those logs from the Kankakee River marshland, the year was 1855.

In time the pioneer Wemples, originally from New York, had five children living (one died in infancy).

During these years a log blacksmith shop was set up on the premises and then as a smithy and a farmer, Peter Wemple supported his wife and children.

PETER WEMPLE died in 1869, leaving a family of eight minor children: Ed., Jesse, Emma (Dillabaugh), Anna (Marsden), Ida (Doty), Melissa (Sprague).

In 1871 Adelia Wemple remarried. Coming into the home now was Frederick Alexander Ewer, who at the time was a local schoolteacher, teaching at South East Grove.

Frederick had been boarding in the home of a neighbor by the name of Warriner, on a farm to the west. He had been schooled at Oxford, England, and was the son of Harry Alexander Ewer and Margaret DePipe, who lived in Liverpool where Harry was an attorney-at-law. Fred A. had come to America via Australia and was en-route back by crossing the United States, working his way by teaching.

After marrying Mrs. Wemple, he continued to teach in local schools and six more children were eventually added to the family, namely Bertrand, Fred Colfax, Henrietta, Lillian (Sexton, Brown), Harry and "Van" Slyke, bearing the Ewer name.

THE OLD LOG home was left behind, and another home was built nearby to house the family that eventually totalled 12 children born to that pioneer woman.

When Charles Dillabaugh married Emma Wemple, their first home was the old log cabin where Emma had been born and spent her childhood.

Charles became a blacksmith, using the family (Wemple) shop, and eventually he moved to Crown Point. His brother-in-law Ed Wemple, who too was a skilled blacksmith, moved also to Crown Point and those two tradesmen bought out the Kaiser blacksmith shop of that town.

Ida Wemple married Wilbur Doty and he too had a hand in the Wemple shop before going into his own smithy business in Shelby near the Monon depot.

Jesse Wemple apprenticing in the Wemple shop, became a skilled wheelright, well known in the Orchard Grove area. Jesse had married Carrie Crawford and they too lived near the family Wemple site.

Harry Ewer learned the machinist trade and was the engineer for the Spring Run threshing ring of Cedar Creek. He was also a skilled carpenter (he married Sylvia Schmal of Lowell).

Fred Ewer Jr. also learned the blacksmith trade at the same family blacksmith shop, now responsible for the turn out of seven tradesmen in its pioneering history.

Fred Colfax Ewer, schooled at DePauw and Valparaiso University, had taught school for awhile, then in 1898 he married Alice Hauk of Crown Point. One year later he suffered the loss of his wife and new born son.

In 1906 he married Maude Esther Wheeler of Creston region, and lived on a farm in Sheridan, until 1914. They then moved to a farm east of Lowell, considered a part of the Orchard Grove Community.

They raised a family of 11 children: Bertrand, Earl Alexander, Beatrice (Horner), William, Ruth (Banser), Grace (Miller), John, Fred Jr., Adelia (Pattee), Robert and Virgil.

NOW THE EWER blacksmith shop was a hub of service in a time when farm machinery and horseshoeing was so vital to the livelihood of all people in those rough primitive days.

As much as there was constant demand for a smithy's services, it was demanding on the family who owned the shop. Often a farmer came to the shop on the noon hour, or after dark for repairs for his farm machinery. Also, if Mr. Ewer was out in the field on his own plow, he had to halt his work to help his neighbor.

It was not always cash that exchanged hands — more often they made neighborly deals in labor, food or other services of equal value.

Like the earlier blacksmith shop history, again this newer generation of children were learning the trades those old shops had to offer.

Years ago, when a blacksmith shop was set up, it was no problem to find the material to erect the building, but to acquire the tools and iron was more difficult.

While iron was mentioned in the Old Testament, our American Indians had never seen an article made of iron until the coming of the White Man.

Iron works were set up as early as 1644 in the eastern part of the United States. By 1800 these were bee-hives of industry.

With the settling of Indiana in the mid-1800's, iron and iron tools and machinery was being shipped by rail to this region.

Shops needed metal framed bellows, anvils, drills, hammers, tongs and long-handles pokers, also necessary were grindstones, files and rasps for finishing work.

Earliest horseshoes were handmade, as were many tradesmen's tools.

CHARCOAL WAS required to attain the intense heat necessary to shape and reshape iron. If took 11 times boiling temperature to make iron pliable so charcoal was the only fuel known that could serve this purpose.

That heat was attained by setting afire the pure carbon called charcoal, and was made hotter by pumping air into the fire with a bellows.

An ordinary wood fire burns at too cool a temperature for use in a blacksmith shop.

Where did charcoal come from in this area in the years prior to 1900? Those men could tell you that it was being made less than five miles away, in the middle of a beautiful hickory woods south of the Jones Schoolhouse on what today is called Holtz Road.

In 1973 we talked to William Surpirse (1893-1974), of Lowell. He told us that, as a lad he saw his great-grandfather make charcoal in that woods, reluctant to give up a trade that he had worked for a lifetime, bringing it from Canada in this region's earliest settler years.

Peter Surprise (1794-1903) was this area's charcoal burner and must have been the region's main source of that valuable commodity. To date we have heard of none other.

Making charcoal is a lonely, dirty and dangerous work, and it was an expert who took on that occupation.

Logs had to be stacked in piles six feet high and about 20 feet in diameter. Hickory logs made the best charcoal and these were hand-felled.

This heap of wood was then covered with sod, wet weeds and leaves, leaving a small hole on top for a chimney.

AFTER SET AFIRE, the heap was to burn slowly but never aflame.

The man or men governed this smoldering pile of logs at least two weeks, watching intently day and night to prevent its flaming up. If it should flame up, they hurriedly climbed atop the pile to load on more sod or wet snow on the burning area.

This was dangerous and there was always a chance of serious burns or even a loss of life.

Coke replaced charcoal when coal deposits became available and the cutting of trees for this use could cease.

The old blacksmith shop of each settlement was the backbone of a community as it constantly repaired or replaced tools and machinery that made farming and family life less primitive and more productive.

The making of horseshoes and the shoeing of horses alone, made a local blacksmith one of the community's most staunch individuals.

With this in mind Cedar Creek early families of Wemple, Dillabaugh, Doty, Ewer and Surprise made a strong contribution to those pioneering years.

The old family name of Dillabaugh is but a reminder as we noted descendents coming again to this area, with a return trip, as they professionally moved the big old log home, one of South County's oldest. DISMORE

We are fortunate to have such a fitting monument to that area's past history.

A lake's history

15 Dec 1982

By Beatrice Horner
Cedar Lake Historian

Looking back into pioneer years a big question comes to mind.

What was the region of the Lake of the Red Cedars really like in 1834, a year that determines our 150th anniversary?

Where were the outreaches of Cedar Lake and its environs when pioneers entered this region beginning in and around south county's first 40 years?

Historically, pioneer life should have been able to thrive on the lake's own regional natural swampland and from claimed incoming or outgoing waters.

Instead, over the years, continually we've had to redefine high and dry lands owing to ambitious tampering with surrounding inlet and outlet waters, especially to the south and east.

So much happened as people did manipulate and derive benefits from the natural waters of Cedar Lake long before we ever became a town.

AN OLD MAP in T.H. Ball's book "Lake Co. 1834-1872," shows a water shed crossing below St. John, a moraine curving between Crown Point and Cedar Lake. Lakes that exist in the lowering vicinity include Lake Seven, Fancher Lake, Lemon Lake, Hidden Lake, Hermits Lake, Schuberts Lake and tiny Crater Lake.

There's much to be said of the impact the water sources had on Cedar Lake while nature was mostly having its own way meandering southward to the Kankakee River.

Storm waters primarily handled by the natural creeks and streams flowed through the watershed into the Cedar Lake region. In time, individual drainage problems were corrected by installation of drain tile, underground sewers and culverts.

Approximately one third of this lake region was depressed and did not have grade outlets for incoming waters.

According to a geological survey by the Indiana Department of Conservations, 767.2 acres constitute the lake itself. Originally, Cedar Lake was approximately eight to 12 feet deeper and 200 acres longer than it is today.

In the early 1870's, a ditch was dredged at the southeast edge of the lake for the purpose of lowering the lake level to reclaim land for farming purposes.

As it turned out, most of this reclaimed land became the existing worthless land covering the south and east areas of the lake, according to the geological survey.

ONCE CEDAR LAKE and its nearby ditch waters covered all that low marshy land as far to the south as the Creston Road, and east to ponded farmland reaching from Lemon Park, southward to Lake Dalecarlia gradually meeting the marshes of the Kankakee.

In 1837, prioneers Lilly and Taylor laid out a millsite, 412½ x 316½ feet with its southwest cornet touching the lake shore at the area of the Cedar Creek outlet, now known as Binyan Point.

In about 1845, that Cedar Lake mill was moved to Taylor-McCarty property, down creek, the Cedar Lake channel was widened, the dam height determined, causing the lake to be lowered by 1870.

The Cedar Lake of yesteryear then receeded from the Creston region to today's 147th Avenue.

Continued history of the east region of Taylor's Cedar Lake Mill shows in 1858 A.G. Taylor laid out a village consisting of 212 lots in varying shape and sizes. He named to town "Fairport," naming its streets Mill St.; South St.; Franklin St.; and Indiana St.

By 1868, that area sold to Warne Gray and was being called "Graytown."

THE MILL-LOT remained but that Grist Mill was now moved and put to work down stream (where now we see a dam at today's Lake Dalecarlia).

There is a ditch coming off the swamps of Lemon Lake that gets called a lot of names. Baffman Ditch, Hog Patch Ditch, Binyon Ditch, as it entered the region of Cedar Creek near the dam. Another simillar inlet ditch southward is known as Vinnedge ditch.

One low swamp area has deep water trouble as it crosses 133rd Avenue, approximately one quarter from Lemon Lake.

Heavy rains have always caused slow driving or detours at that marsh area.

At this time, the new Lemon Lake Park has retained acres of this natural region, protecting these swamp areas and its wild life that typifies so much of the lake region environs.

IN THE LATE 1860's, by using another source of water, a dam was built east of Cedar Lake to trap waters of the areas of the Schnurlein farm region, backing up waters of Foss Ditch almost as far as the S-curve and Halfway House. This created a lake longer than Cedar Lake, then called Foley's lake.

It even became known as a popular fishing lake for local lads with bamboo poles, who came whistling along clad in bare feet and patched, faded blue denim overalls and yellow straw hats. Happy-go-lucky were those kids who lived near the swamps, ravines, and ditches in those days when wild life abounded.

A 20-foot drop created water power to turn a wheel that ran a sawmill at the lake's south end. That Foley mill was noisily busy in 1873 as we note that a Mrs. Kelsey was thrown from a wagon one Sunday was severly hurt. The horses had become frightened at some moving machinery, and became unmanageable in the hands of her son.

Dr. Bacon was called to the scene of the accident. This early doctor had a practice in Lowell, but owned quite a fine large summer home not far from the Cedar Lake shoreline mill site.

by Beatrice Horner

by Beatrice Horner

Post

Nature and man have been changing Cedar Lake and the lives of those who live near it

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The dam at Binyon Point, south of today's Town Complex. This photo shows C. Binyon fishing at the bridge in about 1910. The old Taylor Mill of 1837-1845 was sited here when pioneers Lilly and Taylor plotted a village called Fairport by 1858.

In 1848, down Cedar Creek's path, as follow the water power's and their contibuation to mill energy we find Lowell's pioneer Melvin Halstead building His mill on the area now called Mill Street.

By 1865 Halstead purchased and owned all three mills - The Halstead, the Carstens and Foley's Mill.

Now able to raise and lower at will, these powerful dam-trapped waters coming downstream from Cedar Lake, Halstead controlled the water levels of the Father of Waters, having industrial use of one of nature's largest inland receivaries, Cedar Lake.

But there were side effects. Water was kept unseasonally higher than usual, flooding over crop and pasture lands. This gave rise to expensive law suits that resulted in the rights of landholders being defined and secured.

One controversary was between Rufus Hill and M.A. Halstead over damages done to land lots of Lowell, overflowed by water of a mill dam.

The Chain of lakes that stretched between Lowell and Cedar Lake were allowed to drain by 1903, when those old mills became obsolete owing to new power sources - steam and then gasoline engines.

THE FOSS CREEK DAM was removed many years later.

During all those years of mill history nature provided for many other pioneers as they settled close to the swamps where food, water and other life necessities could be had for those willing to work. Work and survival went hand in hand.

In the swamps of northwestern shores it seems native Americans had mounded to drier heights a burial ground, where a ceremonial path encircles to this day. Just beyond this site rise the bluffs and it is recorded that the lake at deeper times came up to the foot of these high banks.

In 1836, Rosena Bernard was living in a cabin on the shores (Meyer Manor) and had sent for her grandfather William Van Gorder. He had his Revolutionary War pension transferred to Lake County at that time.

(continued on page 16)

Nature and man change lake

(continued from page 15)

That site became "Cedar Lake's first bathing beach" as a later landowner John Meyer pastured his wallowing hogs on the shore. At this time the site is underwater.

Calvin Lilley, aforementioned mill owner, built a hotel at the hills of the northeast in 1836. At these heights Obadiah Taylor was buried. Both Van Gorder and Taylor were buried at places selected to be high and away from high waters.

The east side bluffs are gone now, falling before the bulldozer and trucked away over the years of the 1970's.

THIS ONLY demonstrates the continuous changes of both height and contour as Cedar Lake history moves on.

Some lands don't need man's help to become altered.

They alter themselves.

People were warned: Beware of quicksand. We have been told of those who trapped for wild animals in the marsh, and made the mistake of stepping down into the water and muck to retrieve a trap or tool, then having to struggle their way back at the risk of their lives.

In 1882, when the Monon rails were laid at northwest and southwest marshes they battled sinkholes and in two instances had to reroute rail spans as an alternative.

The Armour Town sinking area is now called Lost Lake, a good fishing hole at this time.

Back in 1838, up north, now Parrish Avenue, H. VonHollen had built his log cabin close to swamped land. He shrewdly bought up such acreage, harvested wild cranberries to make a fortune in the cranberry markets of Chicago. Those bushes grew wild, their trailing branches, some four feet long, grow only in bogs and marshes. They grow naturally in land that seasonally is flooded and drained. To harvest this late bearing fruit the berries are raked from their branches and float on the water. From there they are recovered, dried and packed for marketing. This Von Hollen marsh of northwest Cedar Lake still exhibits small lakes, ponds and sinkholes.

IT WAS AT THIS same region that cattle buyers once drove their herds cross country, west to east to reach Fair Oaks stockyards. A respite was held at the big spring fed water hole in Massoth's pasture, now Andriottis's estate, north on Parrish Avenue.

It was but two years ago that a monstrous bone was pulled up out of the historic old marsh. This may have been a cow pond but by the size of that pre-historic bone the animal that lost its life probably belonged to a mastadon who lived 25,000 years ago. Other such hidden artifacts will be future finds as man continues to dig.

A vacuous ravine can be seen up on Hilltop, carrying very little water to account for its width and depth. It sends its storm waters diving down lakeward via a culvert under Lakeside drive near old Edgewater Beach.

There was once a cable bridge built over that ravine. It was placed there in pre-W.W. I days when S.C. Bartlett purchased that land area from the Barmans. The bridge was built by Adam Schafer of Hanover Center.

A spring fed pond located at 7914 Lakeshore has moved a lot of water into the lake, and has received a good deal of attention. Different owners have scooped, moved, and drained marshy soil according to new ideas and usages. This area's ditch and pond was given a better run-off as Emil Tews, Gene Schrieber, Frank Schafer, using Adam Schafer's teams and scoopscrapers, worked for Sam Bartlett in the 1920's.

BEYOND ESTIMATE is the amount of acreage acquired as shoreline land owners built walls into the lake and filled in to extend their lot footage. Their gain in property values far offset any small fine assessed at this state-owned lake.

Sands, ravines and ditches; From the west a ditch crawls into Armour's shoreline, siphoning off water from a scenic, quiet ravine back of the pioneer Ball Log school site.

Nicholas Geisen built his Cedar Lake Handle Factory at the inlet ditch of northwest lake shores in 1870 and it was there that the town of Armour took root. Oldtimers spoke of a big water wheel connected to that building when it was first established, substituted by engine power in later years.

Sometimes heavy rains backed water into the ditches of Armour Town, flooding old brick cellars and gardens.

In the 1940's, I saw men spearing carp with pitchforks, from the alley ditches in Armour Town. They threw those fish up into the road and everyone carried them off to plant in their gardens as fertilizer.

There is a spring in old Armour Town that has never ceased to be active, and it was also known that in the years of Paisley Town no wells need be dug.

THE BIG SLEEPY Hollow Ditch moves a lot of water as it enters the lake, from the west, near Cook, to just above Willow Drive. Another ditch comes through Hawkinson's farm keeping all afloat in the old southwest Paisley Town region.

Let's look to Thomas Brown, one of three men who came first to the Cedar Lake region.

Brown built a log home in 1834.

He was a landowner whose name appears on an early abstract of lands of southwest Cedar Lake. The site was south of the ditch, down Parrish Avenue, far beyond what we today would call being near Cedar Lake. This site eventually became the same homesite of the Harvey Ball family who came here in 1837.

This does indicate that early Cedar Lake spread far beyond where we see the southwest shoreline of 1981. The moving debris of centuries turns open water to marsh, and the marsh at last to firm earth.

To the south, marshes and some regions were the camping sites of indigenous Pottowatomie. This was to become white man's truck patches, cranberry bogs, trapping, and also the bountiful fishing at an outlet called Pickerel Creek. All of this area was wet or dry fluctuating with the seasons and severly affected by the dams and mill sites.

As one historical proof of what was considered the Cedar Lake of old we find that the 1845-1856 Cedar Lake Post Office was placed at where we now see the intersection of Morse and Creston Road (that postmaster was Lewis Warriner).

THE AREA WAS called Tinkersville.

Also bearing the name of Cedar Lake was a cemetery, seemingly selected as a most logical dry piece of land located just at the south end of early Cedar Lake.

A long plank road was built on piling. That spanned the deep swamp waters leading to closer lake regions, now, Cline Avenue.

That Cedar Lake Cemetery contains some very old pioneer names of eastern Cedar Lake and Paisley Town of the western lake regions. Earliest graves were unmarked. Pioneer Taylor and descendents had acquired lands from upper easter lake regions that took in farmland, bluffs, slopes, lowlands, bigs, ditches, swamps and all reaching into Paisley and Tinkersville. Many members of those families lie in the old Cedar Lake Cemetery that became known as the Creston Cemetery in 1882.

Pioneer members of the Ball family selected this burial site and we look gratefully to the historical writings of their son Rev. Timothy Ball as he speaks of all of Lake County and lovingly of his home in Cedar Lake.

Six members of the Ball family, Hervey Ball, Charles Ball, Mrs. J.A. Ball and her mother Mrs. Elizabeth Horton, Herman Ball, Henrietta Ball were buried in the old Luther Grove Cemetery in Crown Point (401 W. Joliet St.)

Cedar Lake's water has many uses. A hotel brochure in 1908 advertises this. "...The waters of the lake are clear and cold and fit for drinking and culinary purposes during the hottest time of the year. It is the only lake in northern Indiana which does not blossom, that is, show a green scum during the month of August and is plentifully stocked with fish."

A LOT OF CLEAR, cool springs fed this lake, and surely the earlier Indians drilled no wells. Time came when bricked in, oaken bucket wells were used, then shallow drilled wells. Now there are deep-rock wells everywhere.

Tampering with ditches brought on several lawsuits.

The height of Cedar Lake's dam was fixed in a court fight, and so still remains. The old ditch, coming from Lemon Lake, once entering Cedar Lake, was rerouted into Cedar Creek, causing another altercation.

In 1926, the Surprises used dynamite to cut a ditch from the lake through their golf course, for water supply, and again land holders upstream became irate over this alteration of lake water levels.

The big example of all time happened in 1927 and apparently is here to stay.

Lake Dalecarlia came to be. A firm from Chicago held options on 4,000 acres of land worth $200,000 into the spring of 1928. They aimed to build a 1,00) acre lake by converting again the old mill swale into a real lake providing lake frontage property.

A dam was built just north of the earlier old Carsten Mill site.

THIS BEAUTIFUL man-made lake feeds on the waters of Cedar Lake, via Cedar Creek, as well as Foss Ditch, Barman and Vinnedge Ditches.

Crown Point's Fancher Lake and its regional swamp waters find their way to Cedar Lake and into Foss Creek.

Dr. John Dustman, director of the N.W. Indiana Center for Medical Education at I.U.N. and whose forte is studying water pollution says "that Fancher Lake is fed by underground streams." Dr. Dustman is certain of the existence of an underground channel between Fancher and Cedar Lake.

An exploding population and dangerous pollution became a threat as early as 1930 in this region. Cedar Lake became a town in 1969. And at a cost of $6.4 million by 1976, sewers had been laid all at once, all over the incorporated limits of this fledgling little city that will in some ways always keep its country look.

As long as there is a lake there will be problems. Nature put us on trial again in what is being called a "Hundred Year Rain."

Rain, hail and wind pummelled this region on June 8, 1981, causing flooding of ditches, roads, inundating many buildings.

Cedar Creek became hard to define and the dam at Lake Dalecarlia looked like Niagara Falls in miniature. Farmer's crop losses were expected to be tragic.

At 139th Avenue and Morse a portion of the road collapsed to a 15-foot drop. Contractors were reluctant to bid on the repair owing to apparent dangerous conditions at that historical old lake inlet.

THIS FORMERLY was the site of the Red Cedar School in the 1840's later replaced by the Binyon School until 1930 when the McArthur school was built northeastward.

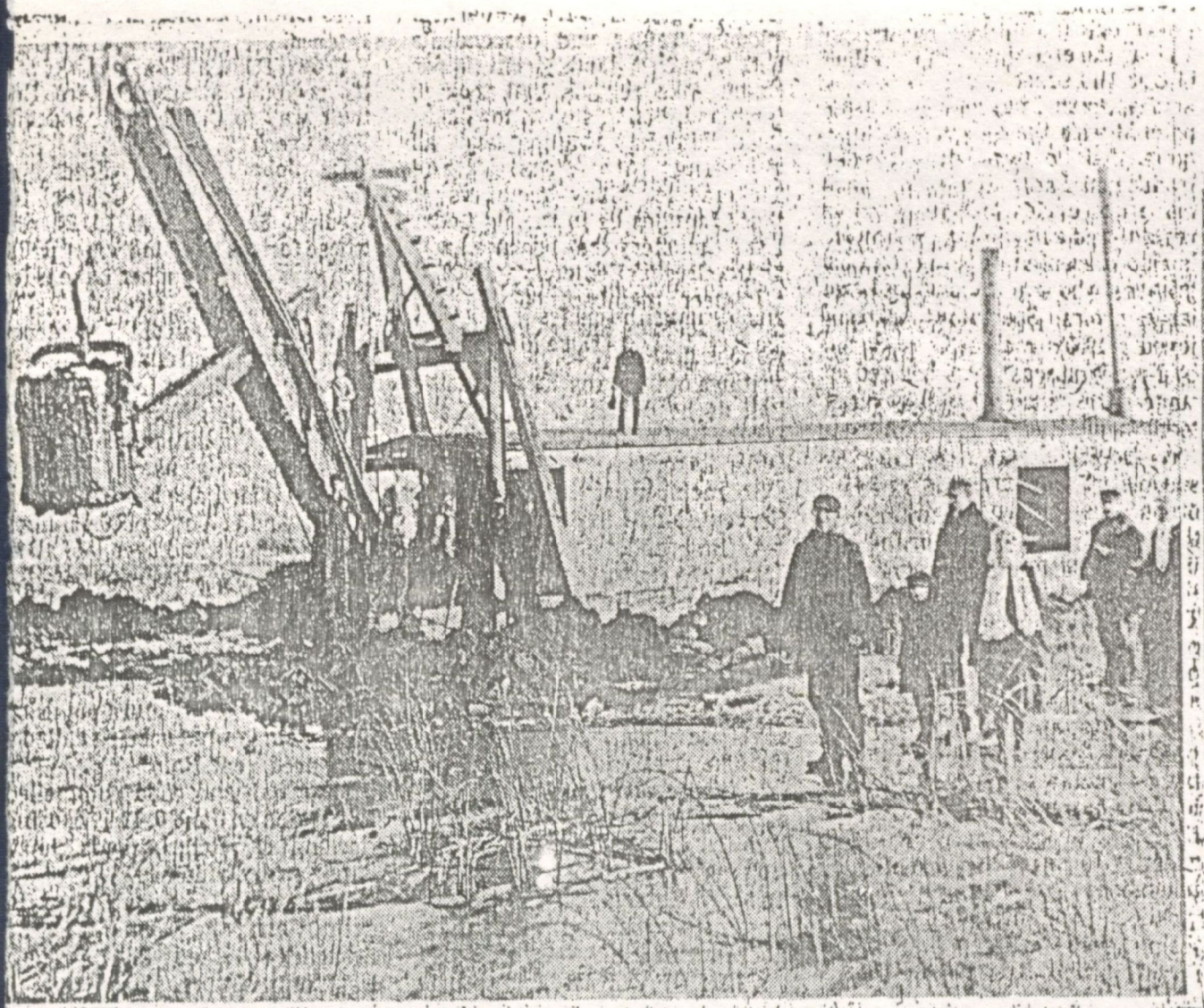
Such a storm would have been taken in stride by those who forded the Kankakee marshes of the 1830's.

In July of 1981, the lake was an algae green.

Yes, we've still got problems.

But if you'll wait until evening, under a full moon and listen as the swamp talks of nature, your heart will stay in this region of Lake County forever. And if you look hard, you'll discover clues that tell of the Cedar Lake and South Lake County of old.

15 Dec 1982
C. L. Register



This Kretz-owned dredge drained the marshlands of south Cedar Lake in the early 1870's to 1900's, making many acres habitable, hopefully.

After the acreage between 147th Avenue and Creston was drained, it was used as truck garden patches and above in 1910 Anne and Frank Soubrada found another use for it.

Generations By The Dozen

[This two-part series was written by Beatrice Ewer Horner, Cedar Lake town historian, traces the history of her family. As well as an excellent example of genealogical research, it is a fascinating account of a very interesting family with ties to the early history of Northwest Indiana. In this first part, Horner tracks her ancestors from Normandy to Schenectady, New York.

This account was originally written in 1979 for Horner's family. Access to documentation of the genealogy is possible thru the Cedar Lake Historical Center, c/o B. Horner, town historian.]

by Beatrice Horner

"In that part of Normandy known as Bays de Caux, in the picturesque town of DeCampa by the sea, lived Nicholas Hertel and his wife, Jeanne Miriot-Hertel."

Doesn't that sound like the beginning of a romantic tale? Well, it is, and a true one, as I continue with a story taken from "True Stories of New England Captives by Alice Baker."

Those Hertels of old Normandy were our (my) ninth great grandparents.

Early in the 17th century (1614), we find the name of their son, Jacques Hertel, in Canada, where the rank of lieutenant gave him entry to that region. Jacques had been long employed by Champlain as an interpreter who devoted himself as a mediator between the savages and the white men concerning colonial affairs.

Interpreters were men of high consideration and it was their custom to prepare themselves for this special work by settling in some Indian Village to learn the idiom of the tribe.

Hertel, my eighth great grandfather was one of six men to come with Champlain in 1614. Others were Marguerie, Matcolet, Brule, Godfrey and Nicholet.

James Fenimore Cooper, the author, said: "Hertel wore gloves fringed with gold and ostentatious coats right among the yokels of that vast unpopulated area."

By 1620, we find Jacques Hertel de la Fresniere, as a fur trader and noted woodsman in the Mohawk Valley, still acting also as a peacemaker, dealing with the five (Indian) Nations.

At that time Hertel, while dealing with a Mohawk Chief, became enamoured of an Indian girl, daughter of the chief. This princess owned the Island in the river of Schenectady, now called Hog Island. This she inherited under the laws of the five Nations.

From the liaison of Hertel and his Mohawk wife were born two daughters, Ots-toch and Kenutji. Ots-toch was of Indian countenance like her mother, while her sister Kenutje was very light-skinned and French like her father.

In the Parkman Reader by S.E. Morison, the homelife of the Mohawk squaw and her French husband is described: "Jacques and his Indian Masters were lodged together in a large building, like a barn, belonging to a Dutch farmer. It was a hundred feet long, and had no partitions of any kind. At one end the farmer kept his cattle. At the other end were lodged Hertel and his Mohawk wife, and his children, while Indian guests lay on the floor in the middle."

As Hertel was one of the principle persons of the Colony, it is clear that civilization in the Mohawk Valley was not high. But it was here that a daughter, Princess Ots-toch, grew into womanhood "of compelling beauty and grace." By 1638, she had become the wife of a Dutch carpenter.

Meanwhile, Jacques Hertel had gone back North, into Canada, leaving his family to their own family ties. Mrs. Hertel stayed on with her two daughters and when she died she was buried on Hog Island toward the old highway bridge in the Mohawk River.

Hertel was re-united with other Champlain followers and by 1626 he was married to a sister of interpreter Marguerie. To this union were born many sons and daughters.

Still acting as Champlain's assistants, those early interpreters had given their names to the first thirty years of the French Colonies in Canada.

Again we read: "It is perhaps the finest title of glory of our town to have at its origin such men. Jacques Hertel, who has foreseen the coming founding of our town, was the first to wish for and establish its life. He received the first grant of land on our Trousflurues soil, at the end of the year 1633."

Hertel became the first Mayor of Three Rivers.

The many sons of this Hertel family became war heroes, one by one, fighting the same Amerind foes, and evidently causing notice back in France.

In April of 1716, a Patent of Nobility was granted to a son of Lt. Jacques Hertel for services rendered as a lieutenant of Canadian troops of the late King of France. It reads: "In the difficult expeditions in which he has been against the savages (he) has led us to give him proof of our satisfaction, which may descend to his posterity. We resolve upon this the more willingly as the valor of the father, the Siegnieur Hertel, is hereditary in his children. Two sons have been killed in the service and seven others who still serve in our troops in Canada and Isle Royal, have given on all occasions proofs of their good conduct and bravery."

"And since the father and his children still continue to serve us, with the same zeal and the same affection we have been pleased to grant to the head of this family our letters of Nobility." This was received long after the death of the Sr. Hertel, who gave impetus to all who eventually merited Knighthood.

The three Hertel Indian women left to live their lives out in the Mohawk Valley region and New Albany and Renssalaerwyck, must have had strong support as time went on.

In 1639, Ots-toch married Cornelius Antonissen Van Slyke. This eldest daughter of Hertel and her Dutch husband had several children: Jacques B. (1640), Martin, Hilletie and Leah.

Who was this man Van Slyke, then being called 'Brother Cornelius' by the natives?

The name Van Schlyck, before being Anglicized, was written with a small 'v', a sign of Nobility. The Coat of Arms and citation of that family was given to them in the year 1400 by the ruler of Holland "on account of the great good they had done the country by reclamation of land by the ocean, by building walls or dykes and filling in."

This descendant Cornelius, my seventh great grandfather, was the son of Anthony Van Slyck and he came from Breuckelen, Holland, in 1634 on the ship "Der-Entracht." He settled in Beverwyck.

A contract between Kiliaen Van Renselaer and Cornelius Van Slyck from Breuckelen, Holland: "I the underwritten Cornelius, about thirty years old, acknowledge by my signature that I have entered the service of Kilean Van Renselaer, patroon of the colony called Rensealaerwick, lying on the North river of New Netherland, for a period of three years - shall have the direction or administration there."

The indications are that during all years ahead he occupied the same farm at what is known today as "Patroon Creek" and "Schuyler's Flatte."

The contract between Van Slyke and his boss, K. Van Rensaelaer, reads long, dedicated, and indicates that much was entrusted to this Dutchman who was by trade a carpenter and mason. In time, Cornelius became so involved in local government that less and less time was spent on the farm where he was to be the overseer.

As earlier mentioned, Cornelius married Ots-toch Hertel and they must have called Canajoharie home, as all of their children were born there. That Middle Castle, Clan OCHKARI, tribe of the bear, was one of four or more Indian Castles by the name of Canajoharie located in that Mohawk Country during historic times.

The eldest son of Cornelius and Ots-toch was Jacques. Following in his father's footsteps, he became a strong community leader and was called the "great interpreter' by fellow citizens. In Schenectady, his tall, lengthy building was used for conducting trading of food and furs, a saloon, and a town meeting place, filling the needs of the times.

The two daughters of the pioneer Van Slyke, Hilletie and Leah had become joint owners of the Great Island at Nickayuna. They became Christian missionaries.

On Nov. 12, 1662, Peter Stuyvestant, governor of New York, granted the first patent of land in Schenectady to Jacques Cornelius Van Slyck and Jan Bortence Wemple. It covered the great Island (now Van Slyke Island in 1976) in the Mohawk River. It contained 82 acres.

[Next week: Part Two.]

[This is the second and final part of a series detailing the ancestry of Beatrice Horner, town historian in Cedar Lake. She wrote the history of her family and evidence she found of a Revolutionary War soldier in her family recently earned Horner membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution [DAR]. Last week's installment left the family in New York in 1662, and this week picks up with Horner's ancestor Cornelius Van Slyke, Horner's seventh great grandfather.

by Beatrice Horner

Cornelius was the first white owner of all of the Catskill Region back to the mountains by reason of eminent services in bringing about a peace with the Indians, this patent given the offices of "Broer Cornelis." He did not live on this land, but lived on a 'bowrie,' or farm, on the river near Albany. Brother Cornelius Van Slyke died in 1676 and his wife, Ots-toch, must have been cared for by the family, as she is recorded as being buried on the Van Slyke Island in the Mohawk River, "under a willow tree at the foot of Washington Street."

The eldest son, Jacques Van Slyke, who was born in 1640 at Canajoharie, must have had strong acceptance among his Mohawky ancestry, as he was given half an island lying immediately west of Schenectady in the Mohawk River, as well as other land - "because his mother was a true Mohawk."

Jacque's Indian name was Its-sycho-sa-quach-ka and he was my sixth great grandfather.

As a licensed lapster in Schenectady, Jacques Van Slyke married Grietji Rickman. Their home was a part of the business place located at present-day Washington St. and Cucumber Alley of the village. They raised nine children: Harmon, Susanna, Grietje, Cornelius, Goertruy, Martin, Helena, Sytje and Lydia.

This genealogy line picks up Martin as my fifth great grandfather as we move down the years.

Martin married Grietje Gerritse Van Vranken Mar. 23, 1701. They lived in the same Dutch settlement and raised six children. Their son Petrus, born Oct. 30, 1709, was married Apr. 9, 1738, to Lysbetje de Gracf, and became our fourth great grandparents. They raised one girl and two boys.

These two sons came along in time to become American Revolutionary War soldiers. They were Jessie, baptized Jan. 29, 1744, and Martin, baptized Oct. 20, 1748.

For a third great grandfather we claim Jessi Van Slyke. On Dec. 4, 1762, Jessie married Jacomyntje Groot. Their family of eight children were: Pieter, Cornelius, Margorie, Elizabeth, Martin, Abraham, Simon and Lena. (Our line

picks up Cornelius, baptized Oct. 19, 1766).

Captain Jesse and Jacomyntje lived in the town of Schenectady, south of the Mohawk River, Albany Co., N.Y. (N.Y. census of 1790). "Their house was the old red brick gabled roof house on the corner of Front St. and North Lane."

Firstly, I must credit this war hero's beginning in 1776 with his record as a captain in command of a detail that marched to Saratoga. He commanded a Company against Gen. Burgoyne in 1778.

The lengthy recorded list of assignments goes on, all exemplary and ending in 1782, after six years of continuous military service.

The marriage was but fourteen years old when Capt. Jesse went into service and five children were left in their mother's care. Two more were born during his years in service and the last two were born in 1783 and 1786.

Difficult years indeed, but made the more troublesome owing to the behaviour of our war veterans.

With honesty and wounded vanity I must tell of a situation that spoils the very strong and proud record the Van Slykes, to this time, had contributed down the years.

From "biographical studies" by H.B. Paige, compiled in 1865, I quote: "He was a Captain of a Company of Col. Abraham's Wemple's Regiment in the Rev. War. (Jesse Van Slyke). His wife was made crazy by his unkindness. He was very cross and the streets used to ring with his abuse of his poor wife..."

Evidently the ability to command an army doesn't apply well with home and family life, especially when those were austere times with eight children to be birthed and reared.

In Vale Cemetery, Schenectady her gravestone reads: "In memory of Jaminia Van Slyke, Wife of Jessie Van Slyke, who died 28 Dec. 1809, aged 67 years, 2 mo."

Captain Jesse died in 1815.

Our second great grandfather was Cornelius Van Slyke, son of Cptn. Jessie and Jemima Van Slyke, who was born Oct. 19, 1766. In 1793, he married Ruth Clark. Their sons were Jessie, born Oct. 3, 1794, and William, born July 7, 1801.

The following first great grandfather was the above Jesse. This Jesse Van Slyke added a lot to this strong line of pioneer families by marrying in 1630 into the Lockwood's of early Connecticut. Jesse married Anna Lockwood. They raised eight children in Montgomery Co., New York. Their youngest was Adelia Louise Van Slyke born Mar. 8, 1837, and my grandmother.

Adelia married Peter Vrooman Wemple of Rotterdam Junction, Schenectady, in 1854. By 1855, this couple was living in a log cabin at Robinson Prairie, just north of Orchard Grove and east of Lowell, Ind.

These two heirs of the history of the 82-acre Van Slyke and Wemple Island in the Mohawk River had come cross country against the concerned wishes of her family, but came they did.

Earlier in 1850, Wemple had been to Lake County and purchased 40 acres of school land at $1.25 per acre. After making a down payment of $12.50, he was given 25 years to pay it off at 7% interest. He would not receive the deed until the $37.50 was paid off.

Living at Robinson's Prairie, Adelia and Peter (a blacksmith) had seven children before he died in 1870.

In 1871, widow Adelia Van Slyke-Wemple married Frederick Alexander Ewer, our grandfather.

Ewer, of Liverpool, England, was teaching at schools in the region of Eagle Creek and Orchard Grove. He counted The Rev. Timothy Ball as a close friend as they both preached in those pioneer one room schoolhouses.

Six more children were added to the household of Adelia Van Slyke-Ewer. A more permanent home replaced the old log home in those struggling years as this man and wife and their dozen living family members grew up in South Lake County.

Frederick A. Ewer died in 1894 and Ewer burials are to be found in the Orchard Grove Cemetery of Cedar Creek Twp.

Fred Colfax Ewer, born in ~~1784~~ 1874 and who died in 1967, in 1905 was working on a farm owned by Ed and Martha Bryant. This farm was where we now see a trailer court called Apple Valley Estates on State Rd. 2 at I-65.

One day the Bryant's had a 19-year-old visitor. She was the youngest sister of Martha Bryant, Maude Wheeler of West Creek, Creston region.

Martha and Maude were in the garden picking strawberries. The Wheeler girls, descendents of pioneers Peter and LaRose Surprise, were copper complexioned and had long black tresses that bespoke of their French and Canada West, TischiMongia, Algonquin lineage.

The hot summer sun had brought out the Amerind look in young Maude, who scarcely weighed 110 lbs.

Along came Fred C. Ewer, son of Adelia Van Slyke, born descending generations away from Mrs. Jacques Hertel, the Mohawk Princess, and her daughter Ots-toch Hertel-Van Slyke.

Fred and Maude met and fell in love in that strawberry patch, now memorialized with an interstate highway! They married in May, 1907, at the home of The Rev. Timothy H. Ball in Crown point.

They raised eleven children on a farm Northwest of Orchard Grove: J. Bertrand, Earl Alexander, Beatrice Alvina, William Donald, Ruth Louise, Eleanor Grace, John Wheeler, Jr., Frederick, Adelia Louise, Robert Wayne and Virgil Glen.

I am Beatrice. Three generations follow me now, living all over the United States. According to documented Indian history, we were always here.

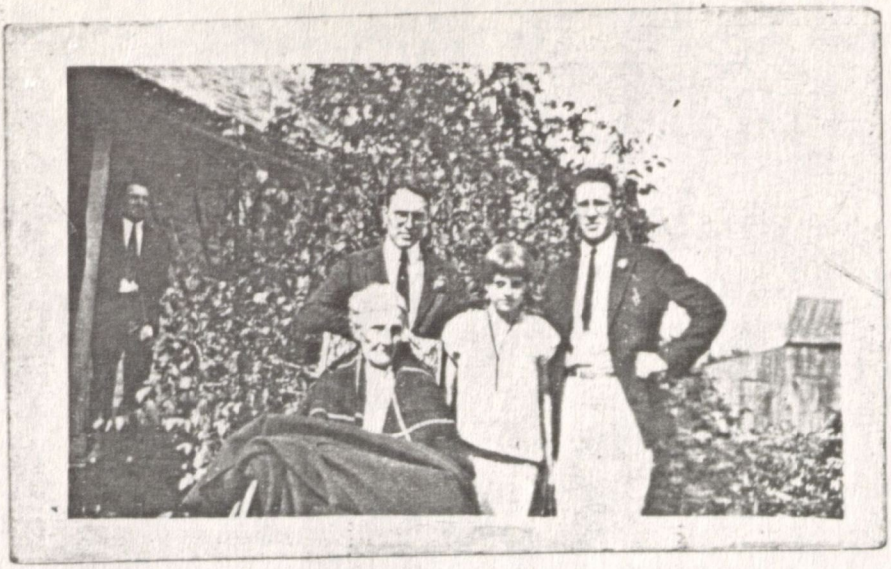
See Cedar Lake History Center 1983

Left - Frederick-
Alexander Ewer
1843-1894

Adelia VanSlyke-Wemp
Ewer
1837-1936

Beatrice Ewer-Horner
1910-

See Reverse side of pictures

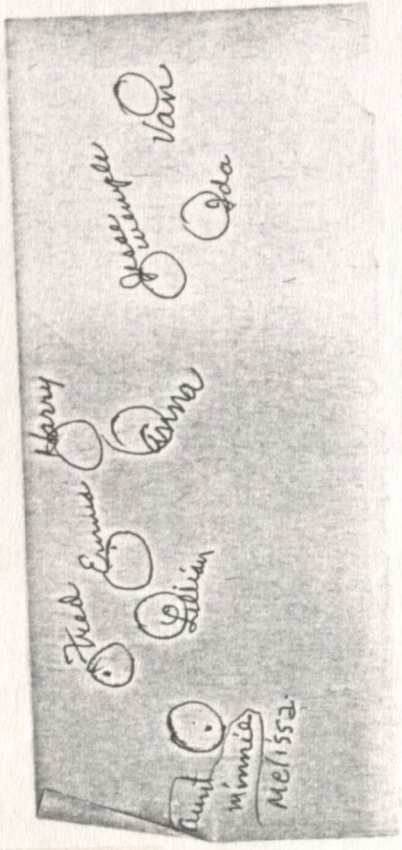


Center - Harry Ewer

L. top → Fred Ewer

Wemple + Ewer Children

↖ VanSlyke Ewer



B 1876
D. 1960
Lillian Ewer-Sexton

MRS. HARRY D. BROWN
LILA

Fred C. Ewer B. 1874 D. 1967

Henrietta Ewer
B 1872 D. 1898

Bertrand Ewer
B 1878
D 1908

HARRY A
B 1880
D. 1929
EWER

wm Van Slyke Ewer
B 1884 D. 1942

1776 1890

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE

Daughters of the American Revolution

This certifies that

Beatrice Ewer Horner

is a regularly approved member of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, having been admitted by the National Board of Management by virtue of her descent from a patriot who with unfailing loyalty rendered material aid to the cause of American Independence during the Revolutionary War.

Given under our hands and the seal of the National Society this fourteenth day of October 1983

Sarah M. Kemp
President General

Ann D. Flech
Recording Secretary General

Ruth B. Hamm
Registrar General

National No. 675241
Admitted October 14th 1983

3-9 nov. 1983 Hanover Evening Sun

Historical unit installs new officers

CEDAR LAKE — Installation of 1984 officers, showing of 1929 promotion films, and singing by the Hanover Central High School Swing Choir were featured at the sixth annual banquet sponsored by the Cedar Lake Historical Association.

Charles Thornburg, one of the founders of the association, served as master of ceremonies and installing officer.

The new officers are: William G. Martin, president; Robert Smith, first vice president; Dorothy Martin, second vice president; Emilie Sumara, secretary; Joan Buczek, treasurer; Adrianne Bacavis, publicity; Bea Horner Castrogiovanni, historian.

Also installed were members of the Board of Governors, Caroline Sumara, Linda Elswick, Lillian Thornburg, Ruth Curry, Sam Castrogiovanni, Harold and Anne Zimmerman.

Harold Zimmerman showed the historic movies, originally prepared by Samuel Bartlett, one of the first developers at Cedar Lake, in an effort to sell building lots on the north and west shores of the lake.

A letter with renewal of membership was read from Dennis Dickinson, retiring president of the association, who is now stationed in Germany with the U.S. Army.

Cedar Lake Journal 14 AUG 1983

Lodge Retains Historic Charm

by Beatrice Horner
Cedar Lake Town Historian

The Cedar Lake community is getting excited - and for good reasons. The community will be 150 years old in 1984 and already plans are being formulated for a celebration.

At this time, a few sentinels quietly stand defending the historical past. First and foremost are those red cedar trees that keep popping up as nature's persistent reminder of an earlier age.

Also, the ancient Mound Cemetery in Meyer Manor holds untold secrets of the life of America's Indians, who were on hand in the early 1680's, to witness the white man's arrival.

Other pioneer survivors are the Von Hallen Log home on N. Parrish Ave. and the Harvey Ball Homestead at South Parrish Ave.

Another notable survivor is the historic old Hunting Lodge that still stands on one of Cedar Lake's highest points, east of Cline Ave. and high above today's Lake Shore Drive.

The old Log Lodge has had many owners over the years.

In 1971, this advertisement appeared: "Cedar Lake Log Cabin with majestic view of the lake. Beautiful large landscaped lot. Full price $10,900."

It was purchased by Richard D. Knoblock, whose address today is 13013 Whitney. The Knoblock family may have bought a house, but they also had purchased an intriguing piece of Cedar Lake history.

In pioneer years the northern region of the lake was natural and wild, teeming with wildlife, a mixture of ponds, swampland, bluffs and ditches and gulleys, meeting miles of prairie beyond.

There was no Lake Shore Drive road until the year 1906.

As early as 1839, Samuel Burson purchased a 33-acre tract from the government. After the Civil War, by 1869, Grosvenor Adams enters the picture.

At that time, the Log Huntsman's Lodge was built.

There was an intense interest in the siting of such established lodges in the region of the Kankakee River and Cedar Lake. These areas were a sporting paradise, as visiting hunters from as far away as Aristocratic England came into the vicinity to try their luck.

The name 'Grosvenor,' an inherited descriptive occupational name meaning in Old French: "Great Hunter," is telling in itself. 'Les Gros Venour,' or Chief Huntsman, was once one of the most renowned names in British Aristocracy.

Prior to 1066 there was in Normandy the "Office of Great Hunter to the Duke," and the surname derived from that office.

A Grosvenor was concerned with the locating and establishing of sporting lodges near and far in Europe. Grosvenor Adams and his partner left Cedar Lake with one of those typ ical cabins.

That log cabin not only provided food and lodging, but entertainment surely aimed to draw the more privileged.

Space within was open, only partitioned where weight-bearing was required. The first floor interior was but one large open room. The second floor was divided to make the space into two rooms. The decor was the same inside and out - natural log - the product of the forest of young oak trees plentiful in the area.

As log cabins compare, it was a masterpiece.

The guests would be huntsmen who could afford to travel from Europe in the otherwise austere pioneer times.

As the years passed, the region had a few other settlers. By 1882, the Monon Railroad was causing an influx of both business men and vacation-minded city folk, and many came to stay.

By 1901, the Lowell Souvenir news told of a new owner for the popular Huntsman's Lodge. He was William Wright.

The Log Cabin now joined the era of summer hotels, but not quietly. It advertised public dances and people flocked there to enjoy the Wright's hospitality.

It was always being kept in repair, with some remodeling and prior to World War I, a mechanics lien shows evidence of the owners trying to maintain the old structure.

None of its owners ever attempted to conceal all of the logs. A camera could still find them in 1971 when the log cabin was sold again.

The latest owner of the Old Log Huntsman's Lodge, Richard D. Knoblock, was exactly the right man to enter the scene.

He has rescued the old historic gem with an enormous input of time, labor, and money.

The eroded lowest logs have been removed and replaced by a cement foundation, while a full basement was dug underneath.

The interior has been completely renovated, making the livability great for its new occupants.

By 1914, the region began crowding with neighboring summer homes that sprung up onto the site named the Shades by Realtor Samuel Bartlett, who subdivided the area.

Research found that of the 50 lodges, inns, boarding houses and hotels, the Old Log Huntsman's Lodge was a close second in its arrival.

Dr. Calvin Lilly set up the earliest hotel in 1836 at the N. Eastern shores of Cedar Lake.

Credit should go to those who have been giving 'tender loving care' to many silent sentinels of the past. They should be remembered fondly, as the community enters its sequicentennial year in 1984.

This hunting Lodge in Cedar Lake was once a very fashionable residence, and still stands majestically high above the lakeshore.

by Beatrice Horner

18 Sept 1983
Post-Tribune

109-year-old played key role

By Helen Snedden
Post-Tribune Correspondent

LAKE DALECARLIA — No story about this community, one of the oldest yet among the younger in Lake County, can overlook Peter Surprise.

Surprise, the first settler, lived here continuously from 1833 until his death in 1903 at the age of 109 years, 6 months and 3 days.

Surprise, whose name originally was Pierre Surprenois, was born Feb. 24, 1794, in St. John's, Ontario, Canada, near Lake Champlain. He married LaRose Taylor, whose mother was a member of the Tishimongia branch of the Algonquin Indians, and whose father was English.

Surprise, his wife and children emigrated to the United States in 1820, settling in Chesterfield, N.Y. When their cabin burned in 1832, taking the life of three of their children, Peter traded his land for boots, shoes and money, and the family moved west, joining other French Canadians at what is now Momence, Ill. In 1833 he traced the Kankakee River upstream to Cedar Creek and then followed Cedar Creek to what is today the southeast side of Lake Dalecarlia. He built a cabin and claimed 800 acres of land under squatter's rights.

Solon Robinson, founder of Crown Point, issued naturalization papers to Surprise on Aug. 10, 1837, making him and his family American citizens.

A little settlement grew up around Surprise's claim as other pioneers came in, and it became known as Pleasant Grove, later the site of the Jones School.

The Bryant family arrived in April 1835, Rufus Hill in 1839, D. R. Merris in 1841 and John S. Evans in 1843. A store was built in 1847, one of perhaps only five in the county at that date.

Five saw mills soon were started and dams erected for mill sites, creating a chain of lakes from Cedar Lake to Lowell. Melvin Halsted, the founder of Lowell, bought out the Carstens and Foley Mills at Lake Dalecarlia in 1865.

1865

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By 1903 the dams were gone and farmers grew hay where the lakes had once been. Sons of Peter Surprise were among the farmers. But the rural scene was not to last.

In the spring of 1927, David C. Hamacher, a prominent Hammond real estate agent and descendent of a family that emigrated from Saxony, Germany, realized the potential of the area. With the assistance of Herman Burnham, option was obtained on 3,100 acres. Land was then purchased from the Hoebsches, Carstens, Peltons, Lawrences and Surprises, with the final payment made in 1942.

Hamacher formed the Wonder Lakes Development Corp. and stock was sold in both Lake County, Ind., and Cook County, Ill.

The dam, which once impounded Foss Creek and Cedar Creek waters for the mills, was rebuilt in 1928 by Carl Mahler of Lowell, and flood gates installed.

An old newspaper clipping tells of a stockholders meeting in 1929 where each stockholder and director pledged to sell five lots or more. The group then adjourned to the Lowell Methodist Church, where, after dinner, music, and entertainment, they were inspired by talks by the officers of the corporation.

Because there was already a Wonder Lake in Indiana, the corporation had to seek another name. Swedish immigrants, who outnumbered the other stockholders by 31 votes, insisted on naming it after Lake Dalecarlia in their native land, and thus the community got its name.

As people began buying land and moving to the area, building first summer homes and then all-year homes, a Sunday school was organized. Land was leased for the Sunday school in 1930 from Hamacher, who later donated two lots for the present Community Church.

It was not Hamacher's only donation. In 1938 he gave the Property Owners Association the building that had been a real estate office. That building, remodeled and enlarged several times and rebuilt after a fire Dec. 4, 1951, serves the Property Owners Association today as a meeting place and is viewed as a unifying force in the community, which remains unincorporated. The lake is a private lake and the POA members vote on its use. Work days are set for cleaning up the area, and the lake level has been lowered several times to permit removal of silt from the bottom.

The Lake Dalecarlia Volunteer Fire Department was organized in 1950, and its first truck was purchased for $1 from the City of Gary. Policing is done by the Lake County Sheriff's Department.

The Lake Dalecarlia Regional Waste Treatment Board was organized in 1977 to provide sanitary sewers. At one time the sewage was to be collected and sent to the regional waste treatment plant at Lowell, but problems at the plant caused

Historic dam

The Lake Dalecarlia dam was built in 1928 at the site where a dam had existed years earlier. The first dam was one of several built in the mid-1800s that served saw mills in the early settlement known as Pleasant Grove and later as Wonder Lake.

in Lake Dale

from excessive inflow and infiltration in both Cedar Lake and Lowell, which use the plant, have prevented that solution.

A cancer-cluster controversy brought much talk about the need for the 1,000 residents to stop using individual septic systems, but federal money for a study of alternatives is still in the proposal stage.

Residents of the Fairways Subdivision, northeast of the lake, have their own sanitary sewers, however.

Residents of Lake Dalecarlia and the Fairways insist they have the best place in the world to live, to raise their families and remain in for retirement. In a sense, it's still Wonder Lakes to them.

Red Cedar was a Godsend to early settlers

by BEATRICE HORNER
Cedar Lake History Center historian

There is a special tree at Cedar Lake, a Red Cedar tree of the Juniper family.

The world is full of trees. But there is a reason why we choose to extol this one. In fact, the Red Cedar Tree has historically chosen us.

That evergreen, insistent and persistent, served as a sentinel for the white man as he came weaving his way along the Kankakee River and swamplands just 150 years ago.

In 1834, four men had already combed the region to stake claims. They were, R. Fancher, Charles Wilson, Jacob and Thomas Brown.

Following, in 1835, the David Hornor family purchased the Brown claim, west of Cedar Lake. Years later, a son Amos Hornor told of the three families who pulled into their intended homesite.

He said they crossed four miles of slough with one team of four horses and two teams of four pair of oxen each. Their wagons held all of their family members, household goods and tools for survival.

They came knowing one important thing. Awaiting beckoned the Red Cedar Tree, not in forests, but just naturally tucked in and around the giant locust, oaks and hickory. Those cedars crawled the steep banks of the big natural spring-fed lake and formed wind breaks over open stretches of flatland.

Amos Hornor said: We got to Cedar Lake about the 12th of October — We had houses to build to winter in — and not a stick of sawed lumber was to be had, not a brick to build a fireplace, not a nail or pane of glass, but we built the houses of round logs, notched.

Each tree lends itself to special use. The tree that grew narrow, straight and tall became the source of materials to shelter our first families.

Walls were constructed of round logs, split sticks were mixed with clay to become chimneys. Small trees were cut for poles used as legs for bedstables and stools or fence posts to inclose livestock. Pine needles becme matresses. The cedar tree was always available.

The seeds of the Red Cedar are dispersed and planted by the birds. They thrive where the soil is poor, in un-cultivated regions or tucked under the lofty limbs of older trees that appear to be 200 years old.

An aged Red Cedar can display a silvered gray trunk, smoothed by time, and still stubbornly stand.

Evidence of this can be seen on that Brown, Horner claim that became the homesite of Henry and Jane Ball. There two old trees are still stnding in the front yard. We do not know their age but they appear naturally planted then encouraged to survive by pioneer owners.

This ancient tree became one strong source of building materials for years until sawed lumber could be shipped and hauled into this area about the Civil War years.

As Time went on and Cedar Lake was speedily becoming a resort, the need for fences and out-buildings lessened.

We were becoming Chicago's playground and the country look diminished as acreage was being cut up into small lots.

The Red Cedar trees, less necessary now, and while not valued for shade, were still transplanted for windbreads. Others were chopped down for firewood. Others were treated as a weed — still nature insisted on their survival.

Drive slowly, today, around Cedar Lake and really look for this friendly historical tree.

Look along Morse street near Cedar Point and on the old Knesek farm (Brunt). Look along the road leaving Coleman's Corner on the road to Crown Point, and look deep into the wooded areas.

Go to the Creston cemetery where old silvered trunks of Cedar trunks of Cedar Trees force some gravestones askew.

Drive eastward past the Cedar Lake fire station and witness the dozens of young trees greeting you as a gateway to the lake region. Continue on past the Old Meyer Homestead (funeral home) and look at the wall of green where transplanted cedar trees form a windbreak in the back. On this site along the shore in 1838 stood a log home made of those cedar logs. Its aged resident was Revolutionary War veteran William Van Gorder.

The friendly green juniper trees contributed to the pioneer Taylor families on the eastern shores where Cedar Point carries on the lore in its name.

That historic old tree has for over 150 years proved to be a loyal survivor.

To this day, hundreds of small foot-high seedlings still peek through unbroken sod or in natural wooded areas.

This noble, time honored tree is ours to salute in our sesquicentennial year of 1984.

If you are lucky enough to own a Red Cedar tree, prune it into its natural shape and cherish it. If you want one, seek one out and transplant it. May it bring you joy as its ancestry did way back in pioneer days. "In youth it sheltered us, so lets protect it now."

Near the Lake of The Red Cedars Museum at Cedar Lake, a site is selected at this time, where a choice young Cedar tree will be planted. Proudly the Cedar Historical Society plans to program a dedication to remind us all that the tree and the museum are having a young start to tell generations to come about our glorious past.

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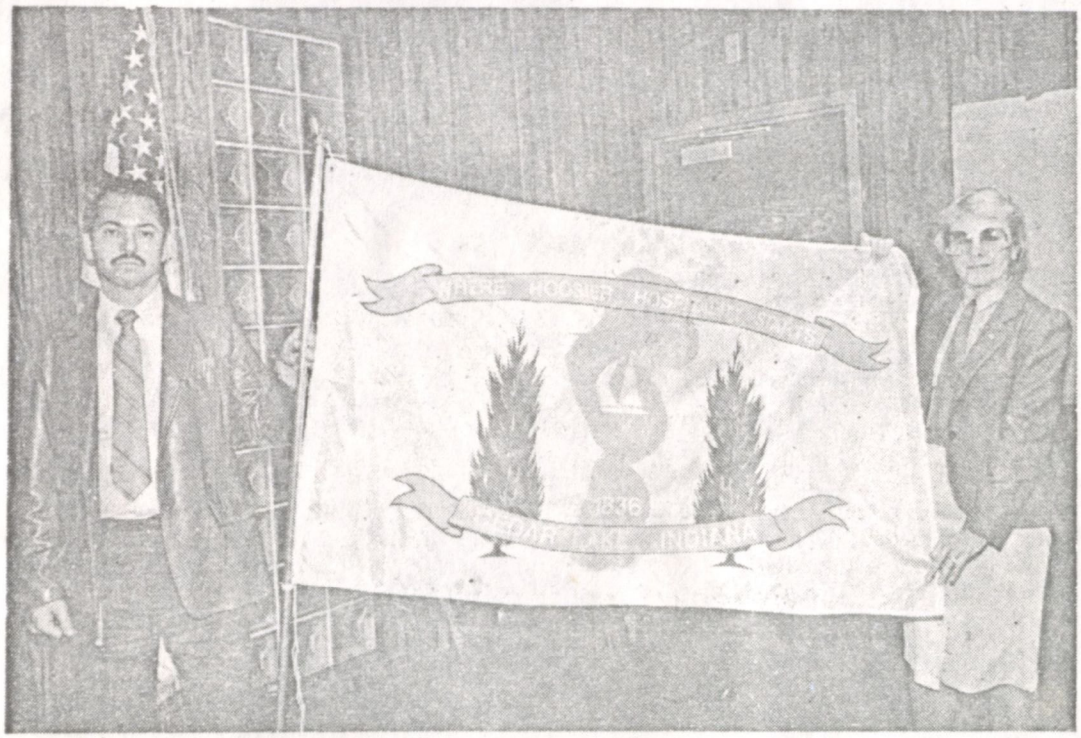
Flag Has Historic Value



Park Board President Carl Sprehe and Clerk-treasurer Lillian Falkiner display the Cedar Lake town flag, a design with a blue lake, sailboat, green cedar trees and two gold banners on a field of white.

The creation of a town flag for the Town of Cedar Lake was truly a team effort.

Dedicated Nov. 21, 1979, at ceremonies which also marked the dedication of the Cedar Lake Town Complex, the new flag reflected the community's pride in their home and symbolized the blending of old and new in a community with a rich history and a unique potential for the future.

Chris Mickey, who served as the second chair of the Cedar Lake Bicentennial celebration in 1976, spearheaded the efforts to produce a town flag, and she saw to its production and unveiling. Bicentennial funds were used to have the original flag and a number of copies made, and the idea was to promote the town; although it took several years to unfurl the finished product, a large crowd was on hand to welcome this new addition to a new Town Hall.

The flag's design was truly a combined effort. For many years, the town's logo was an outline of the lake itself with a sailboat in the center, flanked on each side by a cedar tree. That design was first submitted in 1963 by Thomas Van Hoose, Jr. and was reproduced on police badges and car decals, as well as on the town government's stationary.

Mrs. Charles Enockson later won a town slogan contest with the entry "Where Hooiser Hospitality Starts."

Town Historian Beatrice Horner then used the familiar Van Hoose logo and Enockson's slogan to design the flag, adding the date and the town's name.

After this design was finalized, the Town Board passed an ordinance describing in detail the new flag and adopted it as a symbol of the town.

At the dedication ceremonies, the town flag was raised for the first time next to a U.S.A. flag that had flown over the U.S. Capitol Building in Washington, D.C., each on their own separate free-standing pole on the town complex grounds. On the ground next to the poles is a memorial rock which reminds visitors of the dedication of the town government and park property on the eastern shores of Cedar Lake.

Also located on the grounds is the old Lassen Hotel, listed on the National Registry of Historic Places, which is being remodeled into the Lake of the Red Cedars Museum.

Glaucoma Screening

Those who haven't had their eyes checked for glaucoma lately, have an upcoming opportunity locally.

The Cedar Lake Lions Club will sponsor the mobile unit from the University of Indiana School of Optometry. Students from the school will conduct the testing under the direction of Dr. Richard E. Meetz, O.D.

Lion Chair Robert Briggs reports that the mobile unit will be parked in the Lincoln Plaza parking lot, outside the entrance to the Cedar Lake Public Library. The hours are: Fri., Apr. 6 - 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., and Sat., Apr. 7 - 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Registration will be conducted inside the library by the Lady Lioness Club of Cedar Lake. Refreshments will be available.

April 9 Las

To Registe

As the Indiana Primary Election on Tues., May 8, draws near, the Lake County Election Board has announced final voter registration information, including important dates for absentee voters.

Mon., Apr. 9, is the last day a voter may register or transfer his registration before the primary. The only place voters can do so is at the Lake County Clerk's Office at the Lake County Govt. Center in Crown Point.

The day before this deadline, Apr. 8, is the last date a voter may move into a new precinct and still be able to vote in that precinct in the May 8 primary. Registration must still be transferred by Apr. 9, however.

Housing Loans Available

...And they quietly go about Cedar Lake's tasks

By DIANE JOSTES
Times Correspondent

CEDAR LAKE — The delicate, soft-spoken woman sitting at a desk in the town hall doesn't like to bring attention to herself.

She sits there several days a week, like she has since 1971, making charts, compiling facts, clipping stories and arranging pictures for future generations.

Her name is Bea Horner Castrogiavanni and she is the town historian.

Few pictures are taken of Bea because she likes to remain in the background, simply putting together the 150-year-old past of this colorful community that was once the home of the Pottawatomie Indians.

As part of a family that has been in the south county area since the 1830s, Bea is proud of her roots and is trying to instill that same feeling in others.

She has many hobbies, but her favorite is asking questions about the town and the families in it.

That hobby has been going strong since she was the young bride of Peter Horner, who went to live in the once thriving village of Armour, now the northwest corner of Cedar Lake.

"I used to sit at the table with my mother-in-law and listen to the past for no other reason than I was curious about people," Bea said.

As she listened, she began accumulating the information and gathered notes in a box she kept under her bed.

After several years of talking to the older residents and listening to their accounts of the past, she had reams of material carefully kept.

"When an official from the Lake County Research Library came to see my collection, I was embarrassed because it was written in longhand because I couldn't type," Bea said.

She said he let her know that those time-consuming, handwritten accounts were much more important than any typed page.

"He made me realize I shouldn't demean my work, because although handwritten, it was a labor of love." Bea said when vandals destroyed some historical documents in the home of a neighbor, she realized the importance of preserving her information for future generations.

She said after showing her collection to then clerk-treasurer Geraldine Kortokrax in 1971, she was called before the town board and asked to be the historian.

"They said if I would stay non-political they would furnish me with materials, space and filing area to do my work as well as store it." Bea has managed to keep that neutral position between three town boards.

Her corner of the town hall remains a peaceful oasis amid the rush of a busy office.

"It took a lot of hours just feeling my way," Bea said, "I had no formula for keeping the records so it grew like topsy." She noticed at that time that no one had ever done a complete story about Cedar Lake.

"I realize it couldn't be done in one piece, because the town originated in sections." There were several villages around the lake, which farther south than it does now. They included Armour, Paisley, Tinkerville, the Monon Area and Hanover Center.

Bea categorized and compiled the information.

She said the older residents were happy to discuss any details she needed.

"I still can't believe people put their faith in me," Bea said. "The old-timers sat for hours talking about the early days of their families and even gave me treasured pictures."

She credits her now deceased husband Pete with arranging most of those interviews.

Bea guards the old pictures carefully and never lets the originals out of her sight. And she said she stopped keeping track after she accumulated about 1,000.

Among her collection are some early tin types that residents wanted recorded for posterity.

"I suppose I was nosey but no one ever asked some of these old-timers to recall the past," Bea said, "I felt there was an important need to protect our history and I was just curious enough to take on the project."

Bea was married recently to Sam Castrogiavanni, who shares her interests in remembering the past.

"We have a wealth of historical information to impart to the next generation," Bea said.

CEDAR LAKE — Dr. Robert W. King is generally recognized as the "founding father" of the incorporated town of Cedar Lake.

He received a special tribute in recognition of that when the Cedar Lake Summerfest celebration began Saturday.

Fest chairman Karen Dowler said the tribute idea was generated by residents who said King should be honored for his work.

The gentle, quiet doctor hasn't sought applause for his deeds.

But town trustee Geraldine Kortokrax said he spent many hours researching the best avenues for the rural community to properly organize.

She said the fact compilation and information presentation was done at the doctor's expense.

When King moved to Cedar Lake in 1949, it was part of unincorporated Lake County. Once known as a popular resort area, it had turned into a bedroom community after World War II.

But it was a community which relied upon septic systems to control the waste from homes and businesses.

"There were many people in the 1950s and 60s who wanted and needed sewers," King said.

And Cedar Lake could apply for federal funds for a sanitary sewer system if it were incorporated.

He said the notion was supported by county officials who said there was sewage lying on the ground in several areas around Cedar Lake.

At that time, the summer cottages-turned year-round homes had been built on 25 foot lots with little yard room for the inground filter beds needed to properly operate a septic system.

Many lakeside cottages had insufficient septic systems, which eventually discharged some of the waste, which had not been fully filtrated, into the water itself.

"A potential health hazard existed at that time," King said. "And while people did not discharge waste directly into the lake, their septic systems weren't adequate for filtration and were creating bacteriological problems in the area."

Although health officials were aware of the problems, money couldn't be earmarked for a major sewer project without the incorporation of a town.

Kortokrax said in 1961 some residents tried to secure federal money for such an installation. They failed.

She said King undertook the responsibility of organizing a group to make the project successful.

King said he and others believed incorporation was the only way to obtain federal and state funds. He said at the same time residents needed local police protection in the fast-growing community.

Incorporation would permit both.

King said although the incorporation met with some opposition, the majority of people in the community backed the idea.

The community was declared a town in 1965 but [illegible] thrown out two years later.

It was back to the drawing board for King and his group.

They succeeded on Oct. 30, 1967 when the Lake County Commissioners passed an ordinance creating the town of Cedar Lake.

"We knew it should be done," King said. "Although trouble came up, the benefits of finally having a town and sewage taken care of outweighed all the problems."

King won't admit to the time he spent accomplishing the task. King had a growing family at the time.

But others in the community say his dedication was an inspiration.

King and his wife, Mary [illegible] raised their family in the community for more than [illegible].

One of King's [illegible] the doctor and [illegible] worked quietly in [illegible] religious organizations, setting an example of concern and [illegible] that will hopefully be [illegible]

4 JULY 1984

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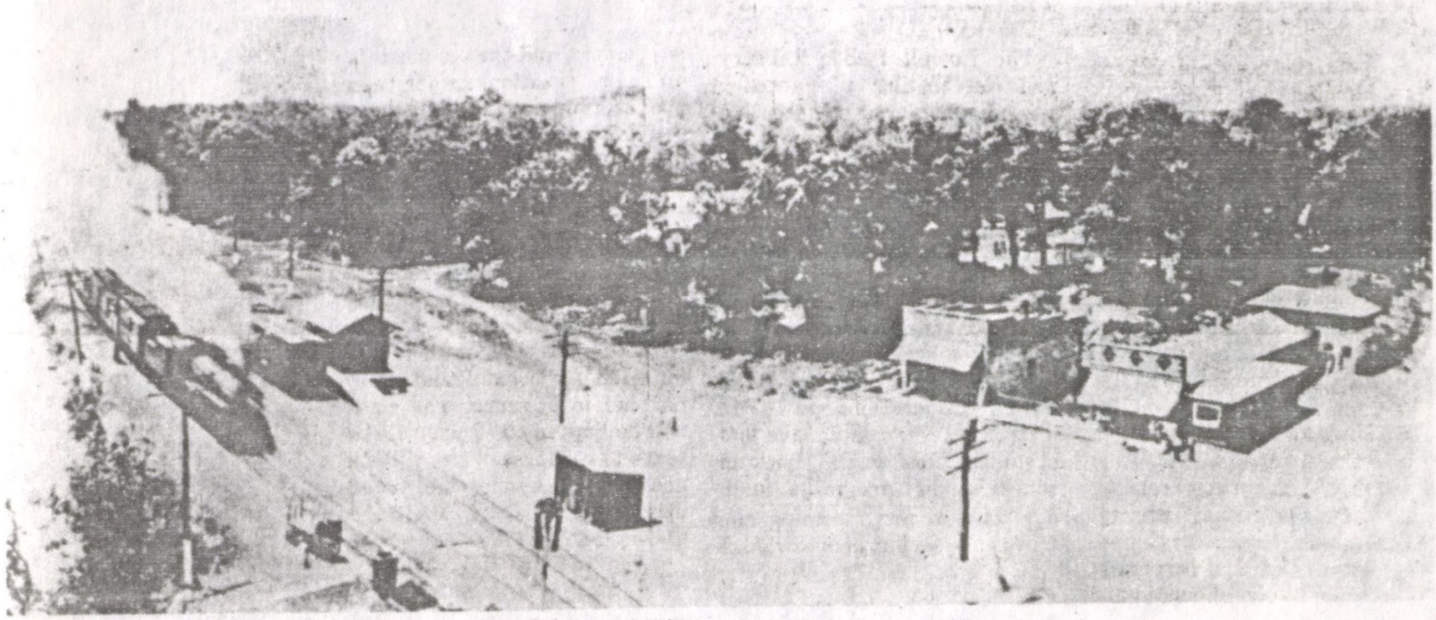
Post Office History



This view of the West Side Depot Area in Cedar Lake shows the Cedar Lake Post Office and the Driscoll Grocery and Meat Market in 1898 as a Monon train chugs into view [left] from the south.

by Beatrice Horner
Cedar Lake Town Historian

The Cedar Lake Post Office has finally settled down. It took from 1845 to 1964 to get a permanent home. After 20 years in one place at 9811 W. 133rd Ave., all is well.

In pioneer years, three small post offices were set up in Lake County. One of these was at Tinkerville, a corner site at South East Cedar Lake named for a blacksmith shop owned by Fred Miller.

The tiny establishment was called the Cedar Lake Post Office.

Mail was then coming into this region by Government Contracted stagecoach and eventually railroads. All was but a continuance of the migratory history experience from the east.

Historically, as colonies were settled, the earliest Americans waited for slow boats to bring legal documents, bills of trade and most of all, endearing letters from the old country. News of births and deaths took at least a month to reach their destination.

Back in ancient times, the Romans had a mail service. A master wrote on waxed sheets of wood or papyrus, signing his name by pressing his signet ring into the wax, thereby "sealing" his letter. Then a slave, who was likely to cover 50 or 60 miles in three days, delivered the message.

Later, mounted men rode rapidly, changing horses from time to time, allowing them to cover 300 miles in a week. Post offices began during the reign of Charles I, as letter receiving houses were set up in the popular coffee houses of London.

In those gathering places, business men, for a half penny, read as many newspapers as they wanted while waiting for the mail to arrive.

By 1681, Robert Murray and William Dockwra founded the letter delivery service, quick and efficient, posted for a penny.

Then followed a Government London Penny Post established on Lime St. in London. Very soon the charge rose to twopence.

Happy over the convenience, a large number of small offices set up in every quarter of town.

At this same time, the 2c messages were arriving by boat in America and the idea of post offices also crossed the ocean. Penny postcards became very popular and collectors find those early messages decorative both in pictures and handwriting. The content of some were garbled with old country dialect and English spellings.

Others displayed unusual knowledge of spelling and penmanship as people of both nobility, commoner and peasantry, settled those first Amer-Indian occupied colonies.

Early settlements in Indiana brought the picture closer. The Cumberland Road from Maryland to Indianapolis was financed by Congress in 1806. People and mail both traveled then by 'Prairie Schooner,' coach or surrey which hastened the western movement.

Railroads opened up more direct routes, shortening the time of travel across mountain and plain from east into the wild west by the Civil War and 'Gold Rush' years.

Long And Colorful

· Cedar Lake Journal · Wednesday, July 4, 1984

The first steam railroad was built thru Crown Point and that town received its first direct mail service in 1865.

Local post offices set up in small pioneer towns and postmasters went two and three times daily to a designated spot along the railroad tracks.

There the conductor leaned out of the slow-moving train to hang the day's canvas mailbag on a hook attached to a high pole. Then the postmaster single-handedly sorted the mail, ready to be picked up in person by village folk or sent out by carriers on horseback.

By 1870, mail was being regularly carried from the Crown Point outlet to the Cedar Lake post office at Tinkerville, as well as to lower Lake County.

Fly specked, and literally 'off the wall,' we studied the postmaster's appointment certificate given to Frank Massoth of Hanover-Centre (Cook) in 1875. This document was given to us by his granddaughter Ella Massoth, who in later years of Crown Point's history became the postmaster's assistant. By 1956, she was presented with a framed citation signed by Post Master General Summerfield, recognizing her exemplary 48 years of service.

Ella Massoth was born in Old Armour Town at northwest Cedar Lake, where her father was a ticket agent at the Monon train depot.

Cedar Lake's region had three depots and post office sites by 1882, along the Monon railroad, at Armour, Paisley and Creston. Those handling the mail in these earliest post offices were Lewis Warriner at Tinkerville, Henry Scheele, Matt Lauerman and John Lorschieder at Armour Town. Harrison Ford was in Paisley at southwest Cedar Lake and Creston's first postmaster was Adelbert D. Palmer.

Those old post offices were located within those aforementioned men's places of business, sharing space with groceries, dry goods, butcher shops and other essentials.

In the Lauerman Store, the postmaster and his corner-cage office shared space with Mikie the buttermaker, Scholl shoemaker, groceries and sundries. Records were also kept for the livery stables out back. Also within was the Edelweiss Beer Depot management.

In 1898, the Monon railroad built another depot at Midwest Cedar Lake and postal service shifted.

Paisley's postal site and its postmaster, Harrison Ford, moved northward and Armour kept a smaller post office from 1914 to 1920 attached to the mid-town Mellwood Hotel.

From earliest years, mail was moved from one postal location to another by carriers on horseback.

Responbility for this job fell on the shoulders of some very young men.

Alfred Schmal of Hanover Township carried mail from Crown Point over the muddy clay hills of "Buck Hill" territory to Cedar Lake to Hanover-Centre, to Brunswick, then on to Klaasville and Creamburg at the Illinois State Line.

Henry Henn, at the age of 12 years, mounted his horse, strapped on mailbags and set out to deliver mail from Paisley's post office to the route toward the west, touching those centered post offices.

Rural free delivery came about in this vicinity by 1900. At Cedar Lake's mid-west, the first carrier was a Mr. Hildebrand. Then, Ed Hoffman drove a horse-drawn inclosed wagon daily over the rural miles assigned to the Cedar Lake Post Office at mid-west Cedar Lake's 1898 built site.

Old letters and postcards, a part of our collection today, were once addressed: Paisley, Indiana; Creston, Ind.; Armour, Ind. In 1898, the correct mailing address became Cedar Lake, Ind.

The first mid-west location for the little postal cage was in a General Store built by D.C. Driscoll, and he was the postmaster.

The store changed hands, and as a consequence, so did the identity of the postmaster, namely W. Handley, George Manuel, Kate Clemens and Ed Lauerman.

The postal site was in Kate Clemen's shop in 1914. At that time, several business buildings were lined up in the new 1898 block that had been generated by the Monon's Depot site.

A disastrous fire started within the Manuel Store on a Wednesday night in 1914, destroying and damaging much of the long line up of business places that included the Tosetti Brewing Co. saloon, John Mitch's Hotel and saloon, as well as Mrs. Clement's shop and the (Driscoll) store now owned by George Manuel.

The post office was then moved a block west (in the old Louis Bixenman House), still in the capable hands of postmistress Kate Clement.

James Elliott, telegraph operator at the Monon Depot, took over the Postal Records. Monte Biesieker was the next postmaster.

Biesieker had purchased and re-built the burned out block of buildings. that new line-up reinstated the Post Office, giving it another start.

The next postmaster was Arthur McLaughlin. Then Frank Govert, Fred Berg and by 1937, came Emma Knesek.

Born and raised on a farm in eastern Cedar Lake, it was Postmistress Knesek who had the honor and pleasure of moving Cedar Lake's post office into its first exclusive, more spacious building sited south of the grocery store in "Biesieker Row."

By 1944 Jake Fleck, who was a Paisley Town citizen, took over as postmaster, followed by Robert Rose.

This larger, busier post office now achieved a rating of second class and had three rural routes.

In 1950, Monte Biesieker added another building. He constructed a larger cement block building at the south end of the same block. It was rented to the Federal Government for $75 a month.

In September, 1950, Ralph Combs became the postmaster and under his capable stewardship the mid-west post office grew to include five rural routes. Its annual revenue was $51,000 by 1964.

Also by 1964, the busy post office had again outgrown its walls so another brick, stone and glass-fronted building was erected located close to a shopping center and subdivision.

Under the stewardship of Postmaster Walter Eaton since 1975, the old pioneering post-office seems satisfied to stand still for awhile, proud of its 139 years in the community.

Log Cabins Preserve Town's Unique Character

[This is Part I of a two-part story about the log cabins of Cedar Lake and the village of Jensenville, as researched and told by Cedar Lake Town Historian Beatrice Horner Castrogiovanni, who also secured the historical photographs which accompany the articles.]

Cedar Lake can be considered unique among towns its size.

The most noticeable difference, surely, is that Cedar Lake boasts an 805-acre lake in the center of its incorporated area -- shared by two townships.

And while many small towns are famous for their picturesque and spacious two- and three-story homes, circled by fancy, wood-trimmed porches and lofty bay windows, Cedar Lake has another kind of heritage to celebrate.

Several multi-roomed hotels still stand proudly on the shores of the lake to remind current residents of Cedar Lake's claim to fame as one of the premier summer resort communities in the Chicago area. At one time, over 50 such abodes catered to city folk who flocked to the lake shore.

Cabins Are Feature

Another unique feature of Cedar Lake, but less visible, are the log cabins that were safely tucked into wooded areas around the lake as the first shelters for settlers who sought a refuge from the hustle and bustle of city life. The log cabins which still stand are real historical gems.

Much has been learned about the Cedar Lake log cabins of the pre-Civil War years, many built between 1833 and 1850. Others were constructed near 1900.

Originals are increasingly difficult to preserve, as time, harsh weather and termites take their toll.

In early Cedar Lake, a slower-paced lifestyle and an architectural style that was reflected in rustic summer homes as compared to weather-tight and sturdier abodes encouraged the preservation of a log wall here, a foundation there, or an entire cabin is some cases.

Examples Given

Perched above all the rest, on the town's highest bluff, is the Huntsman's Lodge at 13013 Whitney St., built in 1868 and used today as a private home.

The Von Hollen House on Parrish Ave., also made of logs, today hides behind an outer layer of siding.

Near Lemon Lake County Park, a sturdy log barn is part of a farm on the east side of 133rd Ave.

The old Paisley region takes pride in the Estes log house, which now has a large addition on its west side.

Another log cabin on the North Shades Hill was recently razed, but neighbors have preserved photos. There are also photos of several other cabins which no longer exist preserved for their historical value.

The east side O. Taylor-Pixley-Mason log cabin, built in 1838, finally collapsed after harbouring people, horses and termites, in that order, over the years. Logs from the structure are being collected by historians.

Old photos remind longtime residents of the Ball log schoolhouse and the Doescher home in Brunswick.

Old family names are attached to the pioneer homes, now long gone, of the Van Gorder, Herlitz, Geisen, Massoth, Sasse, Beckman, Lilley, Surprise, Wheeler and Brown settlers - and the list is open to thers which may be documented.

Many Cedar Lake citizens worked hard one summer to re-set the county's first Catholic church when it was moved from the Capuchin Seminary to St. John, where it is now displayed on U.S. 41 next to St. John Catholic Church.

Pioneer Flavor Remains

While many other communities have enthusiastically discarded the old and familiar for new planned subdivisions and model homes, Cedar Lake has discarded little of its history. In many cases, summer residents simply enlarged or adapted their resort homes into year-round residences, resulting in the survival of part or all of many historical treasures.

William Wilcoxon owns one of these gems, located on Bryant St. in Cedar Point, and it has been the recipient of clever, prideful and tender loving care. It is a survivor of the Horace Taylor pioneer region on the northeastern shore of the lake.

In 1913, realtor Samuel C. Bartlett came into the region as one of the "Publishers and Subscription Co., Inc." There was a land boom in Cedar Lake, and Bartlett bought acreage on the southeast side of the com-

This classic log cabin in the Paisley area of Cedar Lake was built by Kate Estes after 1900.

[Continued on page 10]

Cabins Preserve Town's Character

Margaret and George Jenson in 1940 -- an entire settlement was named after them.

[Continued from front page]

munity from the Zurbriggen and Haahn families.

'The Shades' Started

He named his settlement "The Shades," and platted it alphabetically. In the extreme southeastern region along 147th St., a site was marked 'G' and 'J'. On that parcel, Bartlett had acquired two log cabins from the earliest pioneer days.

One very interesting log homesite is that of Lester Cundiff at 14707 Hamlin St. in Jensenville. Homeowners thru the years have passed down a history of the structure, which is certainly one of the oldest homes in the region.

The earliest cabin dwellers in the area, however, were surely Peter and LeRose Taylor Surprise. They built their log cabin about one-half mile south along Cedar Creek in 1833.

By 1857, their daughter had married William Wheeler and they raised a family of nine children, all born in the log cabin near Parrish Ave.

A son, William Surprise, built his first home, also of logs, on a site which is now home to South Shore County Club. That house burned in about 1900.

In southeastern Cedar Lake, cabin owners in the scenic wooded area refused to discard their log remnants, and they are several remodeled homes which feature a front wall or other section proudly displaying the logs used in the original construction.

Mason Had Cabin

In the same vicinity, another log house was the abode of Peleg Sanford Mason, listed as a landowner in 1838 in historian T.H. Ball's works. An abstract from the Donald DeVine family verifies the ownership of the property, upon which they have lived for many years.

After Bartlett's appearance, the Mason cabin was rented to a Dr. T.H. McClure as a summer home. He called it 'The Shack' and had a photo taken of the original interior fireplace, which he used on Christmas cards to send to friends.

Jensen's Arrive

Two of McClure's friends were George and Margaret Jensen. They were the first to build in the new subdivision, and by 1938 they were living there all year and George was helping 'farm' ice for the Knickerbocker Ice Co. on Cedar Lake's southern shores.

Skilled in working with stucco and cement, Jensen built his own home, and also constructed neighboring cottages and garages, The Jensen property was a showplace of rock gardens, trellises, birdhouses and other outdoor attractions.

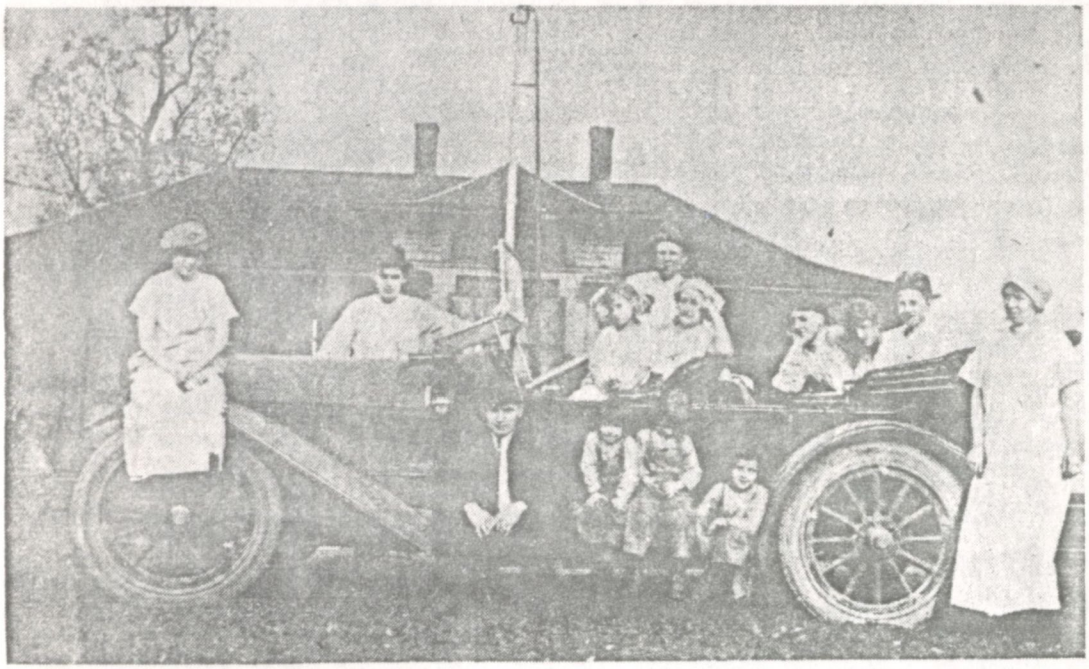
The Jensen's must have made a strong impression upon their friends and neighbors, because the area soon took on their name -- as Jensenville -- and in time it spread and was applied to the vast region known as southeastern Shades.

By 1950, what was once called Vinnedge Rd. (now 149th Ave.) was shown on a map as Jensenville Rd.

Next: Jensenville revisited and the Walter F. Raubolt family.

SASSE - Schubert

After arriving from Chicago by train at the Monon Depot in Cedar Lake, Edith Raubolt and her three sons get ready to board Hetzler's excursion launch, the 'Nancy A.', to get to the eastern shore of the lake and their family home.



The Walter F. Raubolt family of Shades I in eastern Cedar Lake rode to the Monon Depot in their car to meet a train in Cedar Lake in 1920.

[This is Part II of a two-part story by Cedar Lake Town Historian Beatrice Horner Castrogiovanni about the historic log cabins that dot Cedar Lake, and some of the summer visitors who settled in the community.]

When realtor Samuel C. Bartlett arrived in Cedar Lake in 1913 to develop "The Shades" subdivision, the early Vinnedge and Edgerton families were living at the corner of and along Vinnedge Road, which later became Jensenville Road in honor of popular settlers George and Margaret Jensen.

The Edgerton home was originally the Stillson schoolhouse built in 1875 and later moved northward and remodeled into a private home.

Jensenville, a community which also adopted the name of the popular couple in the early 1900's, reveals traces of the old Wells Fargo mail route on the way to Crown Point. The riders often stopped at the Ray Sulista farm to rest and feed both the team and the driver.

Barbara Cundiff-Williams knows a lot about Jensenville. She lived as a child in the Cundiff historical log house and experienced the remodeling.

The log house up the block was also being remodeled by the DeVines and bacame a curiosity to Cundiff-Williams as a child She went thru the log framed doorway into the kitchen and peered into an opening in the ceiling.

As she gazed she listened to the tale of how that garret space was used as a hiding place from the Indians.

In pioneer years, Indian neighbors would walk quietly in and out of log cabins, looking around and then going out without aiming to harm, just satisfying their curiosity.

In that vast tree-covered region south and east, lots are found along old Vinnedge road. Other newly named North to South streets were created in the Bartlett land purchase.

The Shades plat shows N-S roads mapped as Wheeler, Hobart, Windsor, Edison, Bell, Lemore, Marigold, Rocklin, Sherman, Fairbanks - and more, some unfinished, some dead-ended. To the North was Clovis Blvd., now 143rd Ave.

Most of this land is residential in character and populated year round today. The average-sized cottages that began as summer vacation homes, were remodeled as time passed. This area contributes much to Cedar Lake's population of near 9,000 at this time.

Bartlett contributed to the natural scene by lining many of the road ways with colorful maple trees. Today those towering maples have seeded the area with young trees competing with cedar, poplar, locust, oak and hickory, all indigenous to the region.

The Shades, in its infancy, was a natural wonder consist-

ing of steep hills, deep ravines, watery ditches and swamp areas as part of the Cedar Creek's path southward.

The entire area was and still is the habitat of tall trees, wild bushes, flowers, birds and small animals. It is a botanist and nature lover's delight.

Children there violated no ones turf and all joyfully appreciated picking wild flowers and catching slimy crawfish. Many went fishing at the Cedar Creek bridge.

There were times when many folks living in the Shades would come via the Monon Railroad passenger train to the Midwest depot at Cedar Lake.

They waited on the Depot Pier until an excursion launch came along to cross the lake to an eatern shore pier. From there they walked about a mile to their summer cottages, tucked quietly away in the hills and dales of the Shades.

One typical home owner of the region would be the Walter F. Raubolt, D.D.S. family that included his wife, Edith, and their three sons, Walter, William and Wesley.

They purchased property along Sherman St. in 1915 and built a two-story house. The upstairs was arranged dormitory-style with men on one side, and women on the other.

Cots were placed in the downstairs screen porch, to accommodate the children.

It was here that the Raubolts came to enjoy country living and to congregate along with relatives and friends for happy weekends.

The trip from Chicago took 4-1/2 hours in Raubolt's Ford touring car. They came down Western Ave. thru Blue Island on a two-lane stone road to Dyer, then on to Cedar Lake. Not until 1928 were there paved roads to Cedar Lake.

The roads into the Shades were narrow dirt lanes. There were times when the slim car wheels were up to the spokes and hubs in mud.

The Raubolt family took a hayride with farmer Schnuirline, showing the city visitors the Shades in Cedar Lake.

It must have been worth the trouble to reach Shades, because their home was a welcome retreat from restrictions and abrasions of city life.

Mrs. Wesley Raubolt considers Cedar Lake her permanent home today and she shared a picture album and their experiences.

To the west of the Raubolts, on Rocklin St., lived another family in the Shades earlier years. They were the senior DeFrankos.

Those folks raised a bountiful vegetable garden, sharing it with their neighbors. Being of Italian descent, there were times when a line outside, strung from tree to tree, displayed homemade pasta hung out to dry.

This family was a part of the work crew that Bartlett hired to continually clear and groom the Shades.

All of this new venture was fast replacing a history of 100 years earlier when this region knew only the life of the Pottawatomi Indians or the rare Caucasians who left log cabins to remind descendants of what had gone before.

Margaret Jensen, an alert, sociable and talented little lady, lives today on W. 136th Lane. Generously she shared her pictures and experiences of where she once lived in the Shades.

At age 87, she still keeps her own house although she can no longer drive her own car because of failing eyesight.

Kind neighbors keep her from being lonely and she still lives a full life.

She can be proud of her namesake but shouldn't be surprised if no one today knows where Jensenville was located.

Once drivers of delivery trucks such as the grocery boy, the ice man and dry cleaners knew the way.

Many old timers still remember, but many in the younger generation don't know the history under their footsteps.

Welcome to old Jensenville, the S. Eastern Shades and some of our prized log cabin history, as well as days of simplicity, delightful and fun to remember.

Brunswick, on old Hanover Prairie

by Beatrice Ewen-Hannan

Hanover Tsmsh.

C. L. Register

This stone road approaches a view looking West in Brunswick. It shows the Sidler Creamery in 1908.

The Herman Daeschers were a pioneer Brunswick family who in 1843, built this log home.

by BEATRICE HORNER

Today's shoppers flock to the malls. These are the places to go to find everything you need being sold under one roof or within a given number of blocks, closely woven together by walkways and glass enclosed corridors.

So what's new?

While different in format, that was happening over 100 years ago in the same given amount of space, and that place was Brunswick.

The outstanding difference was in the fact that much of the merchandise purchased here was also manufactured here.

Brunswick's early inhabitants were mostly German farmers. The town, first called South Hanover, began in 1848 as narrow dirt trails went from Cedar Lake to the west for about seven miles, to turn north and south (about a mile east of the Illinois state line).

The town started in a T-shape and has remained so over the years. The top of that T facing western prairie land is a perfect spot to witness the most fabulous "tie-dyed" glorious sunsets one is ever privileged to see.

EARLY ARRIVALS

The Herman Doescher family built their log home here in 1843 when Zachary Taylor was president of the United States. Doescher had owned 40 acres that became a part of early Chicago. Selling this, he was able to buy farmland that was soon to be N.E. Brunswick. Here he stayed until 1886, raising two sons and six daughters. Herman and Johanna (Steffens) Doescher were married in Hanover, Germany and came to this country when their children were small. Herman Doescher was a fish-net maker by trade, making this product on the homesite.

Like many immigrants, Abel Farwell and wife Levisa had come to New York via Ellis Island. They farmed in Vermont, then became land owners in Brunswick. They left in early years to move to Lowell.

As farms became productive around 1855, a miller named Herman Lepin (born 1832) set up a grain mill, that by 1870 showed assets at $13,000, according to census records. The mill, located northeast of the intersection was the town's earliest business. (It was eventually moved to Crete).

A GENERAL STORE

The next business place was a small general store also built by mill-owner Herman Lepin. Located at the turn of the intersection on the west side, the first few years of business were at once successful, but a fire lowered the building in 1860.

It was replaced and its new owner became Herman Beckman by 1866. The store prospered because the trade was there and continued promising.

The years of 1850 to 1860 found many people establishing homes in the village while farmlands reached to their back door steps and almost everyone had a barn on their premises.

Also around their homesites one could find some other means of making a living, often under the roof of house, barn, shop or tool shed.

GERMAN TRADITION

We read: "The Germans are a thorough and a systematic people. They do not engage in a project without giving themselves to it with a singleness of mind which can be frightening. Especially frightening if the project happens to be war —."

How was Brunswick different? These people had come to America to avoid oppression, depression and revolution in their home country.

Here they became good farmers, industrious, skilled tradesmen and were a neighborly gentle people. They left the frustrations of their homelands behind but clung tightly to their traditions.

German women's strength showed on the homefront. They birthed babies, bloodied their knuckles getting clothes clean on a washboard, made soap out of hoarded fat drippings. They were good cooks and believed in setting a bountiful table. Plumpness was a sign of wealth and thinness was a sign you were coming down with consumption, so it seemed.

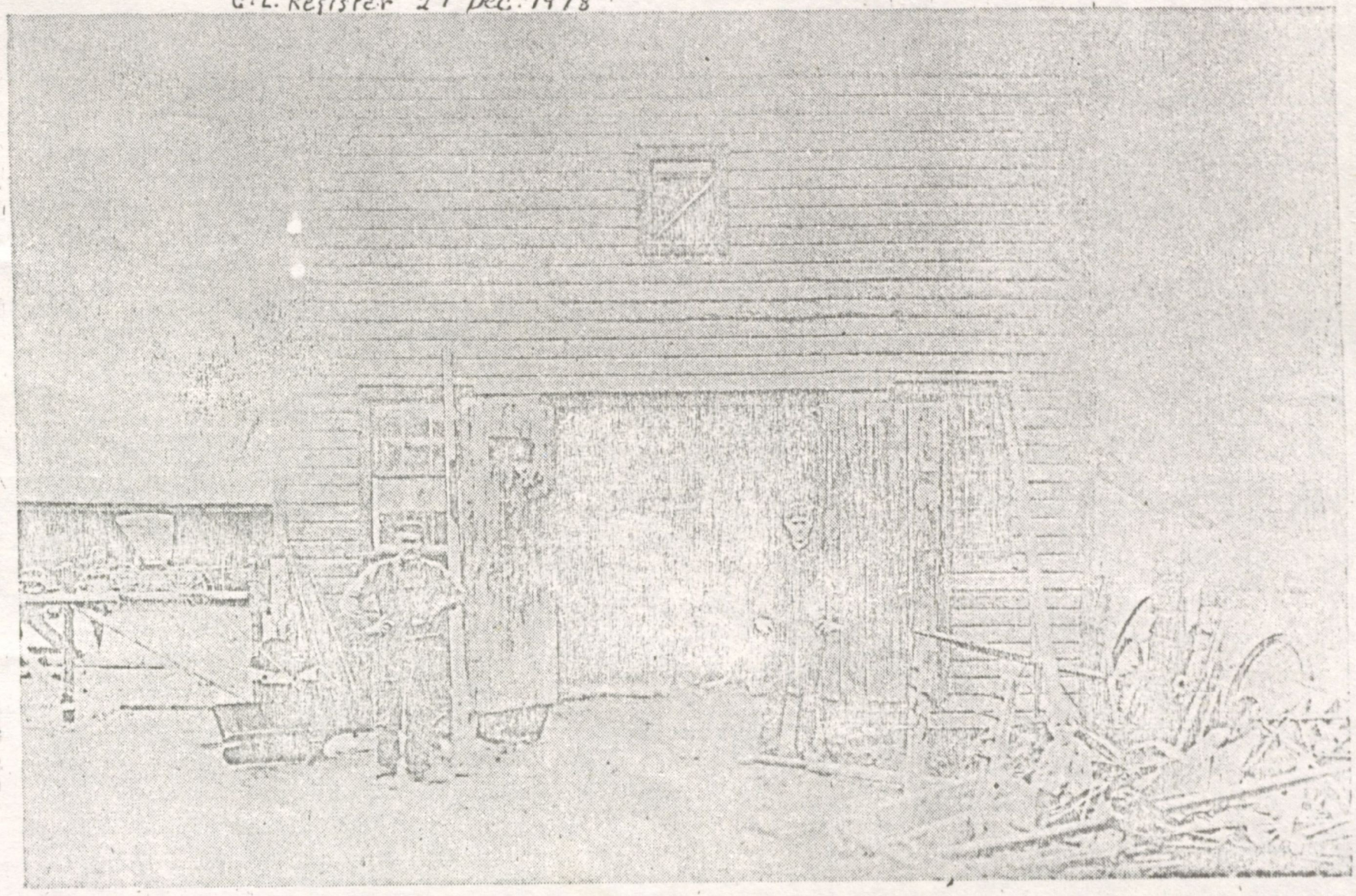
Cleanliness and economy were virtues. A pastime would be knitting caps and stockings for the family. That was long before radio and television invaded the home or the bulk of an estate was in a 4000 pound family car.

BLACKSMITH AND WAGONSHOPS

The earliest labor saving farming and travel experience owed its very existence to blacksmiths, wagonmakers and wheelwrights.

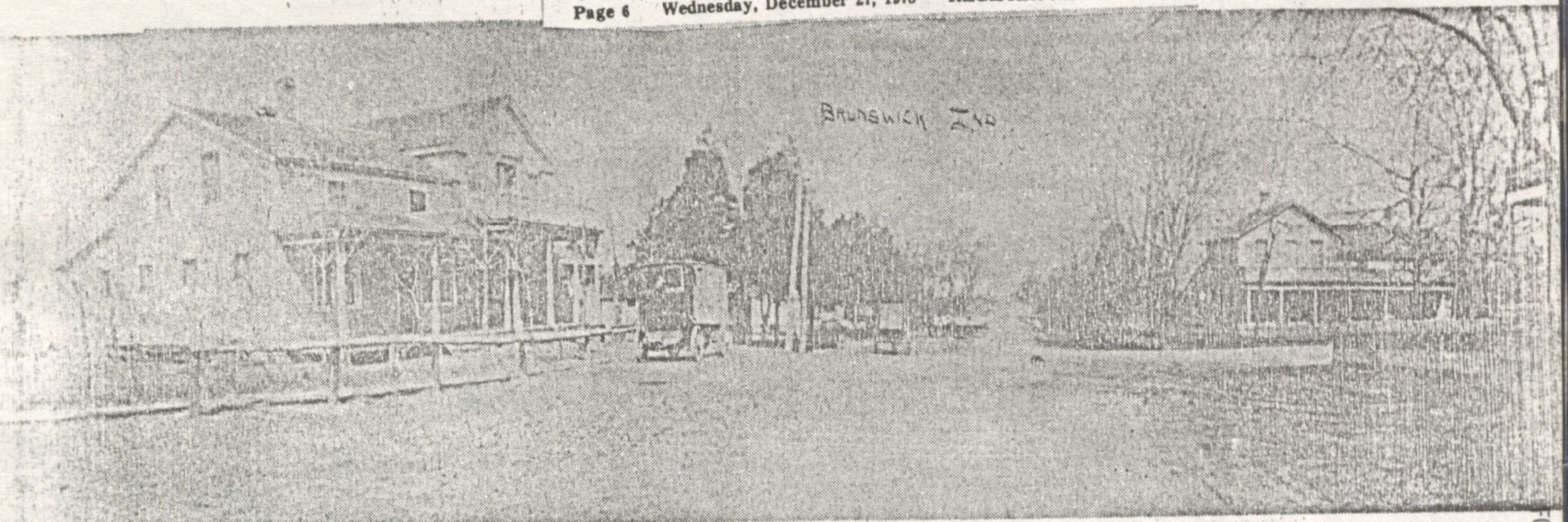
Two such families settled in Brunswick, became homeowners and set up shops

G.L. Register 27 Dec. 1978



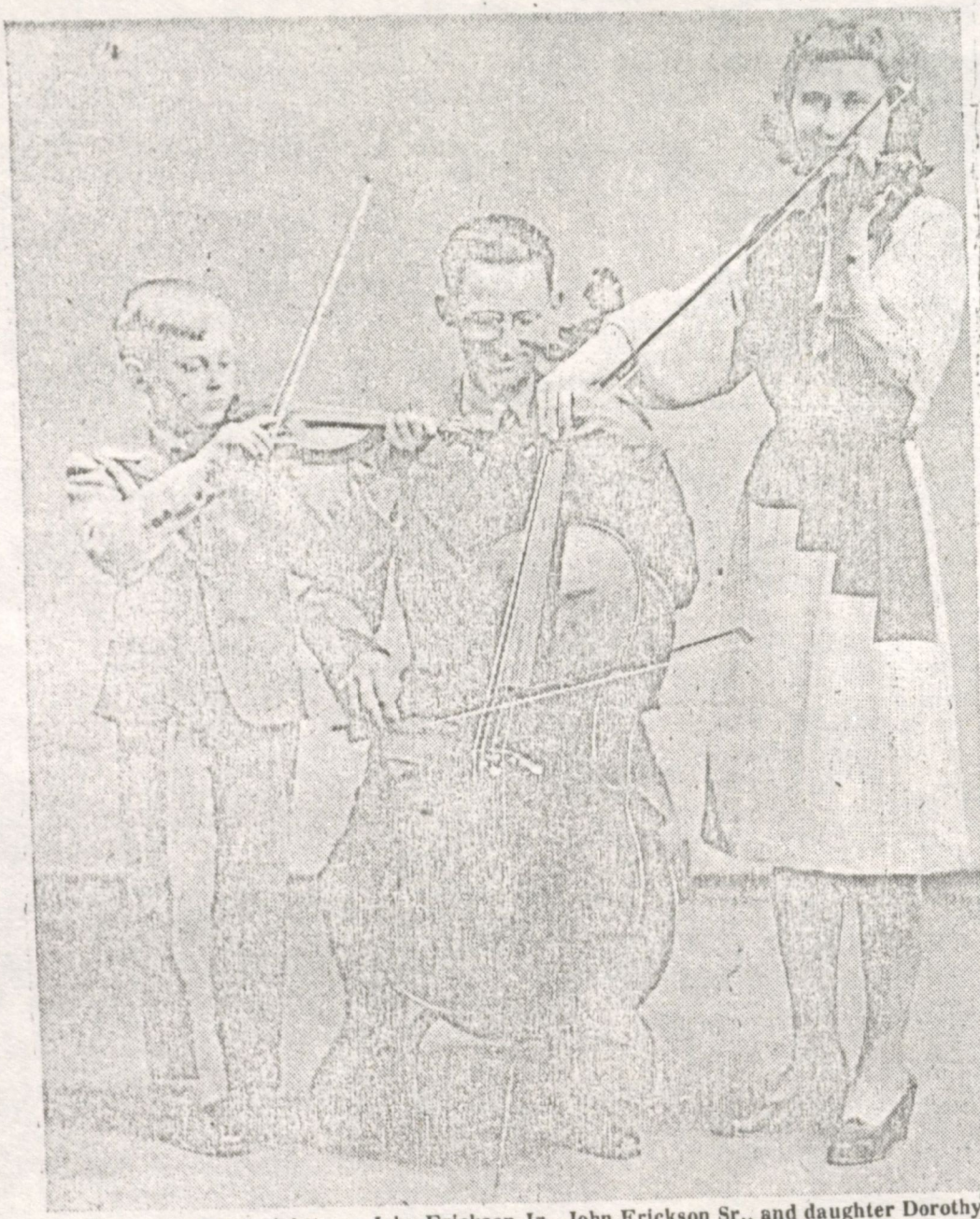
In 1900 Charles Schrieber (left) takes on the new Beiriger wagon shop in Brunswick. Schrieber was a wagon maker and ran the implement shop.

Reg. 3



Beckman, Meyer Store (left) and the Ella and George Einsle Homestead are seen as one looks northward into the village of Brunswick.

on old Hanover Brunswick, Prairie rich with heritage



Pictured (left to right) are John Erickson Jr., John Erickson Sr., and daughter Dorothy Erickson Bergslien (1938). Mrs. John Erickson Sr. was a Krudup of the Krudup family who once managed the Brunswick general store about 1900.

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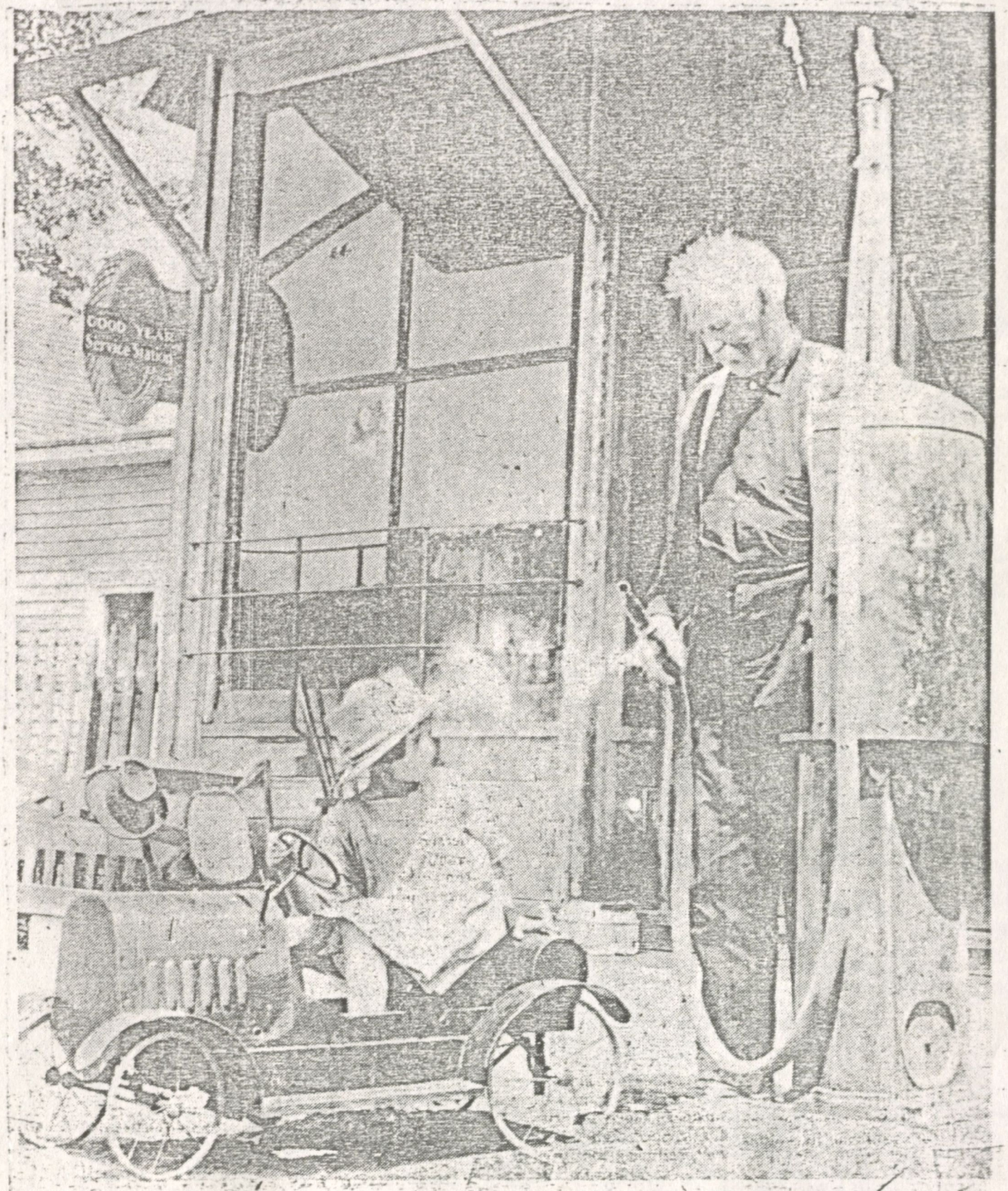
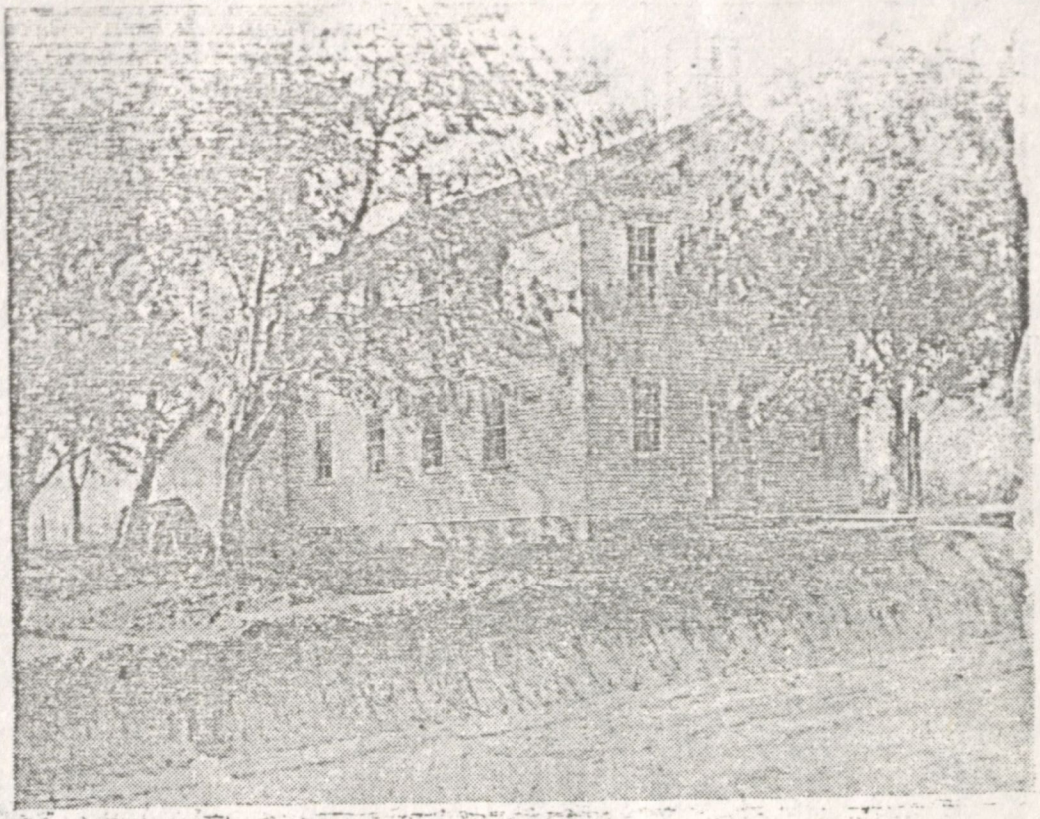
rich with heritage,

REGISTER NEWSPAPERS Wednesday, January 10, 1979

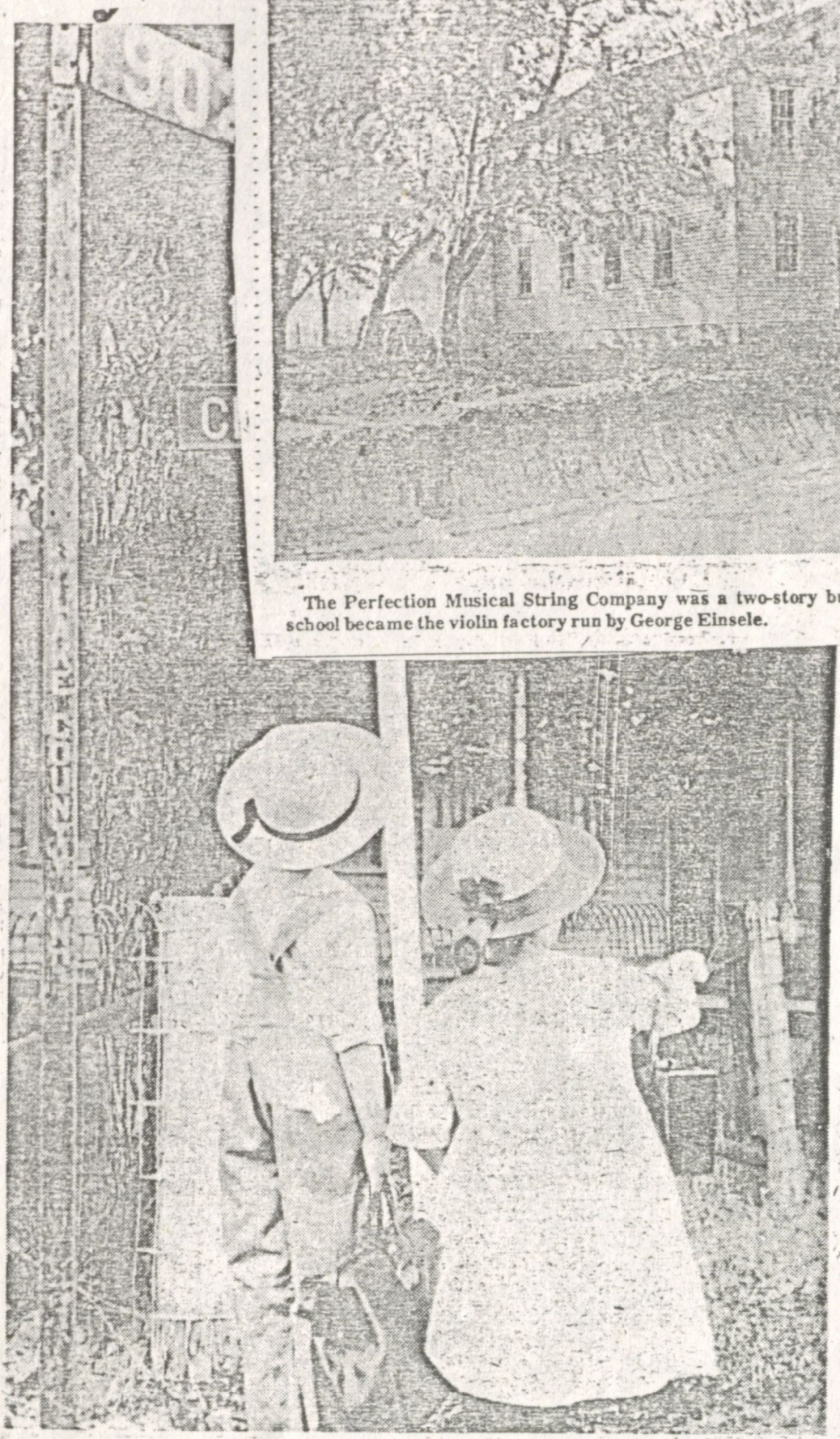
full of tradition



Meyers' General Store about 1920. J. E. Meyers gives granddaughter Marcella a fill-up.



The Perfection Musical String Company was a two-story building. The old Brunswick school became the violin factory run by George Einsele.



The "Adeway" led from Hanover Center to Dyer as you turned a corner in Brunswick. These two children are deciding which way to go.

on their property at the northeast of the intersection.

The Einsele brothers, Valentine and Michael, came to America in 1847 from Baden, Germany. Both were wheelwrights and in their shop they both made and repaired wagons, and they became well known for their own model rig called the Einsele Buggy.

Valentine lived his lifetime in Brunswick. He had married his American born wife Catherine and their children were George and Ella Einsele. Ella became a Hanover Township schoolteacher and in 1910, George established the Perfection String Co. that will be mentioned again later.

Brunswick gained a blacksmith when the Bierieger family came to town. Casper and wife Elizabeth (Grieving) established their home and shop just north of the general store and here they raised eight children.

They rented the shop for awhile to another wagonmaker, Charles Hildebrandt. Prior to this time, about 1885, Mr. Hilderbrandt had been working with John Schillo in Hanover Center, a town about three miles to the east. At that time, a man could make a good living as he sweat over hot forge fires kept alive with hand pumped bellows.

By 1900, the Bierigers sold the shop to Charles Schreiber.

Charles Schreiber (1872-1926) married Mary Zimmerle (1879-1955) and they raised five children. This talented family of men of great mechanical ability built and increased their business until by the World War I years, they advertised smithy work, farm implements sold and repaired, mechanics, car sales and service, nails, barbed wire, horseshoeing, paints, oils, gasoline and galvanized roofing.

Many a profit dollar lay in heaps of vine covered parts junk that was put to re-use.

The Schreibers kept the town of Brunswick active far into the years of 1950 and earned an area wide reputation as expert mechanics.

The Bieriegers left town. Their oldest son who was born in 1880 (d. 1976) became a stonemason and he helped build the big Einsele Hotel located on Parrish Avenue, Cedar Lake, now the Stella Maris Retreat House.

Hildebrantdt the wagonmaker didn't leave town when Biereiger sold out to Schreiber. Instead, he bought out the Einsele shop, made his home in the south east part of town, and set up his own business.

Charles and Elizabeth Hilderbrandt raised three children, sending them to grade school at Hanover Center's St. Martin's. Like many Brunswick people, higher education was important and encouraged in this home. From Brunswick, son Leo Hildebrandt pedaled his bicycle to meet the New York Central train in Cook. Here he spent his teen years, prior to World War I, commuting to Chicago, a student aspiring to the priesthood. He eventually became known as Rt. Rev. Msgr. Leo P. Hildebrandt, retiring in 1972.

The wagonshop did a reputable business and although the elder Hildebrandt was injured as a youth, this handicap did not deter the skilled man as he served his community well.

It is said that by 1860 at least 80 wagons were made in the town of Brunswick. By 1910, surely the count was swollen and lost.

MANY OTHERS

The waters of West Creek seemed to draw a natural division in Hanover Township that embraced and cherished the small German village to the west.

Research brings to light many early tradesmen whose talents made this such a self-help place.

In the 1850's, Sanhard Helzler had a tailor shop in his home, and he and his wife Theresa raised at least three children according to a 1860 census.

A boot and shoemaker John Luckfield had come from Prussia, living two houses south of the general store.

Fredrick Gerbing, another homeowner was a stonemason from Prussia, his home was two doors north of Bierieger's smithy shop.

A harnessmaker lived north of the same smithy shop, but no one remembers his name.

Prior to 1858, a man named Mr. Bischoff owned the right to manufacture water elevators for use in open wells. Newer methods of drawing water made the invention obsolete all too soon.

If the devil finds work for idle hands, he didn't get much done in Brunswick. Everyone worked, even the children and all about town there was something for everyone with a lick of ambition.

On the southeast corner of the intersection lived a chemist John Hiens. He owned a distillery, and also served the area as justice of the peace.

Hiens sold to Peter Maack who made the building into a saloon and small hotel. A bar was installed in the basement, the first floor was used as a dance floor, while rooms for rent were on the top floor.

The next owner Joe Geubing continued with that same business but he used a big barn east of the hotel as a neighboring gathering place. On the upper most floor were held many a square dance or wedding reception over the years.

The name that made the hall popular was "Gerbings" dance hall in 1908. In old country barns, many a troth was plighted at a husking beer and a fiddler rasped out popular tunes which couples waltzed, square danced or stole a sweetheart's kiss.

Those barn dances of today are a pale substitute for the real "shindigs" of yesterday.

Later owners were William Paul and Charles Kenning, all with families who lived on the premises. Then came Ben Reichert who stayed on, raised a family there, set up a blacksmith shop that was an asset to the community at the time.

Here solid citizens sat on benches and nail-kegs awaiting horses being shod. This was the unofficial town forum consisting of men from this self contained, self contented community of Brunswick, a town with no identity problems whatsoever.

In the tavern, Reichert's ambitious and friendly wife helped run the barroom. Outside, rigs stood nosebag to tailgate waiting for drivers to quench their thirst with a cold beer before heading homeward.

By 1925, a big hall was built south of the home and that Reichert Dance Hall was extremely popular until World War II caused the break up of the area's fun loving youth.

The tavern, a tall slim building with its fancy under eaves and lacey trim stands as a busy tavern today, in 1978. It is run by Elroy Reichert, and as an extra job, he is driving a schoolbus for Hanover Township schools.

STORE OWNER

Herman Beckman, who along with family members had come to America in 1846, became a store owner in Hanover Center by 1855. He finally purchased the Herman Lepin store (in 1866) in Brunswick.

Business was extremely successful. As time went on, the Beckamn family raised a number of children who were successful farmers and were noted for their large herds of Jersey cows pastured east of the town.

POST OFFICE

A post office was located within the general store and Herman Beckman was its postmaster. Mail was carried usually by horseback between small country post offices.

A farmer south of town, Alfred Schmal, in 1880, was riding three days a week bringing mail from Crown Point, over Buck Hill Road back to Cedar Lake, to Brunswick, to Klaasville and on to Creamburg west at the Illinois state line for 25 years.

Another farmer, also south of town, Joe Dahlke, drove a mule and cart as he delivered the mail. Joe had trouble getting the mule to go so he used a nail on the end of a long stick as a prod. Joe's son August knew a better way, he encouraged the mule with a harmonica, saying it startled the animal into better performance. That year was about 1914.

(continued on page 7)

Uncle H. C. Beckman's Jerseys graze between Cedar Lake and Brunswick east of the Lawrence Huseman farm.

(contuned from page 6)

William Hildebrandt, son of wagonmaker Charles Hildebrandt, also carried the mail covering the Brunswick area.

In those years "young whippersnappers" kept in touch with penny post cards and lovers courted with letters bearing a two cent stamp.

The general store changed hands again after the death of Herman Beckman and for awhile run by son John, then sold to a retired farmer John Krudup of Westphalia, Germany, in 1904. The next owner was George Piepho and then Ernest Meyer purchased it in 1914.

From that year on the store continued busy and popular. A set of gasoline pumps were set out front and service included a variety of general necessities including the trading of cheese, butter and eggs from local farmers.

In the 1950's, Mrs. Meyer passed away and Ernest Meyer retired. Mrs. Ernest Meyer was a personable lady of unmatched popularity. The Eller-Brady Funeral Home lists her funeral as one of the largest attendance on their records.

Many other residents show up in early records. The Hoffman family left reputable history as Frances Hoffman was a tutor and writer, and then became Lt. Governor of Illinois. Max Hoffman became Secretary of State for Indiana.

THE BRUNSWICK CREAMERY CO.

In 1892 the Brunswick Co-operative Creamery was established east of town. It was run by Mr. and Mrs. Sidler who were of Swiss descent. They lived near and managed the creamery. Their able assistant was Henry Matthew, who lived in the town and knew his work well. Their efforts won gold medals and awards for the Creamery and they were known to be the first to use the Babcock test in Indiana. The Creamery closed in 1905.

An early stockholder was Henry Asche, a farmer coming to Hanover Center in 1865 from Hanover, Germany, where he was a weaver by trade.

To date we have no data on Samuel Halbert, a town resident.

John Siems was a carpenter living east of the hotel and tavern and Mrs. Siems was a daughter of Luckfield, the shoemaker.

Josephus H. Irish came to Brunswick from Chittendon County, Vermont in 1850. His home was one door south of the two story schoolhouse, later Krudup home.

He came here trained as a veterinary surgeon and while in this region he was a Justice of the Peace and left to live in Hammond in 1888. He lost his first wife and child. Married again to Clarissa Bidwell, then they had four children. His third wife was Mary Ellen Vinnedge from Plymouth. They were the parents of six children.

Henry Brockman lived in the north part of town, east of the road and he was a farmer and a machinist. He ran the area's thrushing machine and also had a saw mill on his premises.

Charles Hitzenman came from Germany as a pioneer farmer. He and his wife Mary, according to an 1879 census record, had at that time six children. One son Otto lived at east Brunswick and their son Ben (1896-1976) continued to live in the same location. Ben and Lucy Hitzenman raised two sons. Ben was a skilled carpenter and an insurance agent.

Fred and Lilly Batterman came to live in town about 1912. Fred worked at Ford Motor Plant, Hegewisch, Ill., most of his active years and his wife was raised in the old town; being a daughter of Charles and Mary Schreiber. They built a new home on a lot where once stood the home of a harnessmaker and the senior Gerbing family. The pioneer Frederick and Doretta Batterman had come from Hanover, Germany. Their son Fred and his wife were married 60 years in 1972.

The Stoppenschmidts built a home about three doors south of the general store, during Civil War years.

The Christopher Millers, who were farmers south of town (Dahlke Farm) purchased the Stoppenschmidt home when the family retired. A son Ernest Miller Sr., married a Seunholtz girl from Germany and they became farmers east of town on the Brunswick-Hanover Center road. Their son Ernest Jr. married Grace Ewer of Lowell, and they returned to live in the town's Civil War home for awhile before it was torn down and the material reconstructed into a more modern home in 1940. The carpenter was Fred Ewer of Lowell.

Just south of this place was the home of Herman Miller, then later tenanted by Joseph Dane, Reinieke, and Ahles who was a carpenter by trade.

(to be continued next week)

(more pictures on page 9)

by BEATRICE HORNER

PART II

VILLAGE DOCTORS

In the midst of all this lived a man most popular in the eyes of all. He was almost every one's family doctor.

Coming to America from Lippe-Detmold Germany was Charles Gromann (1828-1908). He married his first wife Caroline Kluckhohm about 1850. They had eleven children and then she passed away in 1868.

He then married Sophia Ortmeyer (1843-1897) and an 1870 census shows their family of 8 children, one son August Jr. became a doctor, one daughter a schoolteacher and one a nurse. Sophia died in 1897.

In 1901 Dr. Gromann married Mrs. Charlotte (Birnhardt). Saur.

Dr. Gromann is remembered still by some of our older citizens. They tell us of his travels about town, on foot, as he carried his black bag and entered the homes of the sick. He delivered babies, pulled-teeth, and removed tonsils, as well as administering to the aged.

Dr. Gromann also found time to serve as Hanover Township Trustee for nine years and during this period he erected the town's big new two story public school building.

When there was sickness the news spread like wildfire throughout the town and the old general store was usually the place to hear someone's version of a local happening. When an incident got above the whispering stage collective eyebrows all raised at once. If someone was in trouble one could be assured of a helping hand and sick people never experienced neglect.

Some earlier doctors were Dr. Schtemy, Dr. Folk, and Dr. L. V. Strantz.

Josephus Irish was a veterinarian, then called a horse doctor. There was no doctor in the town after 1905. Dr. Gromann was buried in the German Cemetery south of Cook on Rt. 41.

Another professional in Brunswick was Attorney Dormer. He built a summer home there and finally retired there. (Now Mrs. Haacke's home.)

There were no local police and the need for this protection was almost nil.

Throughout the active years of old Brunswick people worked from sunup to sundown. Lights were out for an early bedtime and there were no street lights to glow in bedroom windows after kerosene lamps and lanterns were blown out. One had to think hard to find a good reason to stay up after midnight.

Saturday night dances were the one event most all attended, but all week it was lights out with one exception.

Somewhere a young student was burning mid-night oil, preparing lessons for next day, or cramming for an examination.

SCHOOLS

In those olden days when a fellow came home with a college degree the neighbors thought it had ruined him for honest work.

Brunswick people thought differently. They wanted schools, superior schools.

The earliest one room school stood about one quarter mile south of town on Echterling farmland about 1865.

By 1875 a larger, two story school was built four lots north of the town's general store. Two rooms were on the first floor to accommodate eight grades and the top floor was a high school.

A first teacher was T. S. Fancher, a Crown Point law student. Next were G. F. Sutton, Henry Pettibone and O. J. Andrews.

The grade school teachers were Sena and Margaret Fedler, Ella Einsele, Frank Govert, Mary Herlitz, Dora Nern, Mrs. Caucas, Dorothy Rogers, Frank Spaulding, Minnie Kobelin, Susan Hauk, Ed Rodgers, Alice Ebert, Elsie Bremen, Bessie Nelson and Mary Halton.

By 1910 the school was closed and high school students went to Crown Point high school. A big brick school known as the Schiller school was built one-half mile north of town. At that time children walked to school even when weather was as raw as a boy's skinned knees.

Closed now were smaller country schools like the Brands, Lottes, Seehausen, and Piepho School. By 1916 the Klaasville school children were absorbed by the Schiller and St. Martin school, the parochial in Hanover Center.

In 1912 a small one room school was again built where the first high and grade schools stood. The larger school had been sold and removed. (see Einsele factory).

The smaller school took an overflow of grades by teaching the first and second grades of the Schiller and Lincoln Schools of Hanover Township. This small school was set up as a memorial by a group of 4-H club youth in the Bi-centennial Year of 1976. (Brunswick Beavers).

The busy old travelled road that led to important towns beyond Brunswick was never too well cared for until 1910 when it was finally gravelled. It was years before it was finally covered with

(Continued from Page 4)

macadam, despite its constant use.

By 1910 there were sixty poeple living in Brunswick.

There was no church in the old village but there was the Zion Evangelical Church built at Hanover Prairie north of Brunswick.

ZION EVANGELICAL CHURCH

Founded in 1858 by twenty-three regional families, the church was located on five acres donated by Otto Buchre on his farm.

Those church members of German extraction and many Brunswick people went that direction to worship, about one mile north of town.

ST. MARTINS HANOVER CENTER

East of Brunswick at the next village about five miles away, was the St. Matthias Catholic Church.

Beginning as early as 1843, the first church building was erected in 1859 in Hanover Center.

The church later became St. Martin's and is now known as Holy Name.

Both parishes became strong religious and social centers, growing with the years and are extremely active to this day.

Strong fund raisers have always been the church suppers and summer picnics where one could see friendly interchange of families of Brunswick and Hanover Center as they attended and enjoyed one another's activities.

BASEBALL TEAM

With an early beginning, before 1900, a baseball team was managed by Edwin Meyer and had a long history of activity in the Brunswick area.

They practiced in an empty field located across the road north of the Piepho Huseman farm east of town.

This team played other teams from Lowell, St. John, Dyer, Cook and Cedar Lake. Some games were played at Cedar Lake's Monon Park.

Team members remembered in 1925 were Herb Bloesch, Martin Saberniak, John Schillo, Ted Siegert, Clif Jung, Alex Ehrsan, Henry Grieving, Adolph Meyer, Henry Piepho, Walter Piepho and Joseph Jung.

The team became a boys and girls softball team by 1930 and was then managed by Wilmer Miller.

World War II scattered the team and it was disbanded.

VIOLIN MAKER

John Erickson (1893-1975) violin maker and repairman, came from Hammond in 1919 and was employed by George Einsele in his Perfection Musical String Co. until 1926. In later years he had his own small shop in his home.

Erickson was from Tibro, Sweden, had come to America in 1910. He married a daughter of John Krudup and they raised two children. Daughter Mrs. Dorothy Bergslien became a music teacher and musician in the Chicago Heights Symphony Orchestra.

Erickson violins are rated very highly by other professional musicians.

Now we come to the business place in Brunswick that topped them all and can be credited with perfection and perserverance.

That big enterprise is a factory called the Perfection

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WilsonJones

368-14N 1" Made in USA

B-Black	J-Lt. Blue
BL-Blue	C-Burgundy
R-Red	M-Gray